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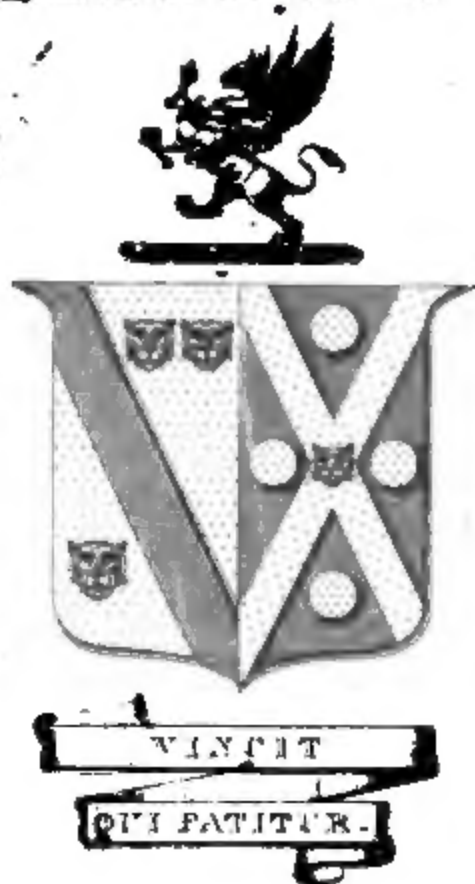
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THE EPIGRAMMATISTS.



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EPIGRAMMATISTS:

A SELECTION FROM

THE EPIGRAMMATIC LITERATURE OF ANCIENT,
MEDIÆVAL, AND MODERN TIMES.

*With Notes, Observations, Illustrations, and an
Introduction.*

BY

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
PREFACE	vii
INTRODUCTION	xiii
GREEK EPIGRAMMATISTS, B.C. 690—A.D. 530	1
ANCIENT LATIN EPIGRAMMATISTS, B.C. 54—A.D. 370	69
ARABIAN EPIGRAMMATISTS, A.D. 719—A.D. 988	95
MEDIAEVAL AND EARLY MODERN LATIN EPIGRAMMATISTS, A.D. 1265—A.D. 1678	101
MODERN EPIGRAMMATISTS, A.D. 1480—A.D. 18—	166
ANONYMOUS MODERN EPIGRAMS	517
APPENDIX	567
INDEX OF THE EPIGRAMMATISTS	577
INDEX OF TRANSLATORS OF THE EPIGRAMS	583
INDEX OF AUTHORS WHOSE WORKS ARE QUOTED IN THE NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.	585

P R E F A C E.

BEFORE adverting to the object and arrangement of the present work, it may be proper to mention the principal collections of epigrams, which have been previously published in this country. "A Collection of Epigrams: To which is prefixed a Critical Dissertation on this Species of Poetry," 2nd edition, 1735 (sometimes ascribed, but without sufficient proof, to Oldys), is stated in the preface to be "the first miscellany of epigrams that has appeared in English." This is a mistake. A collection, entitled "Skialetheia," was published in 1598, and another in 1641. In 1654 appeared a collection of some importance, entitled, "Recreation for Ingenious Head-pieces: or a Pleasant Grove for their Wits to Walk in." The Collection of 1735; "A Collection of Select Epigrams," by Hackett, 1757; "The Poetical Farrago," 1794; and the selection in "Elegant Extracts," are without any kind of arrangement. "Recreation for Ingenious Head-pieces," is divided into epigrams, epitaphs, fancies, and fantastics. "The Festoon: A Collection of Epigrams, Ancient and Modern," by Graves, of which the second and enlarged edition was published in 1767, is divided into panegyrical, satirical, monumental, and other sections. "Select Epigrams," 1797, is chronological, with anonymous epigrams at the end. These collections have a sprinkling of translations from the Greek, but they all accept the Roman type as the favourite. "Select Epigrams," how-

ever, gives, more than the others, the purer epigrams of modern poets. The Mediæval and Early Modern Latin Epigrammatists, with the exception of Buchanan and Owen, are not represented at all in these works. "Recreation for Ingenious Head-pieces" contains, as might be expected from the date of its publication, many specimens of the writings of the Early English Epigrammatists; but Sir John Harington and Ben Jonson are the only writers of the early period of our literature who are noticed in any of the later collections. Yet, defective as are these works, they are of great value, for they have preserved a large number of epigrams, which would otherwise have been lost, and many of which could ill be spared. The last of the old collections is the "Panorama of Wit," 1809, which was succeeded after a long interval by "Epigrams, Ancient and Modern," by the Rev. J. Booth. It may be right to state that not the slightest use has been made of Mr. Booth's book in the preparation of the present selection.

Among the collections confined to that form of the epigram, called epitaphs, may be mentioned, "Select Epitaphs," edited by Toldervy, 1755; "Select and Remarkable Epitaphs," with accounts of the deceased, by Hackett, 1757; "A Collection of Epitaphs and Monumental Inscriptions," 1806; and "Chronicles of the Tombs," by the late Dr. Pettigrew, 1847.

One of the projected publications of Dr. Johnson was a "Collection of Epigrams, with Notes and Observations." Had he carried out his plan, the work would have been a most valuable addition to our epigrammatic literature. Thoroughly acquainted with the Greek and Roman Anthologies, with the Foreign Mediæval Poets, and the English Epigrammatists, guided by a true poetic taste, and gifted with unusual critical acumen, he would have arranged a selection which would have displayed the flowers of epigram-writing of all ages, while his notes and observa-

tions would have delighted the scholar and instructed the unlearned.

Dr. Johnson relinquished his design. May the shadow of his great name rest upon this attempt to make a selection from the works of the Epigrammatists more interesting by notes, observations, and illustrative quotations! I believe that no collection of this character has ever been published. Bare epigrams, following the one upon the other, without connection and without pause, are apt to weary the reader; and I hope that value may be given to many of the pieces, as well as pleasure in the perusal of them increased, by showing their sources, their parallels, and, when it can be discovered, their association with historical events and domestic circumstances. The *plan* is, in some respects, the same as that proposed by Dr. Johnson; but let not the *execution* be measured by the standard of what he would have done; for, alas! the ghost of the sage may rise in wrath, and thunder forth a parody of an epigram of Martial:

Sir, the plan you've adopted is good, for 'tis mine;
But th' execution's so bad—let it pass for thine.

The aim of this work is to give a selection of the best epigrams of various periods; including mediæval and early modern Latin, and early English, epigrams, which have been neglected by previous collectors. In the modern section my chief care has been to direct attention to the Epigrammatists of our own country; but some of the most noted of those of France and Germany are also noticed. Believing the Greek inscriptions to be the best models for epigrammatic writing, I have inserted many modern pieces which take that form, although, according to the perverted ideas of later times, they would scarcely be considered epigrams. Some pieces, also, which bear an epigrammatic character will be found, although they cannot be strictly referred to any model. Some of the epigrams are well known. I have not considered this a reason for omitting

them, except in the case of a few of inconvenient length; for our most popular ones are commonly cited incorrectly, and are often ascribed to wrong authors. It has been my great anxiety to admit nothing which might render the collection unfit for the perusal of the young. A few coarse expressions may be found, which can hardly be avoided in reproducing the writings of past times; but none, I trust, which even border upon real impropriety.

The arrangement is chronological, in order that the gradual changes in epigrammatic literature, and the influence of periods upon that style of writing, may be clearly displayed; and that thus the work may be, to some extent, a history of the species of poetry, which, notwithstanding the variety of its types, is known under the general name of *epigram*.

A selection from the epigrams of each author is placed under his name; others are scattered through the work for comparison or illustration. All can be readily found by means of the Index. The epigrams are illustrated by others, which may be the originals whence they are taken, or which may be compared with them on account of similarity of thought or language; and passages from the Poets are used in the same manner, for the purpose of showing identity of tone, or as illustrative of the subject of the verses. Explanations are given of epigrams which depend for their interest upon circumstances of the day, or events in the life of the epigrammatist, or of the person upon whom, or to whom, he writes. Observations and anecdotes are added whenever the epigrams can be made more interesting by such means. Slight biographical notices of the authors, with the exception of those well known to every reader, are prefixed; because the pleasure of reading is always increased by some knowledge of the writer, and books where such information can be obtained are not always at hand. A section consisting of epigrams, the authors of which I

have failed to discover, is placed at the end. They are arranged in such chronological order as the repositories whence they are gleaned, or their own internal evidence, warrants. Other anonymous pieces are scattered through the work. Many of these epigrams are of great beauty, and it is a subject of regret that my efforts to recover the names of the writers have not been successful. Some, however, which have hitherto been generally given as anonymous, I am glad to be able to ascribe to their authors. The epigrams have been obtained from many sources, but whenever I could find out the volumes in which they originally appeared, I have examined them, in order to ensure correctness. The old spelling is generally modernised, with the exception of that of Spenser and Herrick, which is preserved to show the orthography of their day.

The translations are by many different writers, whose names will be found attached to their renderings. Elegance has been sought, but closeness to the original has always been considered of greater importance. Many of the translations from the Greek are by Bland and Merivale, the "associate bards" distinguished by Byron; and a few are by the late Dr. Wellesley. I have inserted none by Major Macgregor, as his "Greek Anthology" is a work of very recent date, which can be easily consulted by all who take an interest in the subject. For a considerable number of translations marked C., I am indebted to a friend. For the few marked D., I am responsible; but I have never had recourse to my own pen when I could find renderings by others which faithfully represented the originals. In some cases I have made slight alterations in versions which were not sufficiently exact, but never without stating that change has been made. It has been difficult to find translations of the epigrams of the mediæval and early modern Latin poets; for these Epigrammatists, being so little known, have found very few to array them in an English dress. Use

has been made of about a dozen excellent renderings in the 233rd No. of the "Quarterly Review."

The reference of the Greek Epigrams is to Jacobs' "Anthologia Græca," 1794-1814. The reference of the Mediæval and Early Modern Latin Epigrams is, with a few exceptions, to the Anthology, entitled "Delitiæ Delitiarum," of Abraham Wright, 1637. General references will, I trust, be found to be carefully given. This is a point to which I have felt it of importance to pay special attention. I have not, however, considered it necessary to give particular references, when the epigrams are published in the well-known works of their authors, or in the editions of the British poets, known as Bell's, Johnson's, and Chalmers'.

The Introduction contains a brief sketch of epigrammatic literature from the earliest times. My own views of the best style of epigram-writing, which have governed me in the general selection, will be there seen. A list of books, which may be useful to students in this department of literature, is added as an Appendix.

It remains to express my earnest thanks to the friend whose translations, marked C., display so conspicuously the accurate and the elegant scholar. His encouragement induced me to commence this work, and gave me energy in its progress; and the interest he has shown in it has rendered his advice as agreeable to seek as it has been valuable to receive. The obligation which I feel is a pleasure, for it is the evidence of a friendship which I prize.

RAMSGATE. *January, 1870.*

INTRODUCTION.

No form of poetic composition is more universally popular than the epigram. The orator uses it in the Legislature to point his satire; the conversationalist at the dinner-table to display his wit; and the correspondent in his Letters to enliven his subject. Short, it is easily retained in the memory; pithy, it contains in the compass of a few lines the sum of an argument; and the result of experience, it often expresses the wisdom of ages. Changed much in its character, it has yet retained its essentials, and, though shorn of its elegant simplicity, it has gained in the breadth of its application.

So ancient is the epigram, that its earliest use must be sought in the uncertain traditions of an age, the literature of which has descended but in fragments. So varied has been its form, that at one time largely employed for monumental inscriptions to honour the dead, at another it has been commonly used for satire to vilify the living. For example, Artemidorus, the Greek, composed the following for the tomb of Theocritus (Jacobs l. 194, i., translated by Polwhele):

Theocritus my name—of Syracuse—
I claim no kindred with the Chian Muse.
Praxagoras' and Philinna's son, I scorn
The foreign bays that others' brows adorn.

With this let a well-known and worthless modern epigram be compared, on James Moore, or More, who was not averse to wear the bays belonging to others:

Moore always smiles whenever he recites;
He smiles, you think, approving what he writes:
And yet in this no vanity is shown;
A modest man may like what's not his own.

Both these are epigrams; yet, except in the number of lines, there is no similitude. Agreeably to modern phraseology, the former is an epitaph, the latter an epigram. But the Greeks had not this distinction, nor does the etymology of the word "epigram" warrant it. The epitaph is only one of the forms of the epigram.

According to its etymology, the epigram is a writing on—an inscription. The word was first appropriated by the Greeks to certain short sentences attached to offerings in the temples. It was afterwards more generally used for all inscriptions on religious and other public edifices; and was in time employed to express any record, whether in prose or verse, which was engraved on statues of gods and men, and on the wayside tombs of the dead. It was invariably short, because, being cut in brass or marble, a long inscription would have been, not only inappropriate, but inconvenient. A fine example of a short and noble epigram on the tomb of Plato, by Speusippus, may be cited (Jacobs l. 109, translated by Merivale):

Plato's dead form this earthly shroud invests:
His soul among the godlike heroes rests.

In process of time the brevity of the epigram recommended it for other purposes than mere superscriptions. Striking events in contemporary history, the noble deeds of illustrious patriots, and the important decisions of wise lawgivers, were embodied in a few terse lines, which were readily fixed in the memory of the people. Nor was this all. Love breathed forth its tender and impassioned sentiments in short thrilling verse, and spoke in the epigram of the ancients as in the love-sonnet of the moderns. Thus every subject which kindles the heart of man,—devotion, affection, patriotism, chivalry, love, wine,—found its expression in the epigram; and the word, which was originally confined to an inscription, became the term for every short poem which expressed one definite idea.

Such was the epigram at the period at which it is first presented to view in the earliest specimens which the Greek Anthology contains. For this Anthology we are indebted to Meleager, the Syrian, who flourished about a century before the Christian era, and who was the first collector of epigrams. He gathered into a garland the scattered fragments, which, engraved on marble or dispersed abroad as fugitive pieces, were in danger of being irretrievably lost. This garland, or Anthology, received subsequent additions, and at a later period sustained severe loss through the decay of manuscripts, and the indifference of librarians in an ignorant age. But a noble store of Greek epigrams is still extant, gathered together in the "Anthologia" of Jacobs, 1794-1814, where a collection of these beautiful pieces is presented, which have defied the ravages of time, and are preserved as models of simplicity of thought and elegance of language.

A few examples from the earlier Greek authors will show the simplicity, and display the character, of the epigrams. The first is an inscription by Simonides, which serves the double purpose of commemorating the deeds of the dead, and of impressing on the living the glory gained by the Athenian arms (Jacobs I. 68, xlv., translated by Merivale):

Hail, great in war! all hail, by glory cherish'd!
Athena's sons, in chivalry renown'd!
For your sweet native soil in youth ye perish'd,
When Hellas leagued in hostile ranks was found.

It can well be imagined with what feelings an Athenian would read these pregnant lines; how he would cherish them in his heart; act upon their spirit in future wars; and repeat them to his children, when in old age—

He counts his scars, and tells what deeds were done.

The next example, by the poetess Anyte, is of a very different character. It displays the devotion to their deities, as the guardian beings who presided over wood and water, calm and tempest, as well as over every incident of life, which was so forcibly felt by the Greeks; and which

made their religion not only a beautiful poetic fiction, but a reality to themselves, evidence of which is sought in vain in the merely voluptuous worship of the Romans. The epigram is on a statue of Venus on the sea-shore (Jacobs I. 131, v., translated by Bland):

Cythera from this craggy steep
Looks downward on the glassy deep,
And hither calls the breathing gale,
Propitious to the venturous sail;
While Ocean flows beneath, serene,
Awed by the smile of Beauty's Queen.

From Rhianus an example of an impassioned lover's cry may be selected (Jacobs I. 231, vi., translated by Sir Charles Elton):

Dexionica, with a limed thread,
Her snare beneath a verdant plane-tree spread,
And caught a blackbird by the quivering wing:
The struggling bird's shrill outcries piping ring.
O God of Love! O Graces, blooming fair!
I would that I a thrush or blackbird were;
So, in her grasp, to breathe my murmur'd cries,
And shed a sweet tear from my silent eyes!

The Greeks, whatever the theme of their epigrams, were always most happy, when Nature in its varied forms or the natural objects around them supplied their similitudes, and pointed their aspirations. The struggling bird seeking pity from Dexionica, affords the illustration of the state of the lover, enthralled in the chains of beauty. Could he excite compassion by his tears, as the bird by its cries, he might have hope, for near akin to pity is love in every maiden's breast. Such a similitude would be far from the thoughts of a modern. He would scorn the homely idea, forgetting that the nearer the writer is to nature the nearer always he is to truth, and that simplicity is the best guarantee for fidelity.

The date of the latest of the authors quoted is previous to B.C. 200. At this early period scarcely any epigrams of a sarcastic character are to be found. Nothing was required to constitute a Greek epigram but brevity and unity of thought. There is no *point*, such as is found in

modern times. Hence it is, that these refined verses have gained little favour with those whose vitiated taste is pleased with such epigrams as the quatrain describes :

The qualities rare in a bee that we meet,
In an epigram never should fail :
The body should always be little and sweet,
And a *sting* should be left in its tail.

The author of the "Dissertation on Epigrammatic Writing," in the "Collection of Epigrams," 1735, says of the Greek epigrams: "They are only capable of giving pleasure to very delicate tastes, by a natural and elegant expression; now and then a pleasing hyperbole, or an ingenious antithesis, may be found in them, which is the most they can ever pretend to: we are not to seek for point in them; good sense, and pure language, somewhat raised above ordinary conversation, are all that are necessary to constitute a *Greek* epigram. But the moderns will not allow these any share of perfection; the *French* wits call any insipid copy of verses, 'Epigramme à la Grecque.'" This cold praise suited the days in which it was written. But even the French wits, if they had deigned to examine the Anthology with any attention, might have found some epigrams more to their taste in the latter part. Lucian and Lucillius and those who came after them, though they penned many pieces which show all the grace and beauty of an earlier period, fell often into sarcasms and strained conceits, which contrast unfavourably with the simple style of their predecessors. Even the worst of modern epigrams is scarcely inferior to one by Lucian (Jacobs III. 23, x., translated by Bland):

You feed so fast—and run so very slow—
Eat with your legs, and with your grinders go!

Ammianus lowered himself by writing with silly humour on long noses (Jacobs III. 95, xv., translated by Major Macgregor):

Proclus' hand can never wipe his nose;
Short of the end its utmost tension goes.
Sneezing (his nose too distant from his ears),
He ne'er says "Bless you," for no sound he hears.

Yet the same author could compose as beautiful an epigram as any of those of an earlier date. So, Palladas could be satirical upon women (Jacobs III. 115, vi., translated by Merivale):

All wives are bad—yet two blest hours they give,
When first they wed, and when they cease to live.

And yet he penned some of the finest and most touching epigrams in the Anthology. Witness the following on Life (Jacobs III. 141, cxxviii., translated by Bland):

Waking, we burst, at each return of morn,
From death's dull fetters and again are born;
No longer ours the moments that have past,
To a new remnant of our lives we haste.
Call not the years thine own that made thee gray,
That left their wrinkles and have fled away;
The past no more shall yield thee ill or good,
Gone to the silent times beyond the flood.

Unfortunately the noblest and purest epigrams of the Greek writers exercised very little influence on the Roman Epigrammatists. Refined simplicity was unsuited to the court of the Cæsars. Flattery and satire were necessary to the satiated palates of the emperors, who set the fashion to their subjects, and thus caused a change to be wrought in the character of the ancient epigram. Many pieces of great beauty are found in the Latin Anthology, but few of these are original; they are translations from the Greek. Of the small number of Latin Epigrammatists of any note Martial is the chief. So great an effect have his writings had on modern authors, that it is of importance to examine the character of his epigrams, and the cause and result of his influence.

Martial wrote for bread, and he consequently formed his style in accordance with the tastes of those, whose patronage was in a pecuniary sense the most valuable. Flattery of the Emperor Domitian and of the wealthy men of Rome, satirical abuse of those who were out of favour at court, and indecent pandering to the vile lusts of an unchaste people, form the staple of his writings. He could, and occasionally did, compose epigrams in a very different

strain, which show how nobly he might have followed in the steps of the Greeks, had he preferred high poetic fame to mere popular applause. The following, "On Demetrius," is an example of his better style (Book I. 102, translated by Elphinston, with slight alteration):

That hand, to all my labours once so true,
Which I so loved, and which the Cæsars knew,
Forsook the dear Demetrius' blooming prime;
Three lustres and four harvests all his time.
That not to Styx a slave he should descend,
When fell contagion urg'd him to his end,
We cheer'd with all our rights the pining boy;
Would that we could give him life to enjoy!
He tasted his reward, his patron blest,
And went a freeman to eternal rest.

But in the fifteen hundred epigrams which Martial has left, the gems are few and far between. They lie hid amid a mass of servility, scurrility, indecency, and puerility. Examples of the worst kind cannot be given, but the following will serve to show the character of a large portion of his writings. The first is a specimen of his gross flattery of Domitian (Book VIII. 54, translated by Elphinston):

Much tho' thou still bestow, and promise more;
Tho' lord of leaders, of thyself, thou be:
The people thee, not for rewards adore;
But the rewards adore for love of thee.

In the following, on Gellia, we see his scurrilous personality (Book I. 34, translated by Hay):

Her father dead!—Alone, no grief she knows;
Th' obedient tear at every visit flows.
No mourner he, who must with praise be fee'd!
But he who mourns in secret, mourns indeed!

Puerility reaches its climax in the two next (Book I. 29, translated by Relph):

Of yesterday's debauch he smells, you say:
'Tis false—Acerra plied it till to-day.

(Book I. 101, translated by Graves):

Tho' papa and mamma, my dear,
So prettily you call,
Yet you, methinks, yourself appear
The grand-mamma of all.

As the father of the modern *pointed* epigram, Martial holds a place which gives him renown. The Romans required stronger food than the simple Greeks, and to point his verse with a sting, provided it did not touch a worthless emperor or a pampered favourite, Martial found to be the most effectual way to gain by his muse. He declared, indeed, that he was careful

To lash the vices, but the persons spare ;

but his practice was the very reverse of this : to vice he was lenient, but he failed not to lash those whom he dared to insult. His writings display no principle. For truth and purity he had no care. To ingratiate himself with a patron by flattery, and to punish by pointed satire those who offended him, satisfied his aspirations ; and thus his talents, which were undoubtedly great, were employed for the most unworthy objects, and lost to all noble uses.

The pointed and satirical form of Martial's epigrams may be considered the chief cause of the influence which he has exercised over modern writers. The wit of a point is attractive, and if the body of an epigram be never so wanting in wisdom, it passes current for the humour of its close. In satire there is a fascination which few can resist, and which gives pleasure in proportion to its keenness. The polished man of the world enjoys the delicate sarcasm of the finished poet. The unthinking multitude applaud the coarse humour of the inferior satirist. The subjects, too, of Martial's epigrams insured him imitators amongst a large class of writers. Servility towards the wealthy and the powerful will exist so long as flattery is pleasant to their ears ; and that will be until the rich man is never a fool, and the fool is never conceited. Scurrility will give pleasure to the sordid and the base so long as envy, hatred, and malice hold their place in the human heart ; and that will be until epigrams shall be no more. Puerility will delight the brainless and the idle, so long as witless men

measure wit by their own standard, and idle men seek amusement without any effort of the intellect; and that will be until science be as God to produce wisdom, and knowledge be as pleasant to the indolent as wine to the drunkard.

But, notwithstanding these causes for the influence which Martial has exercised, it is possible that, had higher models been before Modern Epigrammatists, they might have chosen the good and refused the evil. But they had not the choice. The Greek Anthology was not only unread, but was well-nigh unknown. At the period at which Martial's manner most strongly affected epigrammatic literature, a great part of the Anthology, as it now exists in the "Analecta" of Brunck, and the "Anthologia" of Jacobs, was yet in manuscript, hidden away in various libraries throughout Europe, while that portion which was in print was too scarce to be generally known. The study of Greek, too, was much neglected, and from many of those who could read Martial, the epigrams of the Greeks were locked up in an unknown tongue. Thus it came to pass that, from want of acquaintance with the purest style of epigram, Martial was looked upon as the true model, and was considered, as he is still sometimes called, the greatest Epigrammatist who has ever lived; a truth, if quantity and not quality be the test of his greatness.

The effect of Martial's influence on our epigrammatic literature has been most disastrous. The pithy fulness, the elegant simplicity, the graceful turn, the sound sense, the guileless humour, and the inoffensive point, which characterized the epigram in its ancient home among the Greeks, has been exchanged for the redundant wordiness, the coarse conceit, the rough satire, the puerile imbecility, the unchaste wit, and the stinging point of the Roman school. The character of the epigram has been so lowered, that some of our critics have not hesitated to speak of it as unworthy of a place in our literature, and it has consequently fallen into disrepute, and has been considered as fit only to be the vehicle for party malice and private spite. It is only necessary to take up any of the popular collections of the last century, to be convinced how fallen was then the epigram from its high estate; how

lost was its true character; how undignified the form it had assumed. Happily there have never been wanting some Epigrammatists, who scorned to imitate either the grossness or the folly of Martial, who copied him in his virtues and not in his vices; and a few, too, who knew and appreciated the Greek models, and studied to reproduce their beauties. Of late years the imperfections of Martial have been more clearly discerned, and it may be hoped that his deleterious influence as a pattern for epigram writers is no longer paramount.

We now come to the period when the Gothic arms had driven literature from the West; and when at the Byzantine court the last uncertain sounds of the Grecian lyre were struggling with victorious barbarism. But whilst darkness for centuries hung over Europe, and the light of learning was so feeble that it was lost in the gloom, far away in the East the Muses were courted, and monarchs and courtiers vied for the bays. Epigrammatic literature flourished among the votaries of Mahomet. Arabian poetry is little known in England, and even translations are rarely to be found. At the close of the last century, however, Mr. Carlyle, Cambridge Professor of Arabic, published a volume of great interest, "Specimens of Arabian Poetry from the Earliest Time to the Extinction of the Khaliphate." This work contains translations of Arabian poetry of various kinds, but a very considerable number of the pieces are of an epigrammatic character, not in the style of the Roman, but rather approximating towards the Greek, epigram, though a few are more humorous than was usual among the earlier Greek writers, and the majority are longer than the terse inscriptions of that people. The following example displays the character of many of these Arabian pieces. The author is Abou Teman, who was born in the year of the Hegira 190; i.e., A.D. 812. He addresses his mistress, who had found fault with him for profusion ("Specimens of Arabian Poetry," 1796, 64):

Ungenerous and mistaken maid,
To scorn me thus because I'm poor!
Canst thou a liberal hand upbraid
For dealing round some worthless ore?

To spare's the wish of little souls,
The great but gather to bestow;
Yon current down the mountain rolls,
And stagnates in the swamp below.

Turning again to the West, the revival of learning in Europe, and the resumption of epigram-writing, claims attention. The commencement of the fifteenth century is the period generally assigned as that at which the first marked attempts were made to dispel the darkness, and to rekindle the flame of literature. But, as in all revivals, it is usually one man who takes the lead, and directs the efforts of others, so, at this time, Lorenzo de Medici, the munificent patron of men of letters, stands prominently forward as the centre whence emanated the exertions for the restoration of learning. Succeeding to the chief place in the Republic of Florence, at the death of his father in 1469, Lorenzo the Magnificent bent all his energies to his favourite project—the revival of literature. He it was who employed learned men to discover and purchase the valuable relics of antiquity; who despatched John Lascaris (the editor of the first printed edition of the Greek Anthology) into the East to collect manuscripts; and who directed the labours of Italian scholars in collating the remains of ancient authors, for the purpose of disseminating them by means of the newly-invented art of printing. He was greatly aided in his efforts by learned Greeks, who, at the capture of Constantinople by the Turks in 1453, had taken refuge in Italy, and who gladly resorted to a city which was graced by one so noble in rank and in mind as Lorenzo. The result was the establishment of an academy at Florence for the cultivation of the Greek language and literature, under the direction of Greeks and Italians, by means of which the study of that tongue was extended throughout a great part of Europe, though it was afterwards unfortunately allowed to fall much into desuetude.

From this period may be dated the restoration of Latin epigrammatic literature. But, though Latin was the language, the ancient Latin writers were not the models. The Anthology of John Lascaris, and the study of the Greek

tongue, gave a tone to the authors which removes them far from the style of Martial and his compeers. The Mediæval and Early Modern Latin Epigrammatists comprised Italian, German, Belgian, French, and English writers. The subjects of their epigrams are as various as those of the Greeks. Love is, perhaps, the predominating theme, but treated generally with remarkable chastity. Many caustic epigrams are to be found, but rarely personal bitterness; and many witty ones in which the humour is delicate, and, although the conceit is sometimes strained, as in our metaphysical poets, it very seldom sinks into puerility. The influence of country is scarcely perceptible in these Epigrammatists. They took no part in wars or political combinations, and did not seek to stir up their countrymen to patriotic deeds. They were actuated by love of learning rather than of nationality, and were consequently homogeneous in their thoughts and writings. Their rank or their profession had little effect on their poetry, and their productions may be studied without discovering a clue to their history. Popes and cardinals, high dignitaries and their secretaries, lawyers and physicians, are found in the roll of these authors, whose pure latinity and graceful sentiments display classic polish and refined mental cultivation. An Anthology, containing a large number of the epigrams of these writers, was published in 1637 by Abraham Wright, a Fellow of S. John's College, Oxford, entitled "*Delitiæ Delitiarum*," a volume which it is impossible to peruse without pleasure or to study without improvement. The only fault of the work is the absence of chronological or other definite arrangement.

But these Epigrammatists have fallen into unaccountable neglect. They were well known to Pope and a few of our greater poets, and have exercised a most important influence over those who were acquainted with them, by displaying a style of epigram-writing, pure as the Greek, but more humorous, and lively as Martial, but generally free from his coarseness, his personality, and his puerile trifling. That they have been neglected is another evidence of the debasing ascendancy which the Roman school has acquired;

and it is curious to observe in some of the collections of the last century, translations and imitations of a few of the epigrams of these writers, given generally without any hint of their foreign origin, and almost invariably the very worst specimens which could be selected, evidently chosen because in accordance with the Martial type. As, for instance, the following, given as an original English epigram in the "Poetical Farrago":

How fitly join'd the lawyer and his wife!
He moves at bar, and she at home, the strife.

Which is a translation from the Latin of Petrus Ægidius, or Giles, a native of Antwerp ("Delitiæ Delitiarum," 165).

Wright does not include in his "Delitiæ Delitiarum" any of the epigrams of Sir Thomas More, or of John Owen, the Cambro-Briton. The latter was one of the most voluminous of the Latin Epigrammatists, and had he written less, he would, perhaps, have been even more famous than he is, for he is apt to reproduce himself, and to allow his wit to wear itself out by too much exercise. His epigrams are not of the Greek type, for his vein of satire was far too strong to be subdued; but his thorough knowledge of human nature, his rough good sense, quaint wit, and generally kindly feeling, make them pleasing, though they seldom attain much beauty or elegance. But the writing of Latin epigrams never gained a firm hold in Great Britain. When to More and Owen have been added the Scotchmen, Buchanan and Ninian Paterson, and, at a later period, Vincent Bourne, the Usher of Westminster School, the list is complete of those who obtained any eminence as Latin Epigrammatists. Our countrymen preferred their own language, and to English writers our attention shall now be given.

Many names of note, during the period previous to the Restoration, at once occur. Of these it is only necessary to mention Ben Jonson and Robert Herrick. As an Epigrammatist, the style of the former is very varied. He well understood the Greek manner, and when he strays from it, as he too often does, into scurrilous and coarse language, he shows at once that he is doing violence to his

own taste and principles. Not so, when he is simply humorous—a style in which he is thoroughly at home; and which, though it be not the highest, is yet a legitimate type of epigram. His skit “On Play-wright,” may be taken as an example (Ep. 100):

Play-wright, by chance, hearing some toys I'd writ,
Cried to my face, they were th' elixir of wit;
And I must now believe him; for, to-day,
Five of my jests, then stol'n, past him a Play.

But it is upon his monumental inscriptions that Jonson's fame as an Epigrammatist must chiefly rest. These are exquisitely pure and beautiful. If they have a fault it is in the matter of length, which is beyond that of the earlier Greek epitaphs; yet who would wish such perfect pieces to be curtailed?

In Herrick's “Hesperides” there are a large number of epigrams, specially so designated, which are absolutely worthless, and the majority quite unpresentable. They are of the worst Roman type. One of the least objectionable, but quite after Martial's own heart, is “Upon Urles”:

Urles had the gout so, that he could not stand;
Then from his feet, it shifted to his hand:
When 'twas in 's feet, his charity was small;
Now 'tis in 's hand, he gives no alms at all.

But, although the pieces which Herrick particularly styles epigrams are thus valueless, he nobly vindicates his claim to be considered one of the very best Epigrammatists, by numberless epigrams to which he does not give that name, apparently because they are free from stinging point. He was well acquainted with the Greek writers, as is shown by the translations and imitations from the Anthology, which are found in his Works, and he sufficiently appreciated them to write much in their manner. As, for example, an epigram on the decay of all things:

All things decay with time: the forest sees
The growth and down-fall of her aged trees;
That timber tall, which threescore lustres stood
The proud dictator of the state-like wood:
I mean the sovereign of all plants, the oak,
Droops, dies, and falls without the cleaver's stroke.

Again, an address "To the Western Wind":

Sweet Western Wind, whose luck it is,
 Made rival with the air,
 To give Perenna's lip a kiss,
 And fan her wanton hair.
 Bring me but one, I'll promise thee,
 Instead of common showers,
 Thy wings shall be embalm'd by me,
 And all beset with flowers.

But it is in epitaphs that Herrick, like Ben Jonson, excels more than in any other kind of epigrammatic poetry, though there is little similarity in the character of their inscriptions. This, for the tomb of a young mother of many children, has all the terseness and the pathos of the purest Greek type:

Let all chaste matrons, when they chance to see
 My num'rous issue, praise and pity me.
 Praise me, for having such a fruitful womb;
 Pity me too, who found so soon a tomb.

Again, this "Epitaph upon a Virgin" is singularly touching:

Here a solemn fast we keep,
 While all beauty lies asleep,
 Husht be all things; no noise here,
 But the toning of a tear:
 Or a sigh of such as bring
 Cowslips for her covering.

A different class of writers now demands consideration. The period from the reign of Mary to the Restoration was prolific in Epigrammatists; men who, not content to throw off only occasional epigrams, wrote volumes containing hundreds, under every possible name which that species of poetry could assume. Among these authors are found Heywood the dramatist, and one or two more of note; but the majority are unknown to fame, and their epigrams, having never been reprinted, are very scarce. It is difficult to refer their productions to either a Greek or Roman type. There is an absence of the elegant simplicity of the one, and of the fulsomeness and scurrility of the other.

There is much satire, but little unkindness ; a great deal of sound common sense and knowledge of human nature ; and a flow of quaint humour, which is irresistibly amusing. Coarseness there is, but generally rather of language than of feeling ; and in some, a religious and pathetic tone recalls the manner of the Greeks. The poetry is, for the most part, rough, but it is forcible, and the sentiments are commonly expressed with singular terseness. The effect of writing whole volumes of epigrams is seen in the wit often degenerating into forced conceits, and in exhaustion of thought causing the reproduction of the same ideas in different language. There is, however, abundance of originality, and the richness of fancy is strikingly apparent. It is remarkable how entirely these Epigrammatists have been neglected. They are unnoticed in any of the collections of epigrams of the last and present centuries. An occasional piece is here and there found, but given as an anonymous production ; and a wide field, from which many flowers may be culled, has thus been abandoned, and its very existence ignored. A few examples will show that these authors had merit of various degrees. John Heywood writes of "Two, Arm in Arm" (Ep. 19) :

One said to another taking his arm,
By license friend, and take this for no harm.
No, Sir, quoth the other, I give you leave
To hang on my arm, but not on my sleeve.

John Heath has an epigram on blind Love (Second Century, 93) :

Love through our eyes doth first an entrance find ;
How is it, then, they say that Love is blind ?
Know ye not how both these may well agree ?
Though he be blind, yet can his mother see.

Henry Parrot is more witty than any of his contemporaries, but his volume, "*Laquei Ridiculosi*," is marked by such coarseness of thought and language, that the greater number of his epigrams are unpresentable. The following is humorous, and might be justly applied to many young men of the present day (Book II. 161) :

Sir, can you tell where young Pandorus lives,
 That was surnamed here the prodigal :
 He that so much for his silk stockings gives,
 Till nought is left to buy him shoes withal ?
 Oh blame him not, to make what show he can,
 How should he else be thought a Gentleman ?

Thomas Bancroft writes of the Spheres (Book I. 5) :

What are those ever-turning heavenly spheres,
 But wheels that, from our cradles to our urns,
 Wind up our threads of life that hourly wears ?
 And they that soonest die have happiest turns.

Samuel Sheppard thus addresses Cupid (Book III. 19) :

God of hearts, prithee begone,
 Forsake my homely mansion,
 Thy deity is all too great
 On parsley for to make thy meat,
 Such as to my Lares I
 Offer up nocturnally ;
 Lucullus doth not harbour here,
 But Cato with his beard austere.

Although the Epigrammatists who flourished at the period of the Rebellion wrote little on politics, it is evident that they were affected by the events of the times. With scarcely an exception they were on the royal side, and their loyal and poetic temperament made them despise the irreverence and sourness of Puritanism. This gave warmth to their satire, which in the case of some seems to have been contrary to their natural feelings. The poet Drummond may be taken as an instance. No writer of epigrams of that age was so much imbued with the Greek tone and manner, or so successfully caught the ancient spirit. Witness the following invocation to sleep :

How comes it, Sleep, that thou
 Even kisses me afford
 Of her, dear her, so far who's absent now ?
 How did I hear those words,
 Which rocks might move, and move the pines to bow ?
 Ah me ! before half day
 Why didst thou steal away ?
 Return ; I thine for ever will remain,
 If thou wilt bring with thee that guest again.

And yet so greatly did Pym and the other rebels raise his wrath, that he could pen an epigram more cutting in its satire than can perhaps be found in any other author :

When lately Pym descended into hell,
Ere he the cups of Lethe did carouse,
What place that was, he called aloud to tell ;
To whom a devil—"This is the Lower House."

But the Restoration produced a great change in epigrammatic literature. The revulsion from Puritanism was carried to excess. Love-sonnets became the fashion ; many of them were of an epigrammatic character, and the stricter epigrams took the same tone. The influence of the theme of love on this style of literature becomes immediately apparent. The language is softened, the poetry smoother, the sentiments more refined. And whilst, as we have seen, the Epigrammatists had been hitherto, for the most part, a separate class—men who as general poets are unknown—we now find that the great poets are the writers of epigrams, which they polished with as much care as they bestowed upon longer poems. They wrote but few, it is true, but these were of higher character, and from this period, as is well remarked in an admirable article on epigrams in the 233rd No. of the "Quarterly Review," "it will be found that the greater the poet, the more marked is his addiction to the Greek pattern ; while the coarser style, more akin to the Latin, is chiefly met with in the off-hand wit of the mere man of pleasure, who wrote because it was the fashion, and because he had a gift, if indeed that be a gift, which confers the power of being personal, or severe, in as large, if not larger, measure than brilliant and terse." This applies fully to Waller, Dryden, and others who came after them ; but there is one marked exception to the general rule. Prior ranks among the greater poets, but his epigrams are, with a few exceptions, of the very lowest type. He knew well, and translated some of the Greek epigrams, but he chiefly delighted in taking Martial as his pattern, lowered into more foolish puerility through French sources. False hair and eyes, rouge and enamel, the age of Phillis, and the tropes of Lysander, form the staple of his epigrams. He wrote some of considerable elegance, it must

be granted, but scarcely any of a very high character, and there is a sense of disappointment in the examination of his productions. Not so with Pope. In his writings we perpetually discover some elegant epigrammatic turn; satire so polished, that it cannot offend; and humour so delicate, that it satisfies the most fastidious. But epitaphs may be considered Pope's speciality. He was celebrated in his own day for this style of composition, and has retained his fame to the present. He has perhaps been overrated in this respect. It is necessary that a few remarks should be made upon epitaphs as a particular form of epigrammatic poetry, and it may be convenient to do so at this point, in order that a just judgment may be formed of his powers as a writer of monumental inscriptions.

The chief intention of an epitaph is to perpetuate the memory and character of the person on whose tomb it is placed, as an example of virtue. For this purpose the name must be given, and such account of his work in life as is requisite for the object in view. The more remarkable have been a man's actions, the less need there is for description; and the fewer the words, the higher the encomium. This was felt by Simonides, when he wrote the epitaph on Adeimantus (Jacobs I. 66, xxxv., translated by Merivale):

Here Adeimantus rests—the same was he
Whose counsels won for Greece the crown of liberty.

But grand simplicity suffices only for the few—for such men as Columbus and Shakespeare, Newton and Wellington. The majority require a longer epitaph to preserve the memory of their existence, their deeds, and their virtues. To keep the just mean between fulsome adulation and insufficient commemoration, constitutes the chief difficulty in the composition of sepulchral memorials. Recourse may again be had to Simonides for an example of an ancient epitaph, which in few and simple lines tells the name of the dead, her history, and her character. It is on Archedice, the daughter of Hippias (Jacobs I. 68, xlvii., translated by Merivale):

Daughter of him who rul'd th' Athenian plains,
This honour'd dust Archedice contains.
Of tyrants, mother, daughter, sister, wife—
Her mind was modest, and unstain'd her life.

Again, an epitaph should not be merely general in praise. The particular characteristics of the dead should be clearly stated, so that the inscription may be suitable to that individual alone on whose tomb it is engraved; otherwise no certain idea of the deceased is gained by the reader, and nothing definite is impressed on the memory. As an example, a Greek epitaph on Euphemius by S. Gregory Nazianzen may be cited (translated by H. S. Boyd):

Euphemius slumbers in this hallow'd ground,
Son of Amphiloehus, by all renown'd:
He whom the Graces to the Muses gave,
Tuneful no more, lies mouldering in the grave;
The minstrels came to chaunt the bridal lay,
But swifter Envy bore her prize away.

Here some certain information is given. We learn the man's name and that of his father, that he was beautiful in person, with the soul of a poet, and that he died young upon the eve of marriage.

Now, in what respect do Pope's epitaphs display or fall short of the requirements of this style of composition? First, with regard to the name of the dead. His inscriptions have been satirically called "Epitaphs to be let," because he constantly omits all mention of the person whom he is praising. And, secondly, with regard to distinctive characteristics, the same satire is applicable; for in many cases his epitaphs are so indefinite that they would suit as well other persons as those for whom they are intended. In that on Simon Harcourt, the second fault is very conspicuous, for in eight lines we learn nothing but that he was Pope's friend, a good son, and that his death gave his father and his friend much concern. The first fault is not, however, found; for "this epitaph," says Dr. Johnson, "is principally remarkable for the artful introduction of the name, which is inserted with a peculiar felicity, to which chance must concur with genius, which

no man can hope to attain twice, and which cannot be copied but with servile imitation ”:

To this sad shrine, whoe'er thou art, draw near,
Here lies the friend most lov'd, the son most dear:
Who ne'er knew joy, but friendship might divide,
Or gave his father grief but when he died.

How vain is reason, eloquence how weak!
If Pope must tell what Harcourt cannot speak.
Oh! let thy once-lov'd friend inscribe thy stone,
And with a father's sorrows mix his own.

Pope's finest epitaph, because the noblest memorial of God-given intellect in the fewest words, is that on Sir Isaac Newton; but most of his monumental inscriptions are on men who were not of sufficient celebrity to be exempt from the necessity of some particulars of their history being recorded on their tombs. It is in these he fails. He either gives no details, or is fulsome in his praise. Of the latter character is the one on Craggs, who was a respectable statesman, but not the all-perfect man described by Pope:

Statesman, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honour clear!
Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,
Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend;
Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd,
Prais'd, wept, and honour'd by the Muse he lov'd.

To these lines cannot be denied the praise of much beauty; but they have the effect (which should never be the case in an epitaph) of unreality—of bestowing the flattery of affection, rather than the impartial justice of truth.

During the eighteenth century many Epigrammatists of considerable note flourished, a few accepting the Greek type, but the majority the Roman, though in the writings of most of them some pieces may be found which have all the elegance and simplicity of the former, whilst but a small section ventured upon the imitation of the worst specimens of the latter. Aaron Hill and Garrick were men who thoroughly understood epigram-writing. Both abound in humour, especially the latter. Both could be tender, and, throwing aside satire, write with grace of diction and

sentiment. Take the following lines on the power of love by Hill as an example (Hill's "Works," 1753, III. 38):

Oh ! forbear to bid me slight her,
 Soul and senses take her part ;
 Could my life itself delight her,
 Life should leap to leave my heart.
 Strong, though soft, a lover's chain,
 Charm'd with woe and pleas'd with pain.
 Though the tender flame were dying,
 Love would light it at her eyes ;
 Or, her tuneful voice applying,
 Through my ear, my soul surprise.
Deaf, I see the fate I shun,
Blind, I hear I am undone.

The epigrams of Lord Lyttelton and of Horace Walpole deserve particular attention as models of chaste taste. The former never degenerates into coarse satire; the latter, though sometimes satirical, is never common-place. How pregnant is this distich by Lord Lyttelton as an "Inscription for a bust of Lady Suffolk in a wood at Stowe":

Her wit and beauty for a court were made :
 But truth and goodness fit her for a shade.

And how elegant this address of Horace Walpole "To Madame du Chatelet, when on a visit at Strawberry Hill":

When beauteous Helen left her native air,
 Greece for ten years in arms reclaim'd the fair,
 Th' enamour'd boy withheld his lovely prize,
 And stak'd his country's ruin 'gainst her eyes.
 Your charms less baneful, not less strong appear :
 We welcome any peace that keeps you here.

Of very different character are the epigrams of Samuel Bishop, head-master of Merchant Taylors' School, who deserves some notice on account of the celebrity which he obtained in his day as an Epigrammatist. He took Martial for his pattern, but avoided his scurrility and coarseness. His epigrams are full of humour, and he often exposes a grievance with good-natured wit. The following, written in Latin as well as English, is a specimen. It is applicable to other times besides those in which it was written (Bishop's "Works," 1796, I. 311):

"Do this," cries one side of S. Stephen's great hall,
 "Do just the reverse," the minority bawl :
 As each has obtain'd, or desires to obtain,
 Or envies the station he wish'd for in vain.
 And what is the end of this mighty tongue-war ?
 —Nothing's done for the State—till the State is *done for* !

The last line displays a form of epigrammatic wit to which some consideration must be given—play upon words. This is scarcely ever found in the epigrams of the best writers. It came much into vogue in the decadency of the literature, but has always been protested against. In the dissertation prefixed to the Collection of 1735, the author says: "We have already observed that a gay conceit, or a good sentence, will sometimes serve for points: but what else? nothing so properly as what can be truly called wit; no jingle of words, pun, quibble, conundrum, mixed wit, or false wit, ought ever to be used, though they have all very often appeared in this kind of poetry." It is not to be denied that a few ancient examples may be found of such spurious wit, but not in the works of men of note. The following is from the Greek of Callicter (Jacobs III. 8, ii.). The translation, by Graves, is not literal, but is as close to the original as the character of the Greek distich will allow :

Celsus takes off by dint of skill
 Each bodily disaster:
 But takes off spoons without a pill;
 Your plate without a plaster.

No man of taste would imitate such poor wit with any intention of letting his fame rest upon it. A writer of established reputation may, however, in a joking way, throw off such trifles. Shenstone, for instance, addressed the following to a voluminous poet of Kidderminster:

Thy verses, friend, are Kidderminster stuff,
 And I must own you've measur'd out enough.

But what can be thought of the writer who could perpetrate so absurd a distich as this? Happily for his reputation he is anonymous:

Thy verses are *eternal*, O, my friend !
 For he who reads them, reads them to *no end*.

But though, as a rule, all play upon words is to be condemned as false wit, yet epigrams are occasionally found, in which a pun is introduced with so much elegance, that the impropriety is forgotten in the pleasure which the perusal gives. Such instances occur in the Latin writers of mediæval and of more modern times, but it is seldom that the wit can be rendered with any success in English. An epigram, by an unknown author, on a clergyman who preached the published sermons of Archdeacon Hare, is a case in point :

Ne lepores vendas alienos : prome leporem
Nativum : melior syllaba longa brevi.

A play upon a person's name is not uncommon among modern writers. An epigram by Henley, on the assistance which Broome gave to Pope in the translation of Homer, is good of its kind :

Pope came off clean with Homer ; but they say
Broome went before, and kindly swept the way.

But, perhaps, the most elegant distich of this character is Lord Erskine's compliment to Lady Payne :

'Tis true I am ill ; but I need not complain ;
For he never knew *pleasure*, who never knew *Payne*.

It is among the professed wits that punning epigrams are chiefly found. Theodore Hook and Thomas Hood have many of them, and poor enough they generally are. One of the best is by James Smith, "A Father to his Daughter, who asked him for money" :

Dear Bell, to gain money, sure, silence is best,
For dumb Bells are fittest to open the chest.

But all wit of this kind, amusing though it may be for the moment, gives very little lasting pleasure. A fine epigram may be read and read again with ever-increasing satisfaction, but few of those, which for their worth depend upon a quibble or a pun, exercise any influence upon the feelings or the intellect, and therefore they produce no enjoyment beyond the passing trivial gratification. They are epi-

grams in name, but they have not the ancient mark of epigrammatic writing. They are like the cankered blossom of a noble tree upon which the blight has settled.

Towards the close of the eighteenth century epigram-writing declined. The finer ancient models had been gradually more and more neglected. Loose satire and personal invective had become its chief characteristics; and men of taste saw in its modern style nothing that was noble, everything that was debasing. Sunk into vicious imbecility, it lost all claim to respect. Fallen from respect, even the few who strove to retain for it a position of honour, were powerless to save it from degradation. One man stands prominently forward, to whom must be accorded the unenviable distinction of doing more than any other to debase our lighter poetic literature. With the knowledge and the power which enabled him to vie with some of the best epigram-writers, as is shown by a few of his pieces, Dr. Wolcot (Peter Pindar) prostituted his talents to the most virulent satire and the lowest lampoons. The following personal epigram, published in his Works, 1812, is a specimen of his gross vulgarity. "To Lady Mount Edgumbe, on the Death of her Pig, Cupid":

Oh dry that tear, so round and big;
Nor waste in sighs your precious wind!
Death only takes a *single* pig:
Your *lord* and *son* are still behind.

Men, however, there have always been who, even in the worst times, have written with purity and taste, and to their epigrammatic writings the appeal must be made against any general denunciation of that style of literature. In the present day there are signs of a reaction. Satire is no longer considered necessary to the epigram, nor is Martial allowed the high rank he has hitherto held. Translations of the purest Greek epigrams are becoming popular, and the national taste is showing satisfactory evidence that it appreciates the beauty of the ancient inscriptions. Supply will follow the demand, and Epigrammatists may be expected to arise, who will follow in the steps of those who in past times made Simonides and Plato, Leonidas and Meleager, their models.

The declension of epigram-writing is much to be lamented. For two reasons in particular.

First, as a loss in a literary point of view. There is no class of poetry which displays more prominently the taste and skill of the poet. It is far from being an easy style in which to gain proficiency; and therefore it is one which tests the merit of the writer. It is, moreover, a style which requires peculiar adaptation to the work; one in which many a true poet may fail, while another, incapable of producing a continuous poem, may admirably succeed. Cowper was a man of real poetic power, but he was a poor Epigrammatist. Dr. Jortin takes no rank as a poet, but the few epigrams he has left are of singular beauty. A talent is thus lost; powers which exist are untried; and the world is deprived of enjoyment, which might be conferred by the development of a capacity for epigram-writing. Again, the terseness required in an epigram is of great use for the acquisition of elegance in general literature and conversation. This is well put by Graves in his essay in the "Festoon": "Young people might receive the same advantage to their style in writing, and to their manner of expressing themselves in conversation, from being accustomed to the force and conciseness peculiar to an epigram, as it is allowed they generally do, to their way of thinking and reasoning, from the close method of argumentation essential to mathematical writings." The composition of Latin epigrams is retained as an exercise in some of our schools, Westminster in particular; and the prizes established at Cambridge by the eccentric physician and scholar, Sir William Browne, for Greek and Latin epigrams, keep up the habit in that University. If it be advantageous for boys and young men to write graceful Latin epigrams for the promotion of terse classical composition, it must be also advantageous to write English epigrams with the same object in reference to their native language. English epigram-writing was formerly common among school-boys, and many of our greatest poets and wits tried their powers as Epigrammatists, whilst they played at Eton or at Westminster, or musingly sauntered on the banks of the Isis or the Cam.

Secondly, the declension of epigram-writing is to be lamented as a loss in an historical and national point of view. Epigrammatic literature displays national history. The various turns of events, as they quickly pass, are caught and, as it were, photographed in the epigrams of the day; and minor circumstances, which may eventually enable the historian to discover the small causes of great changes, are chronicled in a serious distich or a witty quatrain. It reflects, too, the national mind. The characteristics of the time; the temperament, manners, and habits of the people are portrayed. "The great writer of each particular period," says the author of an article on the "Life of Bentley," in the 46th volume of the "Quarterly Review," "is the image and representative of the state of the public mind during his own age. The popular poet embodies the passions and feelings of his time; he is the perpetual record of the tone of thought, of taste, of imaginative excitement prevalent in his own country and during his own day. . . . There is always a strong reciprocal action and reaction of the popular mind on the literature, as well as of the literature on the public mind; it is at once an exciting cause and the living expression of the events, the manners, the character of each separate period of history." True as this is of poets in general, especially is it true of Epigrammatists. Authors of this class have, from the earliest times, not only been affected by the passions and feelings of the people, but have worked upon those feelings, and directed their course. This is seen most distinctly in the Greek epigram-writers. The warlike character of his countrymen is reflected in the soul-stirring inscriptions of Simonides, and none can doubt the effect which those burning words must have had in rousing the martial spirit of the people to yet greater deeds of glory. In later times we view the decay of Greek prowess in the silence of the Epigrammatists on warlike themes. Love and wine are the subjects of their verse, as marrying and giving in marriage and convivial entertainments were the chief care of the people in the days of their national humiliation. So, in Roman times, when, amidst excessive luxury and effeminate pleasures, the ruin of the empire was slowly but surely advancing, we see

in the conviviality and the lewdness of the epigrams of Petronius Arbiter, a reflection of the manners of his countrymen, sunk in debauchery and sloth; and we cannot doubt that the vices were aided by the vicious teaching of the poet. In modern times the same effects may be observed. The reaction from Puritanism is displayed in the epigrams of the reign of Charles II., and the passions excited by the Revolution are strongly reflected in those of the reign of William III. The decline of epigrammatic literature at the time when Napoleon was devastating Europe, makes any reference to that period of more doubtful import: but even the inferior epigrams written during the war, which may be found in abundance in such works as the "Spirit of the Public Journals," display decided evidence of the influence of popular feeling on these productions, though it can hardly be supposed that epigrams of so low a class, and of such halting numbers, can have had much effect on the passions of the people. But if epigrammatic literature should rise again from its low estate, and take once more its place in the high ranks of poetry, we may expect that it will again exercise a legitimate power, and stir the public sentiment. The purer its character, the holier will be its influence; the nobler its sentiments, the more beneficial will be its results. Should domestic troubles come, it will inspire loyal and patriotic aspirations. Should war be sent to scourge us, it will incite to valour.

THE EPIGRAMMATISTS.

GREEK EPIGRAMMATISTS.

B.C. 690—A.D. 530.

ARCHILOCHUS.

Flourished B.C. 690. He was born in the Isle of Paros, and in his youth emigrated to Thasos. It is said that the Lacedæmonians laid a prohibition on his verses on account of their immorality. His humour was malevolent, and his habit of raillery and abuse made him many enemies.

ON THE LOSS OF HIS SHIELD (Jacobs I. 41, iii.).

Translated by Merivale.

The foeman glories in my shield—
I left it on the battle field ;
I threw it down beside the wood,
Unscath'd by scars, unstain'd with blood.
And let him glory ! Since, from death
Escap'd, I keep my forfeit breath,
I soon may find, at little cost,
As good a shield as that I've lost.

Archilochus, who threw away his shield, and thus endeavours to put a fair face upon his cowardice, seems to have held the view of the man of peace, whom Massinger makes to say ("The Picture," Act I. sc. 2) :

This military art
I grant to be the noblest of professions ;
And yet (I thank my stars for 't) I was never
Inclin'd to learn it, since this *bubble honour*
(Which is, indeed, the *nothing* soldiers fight for,
With the loss of limbs or life) is in my judgment
Too dear a purchase.

The epigram recalls the satire of Butler in "Hudibras" (Part III. Canto iii. line 243):

For those that fly may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain.

CONTENTMENT (Jacobs I. 42, x.).

Translated by the late Colonel Mure, of Caldwell.

What's Gyges or his gold to me !
His royal state or rich array ?
From envy's taint my breast is free,
I covet no proud tyrant's sway.
I envy not the gods in heaven !
The gods to me my lot have given.
That lot, for good or ill, I'll bear,
And for no other man's I care.

Archilochus was contemporary with Gyges, whose wealth, like that of Croesus, early passed into a proverb.

Sponser in a single line expresses much ("Faërie Queene," Book I. Canto ii., 35):

The noblest mind the best contentment has.

Cowley, in a portion of his epitaph for himself (translated from the Latin by Addison), describes his own happiness in his retirement:

With decent poverty content,
His hours of ease not idly spent;
To fortune's goods a foe profest,
And hating wealth by all carest.

Some other pieces on this subject will be found under Martyn.

ADDRESS TO HIS SOUL (Jacobs I. 43, xiv.).

Translated by the late Colonel Mure, of Caldwell.

My soul, my soul, by cares past all relief
Distracted sore, bear up ! with manly breast,
And dauntless mien, each fresh assault of grief
Encountering. By hostile weapons pressed,
Stand firm. Let no unlooked-for triumph move
To empty exultation ; no defeat
Cast down. But still let moderation prove
Of life's uncertain cup the bitter and the sweet.

Philemon shows that an equable frame of mind is the possession of a wise man. Cumberland thus translates the epigram in the "Observer" (No. 139) :

Extremes of fortune are true wisdom's test,
And he's of men most wise, who bears them best.

Agathias in an amusing epigram (Jacobs IV. 25, lxiv.) shows the result of unexpected good fortune. The translation is by Philip Smyth :

Euseia, rich in gold and land,
To a poor fisher gave her hand.
Ophion, dazzled with his gain,
Grew haughty, petulant, and vain.
Venus, says Fortune, looking sly,
Who play'd this trick, pray—you or I?

ALCMAN.

Flourished B.C. 650. He was probably a native of Lydia, but was brought early to Lacedæmon. He is supposed to have been a slave in the family of Agesidas, a Spartan citizen, by whom he was emancipated.

NIGHT (Frag. X. Ed. Welcker).

Translated by the late Colonel Mure, of Caldwell.

Now o'er the drowsy earth still night prevails.
Calm sleep the mountain tops and shady vales,
The rugged cliffs and hollow glens ;
The wild beasts slumber in their dens ;
The cattle on the hills. Deep in the sea
The countless finny race and monster brood
Tranquil repose. Even the busy bee
Forgets her daily toil. The silent wood
No more with noisy hum of insect rings ;
And all the feather'd tribes, by gentle sleep subdued,
Roost in the glade, and hang their drooping wings.

Colonel Mure justly speaks of this as "a description unsurpassed, perhaps unrivalled, by any similar passage in the Greek or any other language."

Very different as are the following lines by the Scotch poet, Robert Fergusson, it must be acknowledged that they are not unworthy of a place beside those of Alcman :

Now murky shades surround the pole :
Darkness lords without control ;
To the notes of buzzing owl,
Lions roar and tigers howl,

Fright'ning from their azure shrine,
 Stars that wont in orbs to shine :
 Now the sailor's storm-tost bark
 Knows no blest celestial mark,
 While in the briny-troubled deep,
 Dolphins change their sport for sleep :
 Ghosts and frightful spectres gaunt,
 Churchyard's dreary footsteps haunt,
 And brush with withered arms the dews
 That fall upon the drooping yews.

Colonel Mure's rendering of Alcman's fragment, beautiful as it is, has one error. He translates :

Deep in the sea

The countless finny race and monster brood
 Tranquil repose.

But for "countless finny race" there is nothing corresponding in the Greek. Alcman, in reference to the dwellers in the deep, uses *κνώδαλα* correctly rendered "monster brood." There are some large fish or aquatic mammals which are known to sleep in the night, but the smaller kinds of the finny race are particularly active at that time. The Greeks, who were singularly exact to nature in their writings, would not be likely to make the mistake into which Colonel Mure has inadvertently fallen in paraphrasing the original.

SAPPHO.

This poetess flourished B.C. 610. She was a native of Mitylene in the island of Lesbos. She married, but was early left a widow. She is said to have then fixed her affections on a youth named Phaon, who, however, did not return her love, in consequence of which she cast herself into the sea from a promontory in Acarnania, called Leucate, the belief being that those who survived the leap would be cured of hopeless love. She perished in the experiment.

THE LOVER'S ADDRESS TO HIS MISTRESS ("Sapphonis Fragmenta," No. II.).

Translated by Ambrose Philips.

Bless'd as th' immortal gods is he,
 'The youth who fondly sits by thee,
 And hears and sees thee all the while
 Softly speak and sweetly smile.

'Twas this depriv'd my soul of rest,
 And rais'd such tumults in my breast ;
 For while I gaz'd, in transport tost,
 My breath was gone, my voice was lost :

My bosom glow'd; the subtle flame
 Ran quick through all my vital frame;
 O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung;
 My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd;
 My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd;
 My feeble pulse forgot to play;
 I fainted, sank, and died away.

Addison, in the 229th No. of the "Spectator," says of this translation: "It is written in the very spirit of Sappho, and as near the Greek as the genius of our language will possibly suffer." He gives also the criticism of Longinus on this celebrated ode, who observes, "that this description of love in Sappho is an exact copy of nature, and that all the circumstances, which follow one another in such a hurry of sentiments, notwithstanding they appear repugnant to each other, are really such as happen in the frenzies of love."

Dr. Farmer has decided the question of Shakespeare's learning; yet many passages occur in his Plays, which closely resemble some in classic authors; nor is this to be wondered at; for both copied nature, and a great critic has observed that "Wit is transitory, but Nature and Passion are eternal."

It is impossible to read the following passage from the "Merchant of Venice," in which Bassanio speaks to Portia (Act III. sc. 2), without being struck by the close similarity of sentiment with the ode of Sappho:

Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
 Only my blood speaks to you in my veins;
 And there is such confusion in my powers,
 As, after some oration fairly spoke
 By a beloved prince, there doth appear
 Among the buzzing pleased multitude;
 Where every something, being blent together,
 Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,
 Express'd, and not express'd.

So, also, in "Troilus and Cressida" a similar passage is found, where Troilus, meditating on his approaching possession of Cressida, says (Act III. sc. 2):

I am giddy: expectation whirle me round.
 The imaginary relish is so sweet
 That it enchants my sense.
 * * * * *
 * * and I do fear besides,
 That I shall lose distinction in my joys;
 As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
 The enemy flying.

THE FOREST COUCH ("Sapphonis Fragmenta," No. IV.).*Translated by C.*

The cool, low-babbling stream
 Mid quince-groves deep,
 And gently-rustling leaves
 Bring on soft sleep.

Our own poets often paint scenes of rural repose, but there are few passages which in so small a compass express so much as the pretty picture which Sappho has left to us. Gay, in "Rural Sports" (Canto I. 57), has :

O lead me, guard me from the sultry hours,
 Hide me, ye forests, in your closest bowers,
 Where the tall oak his spreading arms entwines;
 And with the beech a mutual shade combines;
 Where flows the murmuring brook inviting dreams,
 Where bordering hazel overhangs the streams,

* * * * *

Upon the mossy couch my limbs I cast,
 And e'en at noon the sweets of evening taste.

So Thomson ("Castle of Indolence," Canto I. Stanza 58) :

To noontide shades incontinent he ran
 Where purls the brook with sleep-inviting sound.

A living poet, Matthew Arnold, in "The Harp Player on Etna, Apollo," has :

In the moon-light the shepherd,
 Soft-lull'd by the rills,
 Lie wrapt in their blankets
 Asleep on the hills.

—

A MAID IN LOVE ("Sapphonis Fragmenta," No. XXIII.).*Translated by Moore.*

Oh, my sweet mother, 'tis in vain—
 I cannot weave as once I wove—
 So wilder'd is my heart and brain
 With thinking of that youth I love.

Horace may have had this fragment in mind when writing the 12th ode of his third book, where there is a passage, which Duncombe thus translates :

The wingèd boy in wanton play,
 Thy work and basket steals away :

Thy web and Pallas' curious toils
Are now become fair Hebrus' spoils.

Shakespeare makes one of the other sex explain the cause of his idleness in much the same way as Sappho's maid ("Two Gentlemen of Verona," Act I. sc. 1):

Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphos'd me;
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
War with good counsel, set the world at nought;
Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with thought.

DISAPPOINTMENT ("Sapphonis Fragmenta," No. XXVIII.).

Translated by Fawkes (altered).

The Pleiads now no more are seen,
Nor shines the silver moon serene;
The promis'd midnight hour's gone by,
And yet alas! alone I lie.

In Chaucer's "Troilus and Cresseide" we find a similar expression:

The daie goth fast, and after that came eve,
And yet came not to Troilus Cresseide.

EPITAPH ON A FISHERMAN (Jacobs I. 50, ii.).

Translated by Elton.

This oar, and net, and fisher's wicker'd snare,
Themiscus plac'd above his buried son—
Memorials of the lot in life he bare,
The hard and needy life of Pelagon.

It was the custom of the ancients to carve on the tombs of their friends, devices emblematic of the art or trade which they exercised when alive; of this we have many examples in the Anthology, and in the works of Homer and Virgil. In the case of the clergy the custom has extended to modern times, as it was, and is again becoming, usual to engrave on their tombs a chalice, to denote their Priesthood. Granger (Biog. Hist. 1779, I. 81) mentions a picture in the Lexington Collection, with a device which seems to be borrowed from the Greek. It is traditionally supposed to be a portrait of a daughter of Sir Thomas More. It represents a female standing on a tortoise, with a bunch of keys by her side, her finger on her lips, and a dove on her head. On the frame is a Latin inscription, believed to be by Sir Thomas More, which has been thus translated:

Be frugal, ye wives, live in silence and love,
 Nor abroad ever gossip and roam !
 This learn from the keys, the lips, and the dove,
 And tortoise still dwelling at home.

CLEOBULUS.

Flourished B.C. 586. He was Tyrant of Lindus, and one of the Seven Sages of Greece.

INSCRIPTION ON THE TOMB OF MIDAS (Jacobs I. 52, i.).

Translated by the late Colonel Mure, of Caldwell.

A maid of bronze am I, and here will stand
 On Midas' tomb, as long as on the strand
 The sea shall beat ; as long as trees shall grow,
 Sun rise, moon shine, or liquid waters flow ;
 So long by this sad tomb I'll watch and cry,
 Midas lies here ! to every passer by.

Simonides has an epigram (Jacobs I. 59, x.) in which he severely ridicules the idea of the maid of bronze enduring as long as the earth itself. But Cleobulus delighted in conundrums, and it is very probable, as Colonel Mure points out, that this epitaph is of that character, requiring for its interpretation a knowledge of circumstances connected with its composition, which Simonides did not possess. It is not likely that Cleobulus seriously put forward such an extravagant assertion. If he did so, he might have been answered in the words of Spenser in "The Ruines of Time" :

In vaine doo earthly princes then, in vaine,
 Seeke with pyramides, to heaven aspired ;
 Or huge colosses, built with costlie paine ;
 Or brasen pillours, never to be fired ;
 To make their memories for ever live :
 For how can mortall immortalitie give ?

* * * * *

All such vaine monuments of earthlie masse,
 Devour'd of Time, in time to nought doo passe.

ANACREON.

Flourished B.C. 559. He was born at Teos, a seaport of Ionia, and spent many years of his life at the courts of Polycrates, Tyrant of Samos, and Hipparchus, son of Pisistratus, Tyrant of Athens. He died in extreme old age at Abdera, in Thrace, whither, many years before, the Teians had emigrated and built a new city. There is much doubt whether the Odes which pass under the name of Anacreon are really the production of that poet, or the work of a later period.

HAPPY LIFE (Ode XV.).

Translated by Cowley.

Fill the bowl with rosy wine!
 Around our temples roses twine!
 And let us cheerfully awhile,
 Like the wine and roses, smile.
 Crown'd with roses, we contemn
 Gyges' wealthy diadem.
 To-day is ours; what do we fear?
 To-day is ours; we have it here:
 Let's treat it kindly, that it may
 Wish, at least, with us to stay.
 Let's banish business, banish sorrow;
 To the gods belongs to-morrow.

There is an epigram in the Anthology, the author of which is unknown (Jacobs IV. 134, lxxxi.), which breathes the same spirit, though with far less fire. The translation is by Fawkes:

Cease from thy cares and toils, be sweetly gay,
 And drink—to-morrow is a distant day:
 Improve on time; to bliss each moment give;
 Not to enjoy this life, is not to live:
 Our goods are now our own, but when we die
 They come to others while in dust we lie,
 And then, alas! have nothing to enjoy.

Martial gives the same advice to live to-day, not knowing what the morrow may bring forth. The translation is by Cowley (Book V. Ep. 58):

To-morrow you will live, you always cry;
 In what far country does this morrow lie,
 That 'tis so mighty long ere it arrive?
 Beyond the Indies does this morrow live?
 'Tis so far fetch'd this morrow, that I fear
 'Twill be both very old and very dear.
 To-morrow I will live, the fool does say;
 To-day itself's too late, the wise lived yesterday.

So Shakespeare in "Macbeth" (Act V. sc. 5):

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
 Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
 To the last syllable of recorded time;
 And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
 The way to dusty death.

DRINKING (Ode XIX.).

Translated by Fawkes.

The thirsty earth sucks up the showers
 Which from his horn Aquarius pours;
 The trees, which wave their boughs profuse,
 Imbibe the earth's prolific juice;
 The sea, in his prodigious cup,
 Drinks all the rain and rivers up;
 The sun too thirsts, and strives to drain
 The sea, the rivers, and the rain,
 And nightly, when his course is run,
 The merry moon drinks up the sun.

Then give me wine, and tell me why,
 My friends, should all things drink but I?

We may compare Shakespeare ("Timon of Athens," Act IV. sc. 3):

The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
 Robs the vast sea: the moon's an arrant thief,
 And her pale fire she snatches from the sun:
 The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
 The moon into salt tears: the earth's a thief,
 That feeds and breeds by a composture stole
 From general excrement.

TO HIS MISTRESS (Ode XXXIV.).

Translated by Ambrose Philips.

Why so coy, my lovely maid?
 Why of age so much afraid?
 Your cheeks, like roses, to the sight;
 And my hair, as lilies white;
 In love's garland, we'll suppose
 Me the lily, you the rose.

Herrick has copied the thought in the lines "Upon his Gray Haires;" but varied the simile, ending thus :

This begets the more delight,
When things meet most opposite :
As in pictures we descry,
Venus standing Vulcan by.

THE EMBROIDERED MANTLE (Jacobs I. 55, iii.).

Translated by Fawkes.

Praxidice this flowery mantle made,
Which fair Dyseris first design'd ;
Mark how the lovely damsels have display'd
A pleasing unity of mind.

Shakespeare has a passage in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" (Act III. sc. 2) which is remarkably similar to this epigram ; Helena addresses Hermia :

We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our needles created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key ;
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate.

**ON THE SON OF CLEËNOR, DROWNED IN A VOYAGE TO
HIS NATIVE COUNTRY IN WINTER** (Jacobs I. 56, xiv.).

Translated by Fawkes.

Thee, Cleënorides, the bold, the brave,
Stern Neptune sunk beneath the whelming wave :
Thy country's love so nobly fill'd thy mind,
Thou dar'dst to trust, too credulous, the wind :
The fair, though faithless, season urg'd thy doom,
And wrapp'd thy beauties in a watery tomb.

Herrick gives a very similar warning :

What though the sea be calme ? Trust to the shore :
Ships have been drown'd where late they danc't before.

And Wordsworth, also, in one of his "Inscriptions" :

The smoothest seas will sometimes prove,
To the confiding bark, untrue ;
And, if she trust the stars above,
They can be treacherous too.

SIMONIDES.

Flourished B.C. 525. He was a native of Cos. He lived to a great age, and at eighty obtained the prize in poetry at the public games.

ON MEGISTIAS THE SEER (Jacobs I. 64, xxv.).

Translated by Sterling.

Of famed Megistias here behold the tomb,
Him on this side Spercheus slew the Medes;
A seer who well foresaw his coming doom,
But would not lose his share in Sparta's deeds.

The seer, Megistias, had predicted the event of the battle of Thermopylæ, but refused to leave the army, preferring certain death with Leonidas to life when his country was ruined.

ON THOSE WHO FELL AT THERMOPYLÆ
(Jacobs I. 64, xxvi.).

Translated by Sterling.

If well to die be valour's noblest part,
In this with us no mortal men can vie:
Freedom for Greece we sought with fearless heart,
And here in undecaying fame we lie.

Simonides has many patriotic epigrams of a similar character, in which he celebrates the glory of the warrior's death in defence of his native land. An inscription on a column erected at Thermopylæ (translated by Sterling) gives in the fewest words the noblest eulogium, and is a fine example of Grecian simplicity, and Grecian nobility of sentiment (Jacobs I. 63, xxiv.):

To those of Lacedæmon, stranger, tell,
That, as their laws commanded, here we fell.

The close of another epigram on Spartan courage shows the spirit which animated the soldiers, and led them on to victory or death (Jacobs I. 63, xx.):

We count it death to falter, not to die.

The glorious courage which these epigrams display, recalls the noble speech which Campbell puts into the mouth of Lochiel, at the close of his interview with the wizard:

Though my perishing ranks should be strew'd in their gore,
Like ocean-weeds heap'd on the surf-beaten shore,
Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,
While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,

Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
 With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe !
 And, leaving in battle no blot on his name,
 Look proudly to Heaven from the death-bed of fame.

Southey, in "The Poet's Pilgrimage: The Field of Battle," refers to the inscription at Thermopylæ, when describing the valour of the Highlanders at La Haye Sainte :

And fitly here, as in that Grecian strait,
 The funeral stone might say, Go, traveller, tell
 Scotland, that in our duty here we fell.

THE SHIPWRECKED MARINER (Jacobs I. 76, xxxvi.).

Translated in Merivale's Edition of Bland's Collections.

O cloud-capt Geraneia, rock unblest !
 Would thou hadst reared far hence thy haughty crest,
 By Tanais wild, or wastes where Ister flows ;
 Nor looked on Sciron from thy silent snows !
 A cold, cold corpse he lies beneath the wave,
 This tomb speaks, tenantless, his ocean grave.

The dread which the ancients had of lying unburied, and of losing funeral rites, is well known. Shipwreck was to them, therefore, the most terrible form of death, and hence the mournful character of the epigrams which treat of that subject. Callimachus has a very touching one, which, like that of Simonides, bewails the empty tomb of a sailor (Jacobs I. 225, lvii.):

Would God, no ships had ever crost the sea,
 Then, Sopolis, we had not wept for thee :
 Then no wild waves had tost thy breathless frame,
 Nor we on empty tombs engrav'd thy name.

THE YOUNG GREEK EXILE'S GRAVE (Jacobs I. 76, xxxix.).

Translated by C.

A foreign land enwraps its dust around thee,
 And foreign waves, by Euxine's strand, surround thee :
 No more for thee thy home, thy native shore ;
 To Chios' sea-girt isle thou'lt come no more.

Pope, in one of his most beautiful poems, the "Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady," describes the exile's death :

What can atone (oh ever injur'd shade !)
 Thy fate unpitied, and thy rites unpaid ?

No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear,
 Pleas'd thy pale ghost, or grac'd thy mournful bier.
 By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,
 By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,
 By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
 By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd !

ARIPHRON OF SICYON.

Of this poet no particulars are known ; and even the date at which he flourished is very uncertain ; that it was early is all that can be asserted.

TO HEALTH (Jacobs I. 92, xxiii.).

Translated by Cowper.

Eldest born of powers divine !
 Bless'd Hygeia ! be it mine
 To enjoy what thou canst give,
 And henceforth with thee to live :
 For in power if pleasure be,
 Wealth or numerous progeny,
 Or in amorous embrace,
 Where no spy infests the place ;
 Or in aught that Heaven bestows
 To alleviate human woes,
 When the wearied heart despairs
 Of a respite from its cares ;
 These and every true delight
 Flourish only in thy sight ;
 And the Sister Graces three
 Owe themselves their youth to thee ;
 Without whom we may possess
 Much, but never happiness.

Dr. Johnson, in No. 48 of "The Rambler," speaks in high praise of this exquisite ode. His criticism, which is too long for insertion here, cannot fail to please those who peruse it.

An epigram by Simonides probably suggested to Ariphron the idea of his ode. The translation is by Sterling (Jacobs I. 60, xi.).

Good health for mortal man is best,
 And next to this a beauteous form ;
 Then riches not by guile possessed,
 And, lastly, youth, with friendships warm.

Pope may possibly have remembered Simonides' epigram when he wrote in the "Essay on Man":

Know all the good that individuals find,
Or God and Nature meant to mere mankind,
Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words—health, peace, and competence.

SIMMIAS OF THEBES.

This author is supposed to be the intimate friend of Socrates, who was present at the philosopher's death, B.C. 399.

ON SOPHOCLES (Jacobs I. 100, ii.).

Translated in the "Spectator," No. 551.

Wind, gentle evergreen, to form a shade
Around the tomb where Sophocles is laid;
Sweet ivy, wind thy boughs, and interwine
With blushing roses and the clustering vine.
Thus will thy lasting leaves, with beauties hung,
Prove grateful emblems of the lays he sung,
Whose soul, exalted like a god of wit,
Among the Muses and the Graces writ.

In the "Spectator" this epigram is ascribed to Simonides. But it cannot be given to the native of Cos without a glaring anachronism; it is possible that it might be the work of a younger Simonides, a nephew of the elder.

In an epigram by an uncertain author (Jacobs IV. 235, dlx.), translated in the same number of the "Spectator," the Muses and the Graces are similarly represented in connection with another poet—Menander:

The very bees, O sweet Menander, hung
To taste the Muses' spring upon thy tongue;
The very Graces made the scenes you writ
Their happy point of fine expression hit.
Thus still you live, you make your Athens shine,
And raise its glory to the skies in thine.

PLATO.

The celebrated philosopher. He was born in the island of Ægina, and flourished B.C. 395.

A LOVER'S WISH (Jacobs I. 102, i.).

Translated by Moore.

Why dost thou gaze upon the sky?
 Oh that I were yon spangled sphere!
 Then every star should be an eye,
 To wander o'er thy beauties here.

A conceit of a similar kind occurs in Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet," where Romeo says (Act II. sc. 2):

Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
 Having some business, do entreat her eyes
 To twinkle in their spheres till they return.

And again, Juliet passionately cries (Act III. sc. 2):

Give me my Romeo: and when he shall die,
 Take him and cut him out in little stars,
 And he will make the face of heaven so fine,
 That all the world will be in love with night,
 And pay no worship to the garish sun.

Steevens notices a similar passage in a play called "The Wisdom of Doctor Dodypoll," which was acted *before* the year 1596:

The glorious parts of faire Lucilia,
 Take them and joine them in the heavenly spheres;
 And fixe them there as an eternal light,
 For lovers to adore and wonder at.

"Romeo and Juliet" was written, Malone conjectures, in 1596. Shakespeare may have taken the conceit from "The Wisdom of Doctor Dodypoll," and unless the similarity of sentiment with Plato was accidental, the unknown author of that play must have been acquainted with the Epigram of the Greek writer.

S. T. Coleridge must have had Plato's epigram in mind when he wrote his "Lines on an Autumnal Evening," in which the following passage occurs:

On seraph wing I'd float a dream by night,
 To soothe my love with shadows of delight;
 Or soar aloft to be the spangled skies,
 And gaze upon her with a thousand eyes.

THE THIEF AND THE SUICIDE (Jacobs I. 108, xviii.).

Jack, finding gold, left a rope on the ground ;
 Bill, missing his gold, used the rope which he found.

This translation of a Greek distich was made, we are told, by S. T. Coleridge ("Literary Remains," 1836, I. 337), impromptu, to controvert an assertion that the compression and brevity of the original was unattainable in any other language. As a close translation, elegance being put out of the question, it is admirable. As an excellent paraphrase of the same distich, in which there is no attempt at close translation, Shelley's rendering is much to be admired :

A man was about to hang himself,
 Finding a purse, then threw away his rope ;
 The owner, coming to reclaim his pelf,
 The halter found and used it. So is Hope
 Changed for Despair—one laid upon the shelf,
 We take the other. Under heaven's high cope
 Fortune is God—all you endure and do
 Depends on circumstance as much as you.

THE LIGHT OF BEAUTY UNQUENCHED IN DEATH
 (Jacobs I. 106, xxi.).

Translated by Shelley.

Thou wert the morning star among the living
 Ere thy fair light had fled ;
 Now, having died, thou art, as Hesperus, giving
 New splendour to the dead.

Ausonius has a very pretty imitation of this epigram (Ep. 144):

As Lucifer once, fair star of the morn,
 You gave for the living your light ;
 Now shrouded in death, you, as Vesper, adorn
 The regions of shadow and night.

ON CUPID SLEEPING IN A GROVE (Jacobs I. 108, xxix.).

Translated by C.

Deep in a grove we found th' unconscious boy,
 Glowing like redden'd fruit, Cythera's joy.
 Above him on a bough his arms were hung,
 'The quiver empty, and the bow unstrung :

Tranquil he lay on clust'ring roses wild,
 And gently in his dreams the sleeper smil'd :
 Bees dropp'd around the sweet balm of the south,
 Adding fresh fragrance to his dewy mouth.

Hughes may have known and remembered this description of the Sleeping Cupid when, in his "Greenwich Park," he wrote :

The sportful nymph, once in a neighbouring grove,
 Surpris'd by chance the sleeping god of love ;
 His head reclin'd upon a tuft of green,
 And by him scatter'd lay his arrows bright and keen.

CRATES OF THEBES.

Flourished about B.C. 330. He was a celebrated philosopher of the Cynic sect.

THE CURE OF LOVE (Jacobs I. 118, i.).

Translated by Shepherd.

Sharp hunger is the cure of love,
 Or time the mischief may remove :
 If time and fasting give no hope,
 Go!—end thy miseries with a rope.

Tennyson has an exceedingly good epigram on hanging, as the hopeless lover's relief, entitled, "The Skipping-rope:"

Sure never yet was Antelope
 Could skip so lightly by.
 Stand off, or else my skipping-rope
 Will hit you in the eye.
 How lightly whirls the skipping-rope !
 How fairy-like you fly !
 Go, get you gone, you muse and mope ;
 I hate that silly sigh.
 Nay, dearest, teach me how to hope,
 Or tell me how to die.
 There, take it, take my skipping-rope,
 And hang yourself thereby.

We may compare an epigram, translated from the French by Leigh Hunt, on hanging—as a cure for disappointment :

'Tis done ; I yield ; adieu, thou cruel fair !
 Adieu, th' averted face, th' ungracious check !
 I go to die, to finish all my care,
 To hang.—To hang ?—Yes,—round another's neck.

PHILEMON.

Born at Syracuse. Flourished B.C. 330. Celebrated as a writer of comedy. He lived, it is said, to the great age of 101 years.

INDULGING SORROW USELESS (Philem. Frag. p. 328).

Translated by C.

If tears to pain could bring relief,
And always weeping end our grief,
Who then the moisten'd cheek would dry,
And not with gold such solace buy?
But tears avail not, nor avert
The shaft of sorrow from the heart.
Yet fall they will, 'tis Heaven's decree,
In grief, as blossoms from the tree.

Palladas has an epigram on the sorrows of life which cause our tears continually to flow. The translation is by Shepherd (Jacobs III. 135, cii.):

In tears I came into this world of woe;
In tears I sink into the shades below;
In tears I pass'd through life's contracted span—
Such is the hapless state of feeble man:
Crawling on earth, his wretched lot he mourns,
And thankful to his native dust returns.

Spenser, in "The Teares of the Muses," makes Melpomene say:

For all man's life me seemes a tragedy,
Full of sad sights and sore catastrophes;
First coming to the world with weeping eye,
Where all his dayes, like dolorous trophees,
Are heapt with spoyles of fortune and of feare,
And he at last laid forth on balefull beare.

The first stanza of an Ode by Yalden, "Against Immoderate Grief," is very similar to the epigram of Philemon. It is said to be "In imitation of Casimir," a modern Latin poet, born in Poland in 1595, who very probably took his idea from the Greek:

Could mournful sighs or floods of tears, prevent
The ills unhappy men lament;
Could all the anguish of my mind
Remove my cares, or make but Fortune kind;
Soon I'd the grateful tribute pay,
And weep my troubled thoughts away:
To wealth and pleasure every sigh prefer,
And more than gems esteem each falling tear.

MENANDER.

Flourished B.C. 321. He was born at Athens, and was held in the highest estimation as a writer of Comedy.

GREEK TOMBS (Menandri Reliq. Ed. Amstel, 1709, p. 276).

Translated by C.

Go to the road-side graves thyself to know,
 Muse on the bones and dust that sleep below;
 There sleeps the monarch, there the despot lies,
 The rich, the proud, the beautiful, the wise.
 Mown down by time these found a common tomb,
 And tell thee what thou art and what thy doom.

An epigram on "The Tombs in Westminster," which is, however, only an amplification of Menander's, by Francis Beaumont, is of great beauty:

Mortality, behold and fear,
 What a change of flesh is here!
 Think how many royal bones,
 Sleep within these heaps of stones;
 Here they lie, had realms and lands;
 Who now want strength to stir their hands.
 Where from their pulpits seal'd with dust,
 They preach, in greatness is no trust.
 Here's an acre sown indeed,
 With the richest, royal'st seed,
 That the earth did e'er suck in,
 Since the first man died for sin:
 Here the bones of birth have cried,
 Though gods they were, as men they died:
 Here are sands, ignoble things,
 Dropt from the ruin'd sides of kings,
 Here's a world of pomp and state
 Buried in dust, once dead by fate.

On the general idea contained in Menander's lines, of Time leveling all distinctions, Plato has a distich of much beauty (Jacobs I. 106, xix.). Translated by C.

Time changes all things; and beneath his sway
 Names, beauty, wealth, e'en Nature's powers, decay.

THE BEST PRAYER (Menandri Reliq. Ed. Amstel, 1709, p. 276).

Translated by C.

Ask not of Heaven a life from sorrow free,
 But that in sorrow thou resign'd may'st be.

The advice of the wise heathen accords with the language of the devout Christian ("Christian Year," 16th Sunday after Trinity):

Wish not, dear friends, my pain away—
Wish me a wise and thankful heart,
With God, in all my griefs, to stay,
Nor from his lov'd correction start.

NOSSIS.

A poetess born at Locri, in Italy. She flourished about B.C. 320.

ON THE STATUE OF A DAUGHTER (Jacobs L. 128, vii.).

Translated by D.

This breathing image shows Melinna's grace,
Her own sweet form I see—her speaking face;
The mother's youth's recall'd,—the father blest
Beholds his honour in his child confest.

Bishop Wordsworth of Lincoln, in his "Pompeian Inscriptions," 1846, gives the following from a wall in Pompeii, a painful reverse of the picture which the epigram presents:

Zetema

Mulier ferebat filium similem sui.
Nec meus est, nec mi simulat, sed vellem esset meus,
Et ego volebam ut meus esset.

Which requires, adds Dr. Wordsworth, no other explanation than the epigram of Nossis, or the

Laudantur simili prole puerperæ

of Horace (Odes IV. 5, 21).

We may compare Shakespeare in "A Winter's Tale" (Act II. sc. 3):

Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father: eye, nose, lip,
The trick of his frown, his forehead; nay, the valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin, and cheek; his smiles;
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger.

In the 3rd of his sonnets Shakespeare has:

Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee
Calls back the lovely April of her prime.

ANYTE.

A native of Tegea. Called by Antipater, "The Female Homer."
Flourished about B.C. 280.

THE WOODLAND GROT (Jacobs I. 131, vii.).

Translated by C.

Stranger, by this worn rock thy limbs repose,
Soft thro' the verdant leaves the light wind blows :
Here drink from the cool spring. At noon-day heat
Such rest to way-worn traveller is sweet.

There is another epigram in the Anthology, which may be compared with this. The author is unknown. The translation is by Shepherd (Jacobs IV. 194, cccxiii.) :

In yonder thicket springs the secret rill,
Whose streams perennial my green margin fill ;
O'er my clear waters, bubbling cool below,
Laurels and elms their dusky shadows throw.
When fierce at noontide glows the summer's heat,
Here, way-worn traveller ! rest thy weary feet :
Here quench thy thirst, in listless luxury laid,
And court sweet slumbers in the grateful shade.

A pretty description of a woodland scene, such as these epigrams bring before the eye, was "Inscribed on the back of a landscape, drawn by the Rev. William Bree," by Anna Seward :

Here, from the hand of genius, meets your eye
The tangled foliage of a shadowy dell ;
Meets it in Nature's truth ;—and see, the brook
Thro' yon wild thicket work its way oblique,
Hurrying and dashing thro' the lonely wood.

EPITAPH ON A YOUNG GIRL (Jacobs I. 134, xxii.).

Translated by Bishop Blomfield in "Museum Criticum."

I mourn Antibia—whose paternal gate
Unnumber'd suitors throng'd, her love to gain ;
For she was fair and wise—but envious Fate
Forbade ; and all their amorous hopes are vain.

Marullus, a learned Greek of the 16th century, who was celebrated for his Latin poetry, has an epitaph in that language, which has much resemblance in thought, though not in expression, to that by

Anyte. It is on Albina, translated by Whaley in his "Collection of Original Poems and Translations," 1745, p. 293 :

Here fair Albina lies, yet not alone ;
That was forbid by Cytherea's son :
His quiver, arrows, and his bow lie here,
And Beauty's self lay lifeless on her bier.
Strew roses then, and violets round her shower,
She that's now dust, was yesterday a flower.

LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM.

Flourished B.C. 280. An epitaph, which he composed for himself, shows that he was an exile from his native land, and it is conjectured that he was carried away captive by Phyrrius, King of Epirus.

ON THE PICTURE OF VENUS ANADYOMENE (Jacobs I. 164, xli.).

Translated by C.

Fresh rising from the ocean foam,
Her mother's breast, her native home,
Apelles saw Love's queen display
Her matchless form bedash'd with spray.
Each grace he saw, and drawing near,
On breathing canvas fix'd them here.
See, from her hair her slender fingers
Press out the salt dew where it lingers ;
See, in those mild, love-breathing eyes,
Her soft glance languishingly dies ;
Whilst shews each gently-swelling breast,
Like the ripe apples of the west :
And Juno weeps, and Pallas sighs—
She's lovelier far ! We yield the prize.

This celebrated picture was painted for the temple of Æsculapius at Cos. It is said that Campaspe, the most beautiful woman of her time, sat for Venus, and that, while painting, Apelles fell in love with the model, whom he afterwards married.

Praxiteles in sculpture rivalled Apelles in painting. His statue of Venus at Cnidos, was one of his most celebrated works, and, according to the story, surprised even the goddess herself. There is a well-known Greek epigram upon it by an unknown author. The following

translation is found in Addison's "Remarks on Several Parts of Italy." Florence. —Ed. 1765 (Jacobs IV. 168, ccxlvii.):

Anchises, Paris, and Adonis too,
Have seen me naked and exposed to view :
All these I frankly own without denying ;
But where has this Praxiteles been prying ?

'These epigrams, without doubt, suggested to Prior his lines on Cloe's Picture, entitled "Venus Mistaken :"

When Cloe's picture was to Venus shown,
Surpris'd, the goddess took it for her own.
And what, said she, does this bold painter mean ?
When was I bathing thus, and naked seen ?
Pleas'd Cupid heard, and check'd his mother's pride ;
And who's blind now, mamma ? the urchin cried.
'Tis Cloe's eye, and cheek, and lip, and breast ;
Friend Howard's genius fancied all the rest.

ON A FRAIL BARK (Jacobs I. 166, xlviii.).

Translated by C.

They tell me I am slight and frail,
Unskill'd to breast the waves and gale :
'Tis true ; yet many a statelier form
Than mine, has founder'd in the storm.
It is not size, it is not power,
But Heav'n, that saves in danger's hour ;—
Trust, helmsman, to your spars ; but see !
God, 'midst the tempest, saved e'en me !

Sir George Wheeler, who travelled in Greece towards the end of the 17th century, found an inscription on the wall of a house at Chalcedon, which proved to be a votive tablet set up by Philo, a Christian, in gratitude for a prosperous voyage. It was restored and translated by Theobald, and forms an interesting comparison with the latter part of Leonidas' epigram. (Nichols' "Illustrations of Literary History," II. 739):

Invoke who will the prosp'rous gale behind,
Jove at the prow, while to the guiding wind
O'er the blue billows he the sail expands,
Where Neptune with each wave heaps hills of sands :
Then let him, when the surge he backward plows,
Pour to his statue-god unaiding vows :
But to the God of gods, for deaths o'erpast,
For safety lent him on the wat'ry waste,
To native shores return'd, thus Philo pays
His monument of thanks, of grateful praise.

Cowper, in language which has much similarity to the epigram of Leonidas, beautifully expresses the necessity of Heavenly aid in the voyage of life ("Human Frailty," last two stanzas):

Bound on a voyage of awful length,
And dangers little-known,
A stranger to superior strength,
Man vainly trusts his own.

But oars alone can ne'er prevail
To reach the distant coast;
The breath of Heaven must swell the sail,
Or all the toil is lost.

HOME (Jacobs I. 168, lv.).

Translated by Bland.

Cling to thy home! If there the meanest shed
Yield thee a hearth and shelter for thy head,
And some poor plot, with vegetables stored,
Be all that Heaven allots thee for thy board,
Unsavory bread, and herbs that scatter'd grow
Wild on the river-brink or mountain-brow;
Yet e'en this cheerless mansion shall provide
More heart's repose than all the world beside.

This description of a poor man's home, forcibly recalls Virgil's account, in the fourth Georgic, of the old Corycian peasant, which Dryden thus translates:

Some scattering pot-herbs here and there he found,
Which, cultivated with his daily care,
And bruised with vervain, were his frugal fare.
Sometimes white lilies did their leaves afford,
With wholesome poppy-flowers to mend his homely board:
For late returning home he supped at ease,
And wisely deemed the wealth of monarchs less
Than little of his own, because his own did please.

And the general thought of the epigram has been finely reproduced by Goldsmith, in "The Traveller," in the description of the Swiss:

Thus every good his native wilds impart,
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart;
And e'en those ills, that round his mansion rise,
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,

So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.

DIOTIMUS.

Chronologically placed by Brunck and Jacobs, between Leonidas of Tarentum and Theocritus.

A WINTER THUNDER-STORM IN GREECE (Jacobs l. 186, x.).

Translated by C.

The gentle herd return'd, at evening close,
Untended from the hills, and white with snows;
For ah! Therimachus beneath the oak,
Sleeps his long sleep, touch'd by the lightning-stroke.

The death of a shepherd is pathetically pictured by Ambrose Philips, in his third Pastoral:

In yonder gloomy grove out-stretch'd he lay,
His lovely limbs upon the dampy clay;
On his cold cheek the rosy hue decay'd,
And, o'er his lips, the deadly blue display'd:
Bleating around him lie his plaintive sheep,
And mourning shepherds came in crowds to weep.

But effective as is this description, how far more touching is the Greek, where there is no description,—where the sheep returning “untended,” suffices to tell the tale of death, and “the lightning-stroke” to explain the havoc of dissolution.

EUPHRON.

Flourished B.C. 280.

HUMAN LIFE.

Translated by Cumberland.

Tell me, all-judging Jove, if this be fair,
To make so short a life so full of care?

There is a touching pathos in this cry of the sorrowful heathen. All his hopes were centered in the enjoyments of this life, and yet all his hopes were vain, for care had clouded his pleasures, and the end was drawing near. To the complaint of the heathen, Cowper gives the answer of the Christian (“Epistle to a Protestant Lady in France”):

But He who knew what human hearts would prove,
 How slow to learn the dictates of his love,
 That hard by nature, and of stubborn will,
 A life of ease would make them harder still,
 In pity to the souls his grace designed
 To rescue from the ruins of mankind,
 Called for a cloud to darken all their years,
 And said, "Go spend them in the vale of tears."

PERJURY.

Translated by Cumberland.

Wretch! find new gods to witness to new lies,
 Thy perjuries have made the old too wise.

Of this distich Cumberland well remarks, "I think the reader will acknowledge a very spirited and striking turn of thought in this short apostrophe" ("The Observer," No. 104).

THEOCRITUS.

Flourished B.C. 272. He was born at Syracuse, but, not meeting with encouragement in his native country, went to reside at Alexandria, where Ptolemy Philadelphus, the great patron of learning, then reigned.

EPITAPH ON EURYMEDON (Jacobs I. 198, xiii.).

Translated by Merivale (slightly altered).

Thou art dead, Eurymedon,
 And hast left thine infant son.
 Thou, cut off in manhood's bloom,
 Hast achiev'd a speaking tomb,
 And a glorious seat on high
 With the souls that never die.
 He shall live a citizen,
 Valu'd by his fellow-men,
 Who in memory hold dear
 His honour'd sire's just career.

A similar sentiment is expressed at the close of a poem by John Duncombe, "On the Death of Frederick Prince of Wales" (Nichols' "Collection of Poems," VIII. 229. 1782):

Then Britain shall with grateful joy embrace
 The darling youths, and view her Frederick's race
 To all their great forefathers' fame aspire,
 Nor, when she views the sons, forget the sire.

ON EPICHARMUS (Jacobs I. 199, xvi.).

Translated by Chapman.

We Dorian Epicharmus praise in Dorian,
 Who first wrote comedy, but now, alas!
 Instead of the true man, the race Pelorian,
 Bacchus, to thee presents him wrought in brass.
 Here stands he in their wealthy Syracuse,
 Known for his wealth and other service too—
 To all he many a saw of practic use
 Declared, and mighty honour is his due.

Epicharmus was a poet and philosopher, who flourished B.C. 468. He was not a native of Syracuse, but went to reside there in very early life, and there invented comedy. All his works are lost.

The close of an epigram, by Thomas Freeman, in "Runne and a Great Cast" (Ep. 92), addressed to Shakespeare, expresses the same thought, of the honour due to the author of wise works, as the last two lines of Theocritus' epigram:

Then let thine own works thine own worth upraise,
 And help to adorn thee with deserved bays.

And Akenside, in an "Inscription for a Monument of Shakespeare," expresses the value of his teaching:

This was Shakespeare's form;
 Who walked in every path of human life,
 Felt every passion; and to all mankind
 Doth now, will ever, that experience yield
 Which his own genius only could acquire.

BION.

Flourished B.C. 272. He was born at Smyrna, and spent a great part of his life in Sicily, where, as we learn from the elegy on him by Moschus, he was poisoned.

LOVE RESISTLESS (Idyll VIII.).

Translated by Fawkes.

Sweet Venus, daughter of the main,
 Why are you pleas'd with mortals' pain?

What mighty trespass have they done,
That thus you scourge them with your son?
A guileful boy, a cruel foe,
Whose chief delight is human woe.
You gave him wings, alas! and darts,
To range the world and shoot at hearts:
For man no safety thus is found—
His flight o'ertakes, his arrows wound.

There is another Greek epigram by Archias, which says (Jacobs II. 80, iii.):

Of shunning Love 'tis vain to talk,
When he can fly, and I but walk.

And Beaumont and Fletcher, in "Cupid's Revenge" (Act I.), make the god exclaim in anger at being slighted:

Go thou out, displeasure!
Displeasure of a great god, fly thyself
Through all this kingdom; sow whatever evils
Proud flesh is taking of, amongst these rebels;
And on the first hearts that despise my greatness
Lay a strange misery, that all may know
Cupid's revenge is mighty!

MOSCHUS.

Was probably younger than, but contemporary with, Bion and Theocritus, who flourished B.C. 272. He was born at Syracuse, and was perhaps a successor of Bion in the school of pastoral poetry. His most celebrated poem is that in which, in pathetic strains, he mourns the death of that poet.

CAPRICIOUS LOVE (Idyll VI.).

Translated by Fawkes.

Pan sighs for Echo o'er the lawn;
Sweet Echo loves the dancing Faun;
The dancing Faun fair Lyda charms;
As Echo Pan's soft bosom warms,
So for the Faun sweet Echo burns;
Thus all inconstant in their turns,
Both fondly woo, are fondly woo'd,
Pursue, and are themselves pursued.
As much as all slight those that woo,
So those that slight are slighted too:

Thus rages, by capricious fate,
 Alternate love, alternate hate.
 Ye scornful nymphs and swains I tell
 This truth to you ; pray, mark it well :
 If to your lovers kind you prove,
 You'll gain the hearts of those you love.

This advice to "scornful nymphs" recalls Allan Ramsay's pretty song of "The Penitent," of which the fourth stanza is :

Ye fair, while beauty's in its spring,
 Own your desire—own your desire,
 While Love's young power with his soft wing
 Fans up the fire—fans up the fire.
 O do not with a silly pride,
 Or low disdain—or low disdain,
 Refuse to be a happy bride,
 But answer plain—but answer plain.

ALPHÉUS AND ARETHUSA (Idyll VIII.,

From Pisa, where the sea his flood receives,
 Alphëus, olive-crown'd, the gift of leaves,
 And flowers, and sacred dust is known to bring,
 With secret course, to Arethusa's spring ;
 For, plunging deep beneath the briny tide,
 Unmix'd, and unperceiv'd his waters glide.
 Thus wonder-working love, with mischief fraught,
 The art of diving to the river taught.

The god of the river Alphëus was enamoured of the nymph Arethusa, and pursued her until she was changed by Diana into a fountain in Ortygia, a small island near Syracuse. The ancients affirmed, that the river passed under the sea from Peloponnesus, and, without mingling with the salt waters, rose again in Ortygia, and joined the stream of Arethusa : and that anything cast into the river at Pisa or elsewhere in its course, was found, after a time, at the fountain of the nymph.

CUPID TURNED PLOUGHMAN (Jacobs I. 201).

Disguis'd like a ploughman, Love stole from the sky,
 His torch, and his bow, and his quiver thrown by ;
 And with his pouch at his shoulder, and goad in his hand,
 Began with yok'd oxen to furrow the land :

And, "O Jove, be propitious," he cried, "or I vow,
That I'll yoke thee, Europa's fam'd bull, to my plough."

There is a translation, or rather paraphrase, of this capital epigram by Prior, which may be found in his works.

It is thought that Tibullus alludes to this epigram in one of his elegies (Book II. El. 3):

Now Cupid joys to learn the ploughman's phrase,
And, clad a peasant, o'er the fallows strays.

CALLIMACHUS.

Flourished B.C. 256. He was born at Cyrene, the famous city of ancient Lybia, and declared himself to be descended from King Battus, its founder, whence probably he derived his appellation, Battiades.

THE CHASE (Jacobs I. 214, xi.).

Empicedes, defying frosts and snows,
Hunts o'er the mountains and his game pursues:
But give him, what you will, already slain,
The game he scorns, and sends it back again:
Such is my love: I court the fair that flies,
But easy conquests with proud scorn despise.

So Horace says (Odes, Book I. 1):

The hunter does his ease forego,
And lies abroad in frost and snow,
Unmindful of his tender wife,
And all the soft delights of life.

And in another place (Satires, Book I. 2), the same poet closely imitates the language of Callimachus.

That the last two lines of the epigram express the general feeling of men, Shakespeare well knew, when he made Cressida say in soliloquy ("Troilus and Cressida," Act I. sc. 2):

Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing:
Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing:
That she belov'd knows nought that knows not this,—
Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is:
That she was never yet, that ever knew
Love got so sweet, as when desire did sue:
Therefore this maxim out of love I teach,—
Achievement is command; ungain'd, beseech:
Then though my heart's content firm love doth bear,
Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear.

Waller, at the close of his address "To the Mutable Fair," expresses very happily the point of Callimachus' epigram :

For still to be deluded so,
Is all the pleasure lovers know ;
Who, like good falconers, take delight,
Not in the quarry, but the flight.

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND (Jacobs I. 223, xlvii.).

Translated by Henry Nelson Coleridge.

They told me, Heraclitus, thou wert dead ;
And then I thought, and tears thereon did shed,
How oft we two talked down the sun : but thou,
Halicarnassian guest ! art ashes now.
Yet live thy nightingales of song ; on those
Forgetfulness her hand shall ne'er impose.

So George, Lord Lyttelton, in a monody on the death of his wife, says of their happy social intercourse :

Where oft we us'd to walk,
Where oft in tender talk
We saw the summer sun go down the sky.
And Rogers in his " Human Life :"
How oft from grove to grove, from seat to seat,
With thee conversing in thy loved retreat,
I saw the sun go down !

ON THE DEATH OF A BROTHER AND SISTER

(Jacobs I. 225, lix.).

Translated by Cowper.

At morn we placed on his funeral bier
Young Melanippus ; and at eventide,
Unable to sustain a loss so dear,
By her own hand his blooming sister died.
Thus Aristippus mourn'd his noble race,
Annihilated by a double blow,
Nor son could hope, nor daughter, more to embrace,
And all Cyrene sadden'd at his woe.

There is a touching epitaph in the " Poetical Register " for 1804, p. 236, translated from the Latin of Bellay, on the death of a daughter, the last of her race :

I weep upon thy grave—thy grave, my child !
 Who should'st have wept on mine ! we deck thy tomb ;
 This for thy bridal bed. Thy parents thought
 To see thy marriage day ; thy father hop'd
 From thee the grandsire's name. Alas—my child !
 Death has espous'd thee now,—and he who hop'd,
 Mary, O dearest yet ! the grandsire's name
 From thee, has ceas'd to be a father now.

So, in "Hamlet" (Act V. sc. 1), the Queen says at Ophelia's grave :

I hop'd, thou should'st have been my Hamlet's wife ;
 I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,
 And not have strew'd thy grave.

DESIRE OF IMMORTALITY (Jacobs IV. 226, lx.).

Translated by Merivale.

"O sun, farewell!"—from the tall rampart's height,
 Cleombrotus exclaiming, plung'd to night !
 Nor wasting care, nor fortune's adverse strife
 Chill'd his young hopes with weariness of life ;
 But Plato's godlike page had fix'd his eye,
 And made him long for immortality.

This epigram is remarkable, as an almost unique instance among the Greek epigrammatists, of the expression of that natural hope of immortality, which caused Cleombrotus, though enjoying every earthly blessing, voluntarily to cast off this mortal coil. The general doctrine of the epigrammatists was, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die," and they seem to have had no hope, that even earthly pleasures would be granted them after death. Thus the idea of dissolution was more painful to the civilized Greeks than to the wild Indians of the far West, who die with the hope of increased enjoyment in the celestial hunting-grounds of the Great Spirit, in the beautiful land of the hereafter.

The famous soliloquy of the hero in Addison's "Cato" (Act V. sc. 1), adds interest to the epigram of Callimachus :

It must be so—Plato, thou reason'st well—
 Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
 This longing after immortality ?
 Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
 Of falling into nought ? Why shrinks the soul
 Back on herself, and startles at destruction ?
 'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us ;
 'Tis Heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
 And intimates eternity to man.
 Eternity ! thou pleasing, dreadful thought !

ANTIPATER OF SIDON.

A stoic philosopher. Flourished B.C. 127.

ON ORPHEUS (Jacobs II. 24, lxxvii.).

Translated in the "Spectator," No. 551.

No longer, Orpheus, shall thy sacred strains
Lead stones, and trees, and beasts along the plains :
No longer soothe the boisterous winds to sleep,
Or still the billows of the raging deep :
For thou art gone. The muses mourn thy fall
In solemn strains, thy mother most of all.
Ye mortals, idly for your sons ye moan,
If thus a goddess could not save her own.

Milton, in "Lycidas," speaks of Calliope's inability to save her son :

Where were ye, nymphs, when the remorseless deep
Clos'd o'er the head of your loved Lycidas?

* * * * *

Ay me! I fondly dream,
Had ye been there : for what could that have done ?
What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,
The Muse herself for her enchanting son,
Whom universal nature did lament,
When, by the rout that made the hideous roar,
His gory visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?

ON ANACREON (Jacobs II. 26, lxxii.).

Translated in the "Spectator," No. 551.

This tomb be thine, Anacreon ! All around
Let ivy wreath, let flow'rets deck the ground ;
And from its earth, enrich'd by such a prize,
Let wells of milk and streams of wine arise :
So will thine ashes yet a pleasure know,
If any pleasure reach the shades below.

There is an epigram by Astydamas, who flourished B.C. 398, on the subject of pleasure reaching the shades below, which is refreshing as a break in that gloomy view of death, which is generally found in these writers. The translation is by Merivale :

Joy follow thee; if joy can reach the dead,
 And, or my mind misgives me, it surely will.
 For when the miseries of life are fled,
 How sweet the deep forgetfulness of ill!

ON A MOTHER AND DAUGHTER WHO KILLED THEMSELVES AT THE SIEGE OF CORINTH TO AVOID CAPTIVITY (Jacobs II. 30, lxxxiv.).

Translated by Bland.

Here sleeps a daughter by her mother's side;
 Nor slow disease nor war our fates allied:
 When hostile banners over Corinth waved,
 Preferring death, we left a land enslaved;
 Pierced by a mother's steel, in youth I bled,
 She nobly join'd me in my gory bed:
 In vain ye forge your fetters for the brave,
 Who fly for sacred freedom to the grave.

Suicide was common among the ancients to avoid captivity or dishonour, and those who committed it were held up to veneration. Some protests, however, against the practice are found, and especially by Martial, who, upon the true ground that it is more noble to suffer than to fly, thus severely condemns those who despise life. The translation by Dr. George Sewall is very free, but the sense is well preserved (Book XI. close of Ep. 56):

When all the blandishments of life are gone,
 The coward sneaks to death—the brave lives on.

The question, whether the man who voluntarily dies, or he who endures involuntary evils, be the more noble, is finely put in the well-known soliloquy of Hamlet ("Hamlet," Act III. sc. 1):

To be, or not to be, that is the question:—
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
 The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
 And, by opposing, end them?

The ordinary ancient view of the courage of those "who fly for sacred freedom to the grave," is shown in Cæsar's words upon the death of Cleopatra ("Antony and Cleopatra," Act V. sc. 2):

Bravest at the last:
 She levell'd at our purposes, and, being royal,
 Took her own way.

Massinger supplies a good answer to Hamlet's soliloquy ("The Maid of Honour," Act IV. sc. 3):

He
 That kills himself to avoid misery, fears it,
 And, at the best, shows but a bastard valour.
 This life's a fort committed to my trust,
 Which I must not yield up till it be forced :
 Nor will I. He's not valiant that dares die,
 But he that boldly bears calamity.

So, Beaumont and Fletcher ("The Honest Man's Fortune," Act IV.
 sc. 1) :

Who doubting tyranny, and fainting under
 Fortune's false lottery, desperately run
 To death, for dread of death ; that soul's most stout,
 That, bearing all mischance, dares last it out.

MELEAGER.

Flourished B.C. 95. His country and parentage are unknown. He is celebrated as the first collector of the numerous fragments of Grecian poetry, which were engraved on tablets, or scattered as fugitive pieces. This collection, with many epigrams of his own composition, he wove into an anthology, which was afterwards enlarged by later writers. As an acknowledgment of his services in thus preserving these beautiful fragments, Brunck and Jacobs place his own epigrams before those of all other writers.

THE MURMUR OF LOVE (Jacobs I. 17, liii.).

Translated by Shepherd.

The voice of love still tingles in my ears ;
 Still from my eyes in silence flow my tears ;
 By night, by day, no respite do I find ;
 One dear idea fills my anxious mind.
 Say, winged lovelings ! round my aching heart
 Still will ye flutter—never to depart ?

Shakespeare paints the troubles of love in the "Two Gentlemen of Verona" (Act I. sc. 1) :

To be in love where scorn is bought with groans,
 Coy looks, with heart-sore sighs ; one fading moment's mirth,
 With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights.

CUPID PROCLAIMED BY VENUS (Jacobs I. 27, xci.).

Translated by Fawkes.

I'm in search of a Cupid that late went astray,
And stole from my bed with the dawn of the day.
His aspect is bold, his tongue never lies still,
And yet he can whine, and has tears at his will.
At human misfortunes he laughs and he sneers;
On his shoulders a quiver and pinions he wears:
'Tis unknown from what sire he deduces his birth;
'Tis not from the air, nor the sea, nor the earth;
For he's hated by all—but, good people, beware;
Perhaps for a heart he's now laying a snare—
Ha, ha, cunning Cupid, I see where you lie,
With your bow ready bent:—In Zenophila's eye.

The original of this beautiful epigram is an Idyllium of Moschus. Spenser has imitated it in the "Faërie Queene," Book III. Canto vi. 11, 12, but the passage is too long for insertion. Virgil, in his eighth Eclogue, tells something of Cupid's birth and infancy:

I know thee, Love; on mountains thou wast bred,
And Thracian rocks thy infant fury fed:
Hard-soul'd, and not of human progeny.

And Shakespeare, in "Love's Labour's Lost" (Act III. sc. 1), gives a quaint description of the character of the god:

This wimpled, whining, purblind, wayward boy;
This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid;
Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,
The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,
Liege of all loiterers and malcontents,
Dread prince of plackets, king of codpieces,
Sole emperor, and great general
Of trotting paritors.

Congreve in his lines to "Amynta" has reproduced so exactly, that he must probably have remembered, the last few lines of Meleager's epigram:

Cruel Amynta, can you see
A heart thus torn, which you betray'd?
Love of himself ne'er vanquish'd me,
But through your eyes the conquest made.
In ambush there the traitor lay,
Where I was led by faithless smiles;
No wretches are so lost as they
Whom much security beguiles.

BEAUTY COMPARED WITH FLOWERS (Jacobs I. 27, xcii.).*Translated by Shepherd.*

The snowdrop peeps from every glade,
 The gay narcissus proudly glows,
 The lily decks the mountain shade,
 Where blooms my fair—a blushing rose.
 Ye meads! why vainly thus display
 The buds that grace your vernal hour?
 For see ye not my Zoë stray
 Amidst your sweets, a sweeter flower?

A sentiment of similar character is expressed by Herrick, in a piece entitled, "The Parliament of Roses to Julia":

I dreamt the roses one time went
 To meet and sit in Parliament:
 The place for these, and for the rest
 Of flowers, was thy spotlesse breast:
 Over which a state was drawne
 Of tiffanie, or cob-web lawne;
 Then in that Parly, all those powers
 Voted the rose, the queen of flowers,
 But so, as that herself should be
The maide of honour unto thee.

*ON A BEE THAT SETTLED ON THE NECK OF HIS
 MISTRESS* (Jacobs I. 31, cviii.).

Translated by C.

Thou flower-fed bee! Why leave the buds of spring
 And to my lov'd-one's breast thy fond flight wing?
 Is it to warn us, that Love tips his dart
 With gall and honey for his victim's heart?
 It is, it is! But go, light wanton, go!
 The bitter truth you teach too well I know.

That love mingles gall with honey, Spenser tells us in the "Faërie Queene," Book IV. Canto x. 1:

True he it said, whatever man it sayd,
 That love with gall and hony doth abound:
 But if the one be with the other wayd,
 For every dram of hony therein found,
 A pound of gall doth over it redound:
 That I too true by triall have approved.

William Alexander, Earl of Stirling, a poet nearly contemporary with Spenser, expresses the same truth in a line in his first madrigal :

Sweet hony love with gall doth mixe.

A modern anonymous epigram, in Hackett's "Collection of Select Epigrams," 1757, Ep. 62, tells of the sting as well as the sweets of love :

To heal the wound a bee had made
 Upon my Delia's face,
 Its honey to the part she laid,
 And bade me kiss the place :
 Pleas'd, I obey'd, and from the wound
 Suck'd both the sweet and smart ;
 The honey on my lips I found,
 The sting within my heart.

ON THE PEDESTAL OF THE MARBLE STATUE OF NIOBE
 (Jacobs I. 34, cxvii.).

Translated by C.

Hail, Niobe ! Unbind thy braided hair !
 To thee I come, the prophet of despair.
 I see thy sons, a manly offspring, lie
 Pierc'd by th' avenging archers of the sky.
 All, all are dead.—Yet darker visions rise,
 Young, blood-stain'd virgins scathe these aching eyes.
 One at thy feet, a guiltless daughter, falls ;
 One on thy knees death's withering shaft appals :
 E'en she thy late-born dies, untimely slain,
 She at thy breast, thy last ! for none remain.
 Amaz'd, and mute the grief-struck mother stood,
 Erewhile too fond of speech, but now subdued.
 Benumbing horror froze the starting tear,
 And fix'd her lovely form in marble here.

Niobe's children were destroyed by Apollo and Diana, in revenge for insults which she offered to their mother Latona. Struck at the suddenness of her misfortunes, she was changed into a stone. The marble statue, on the pedestal of which these noble lines were written, was executed by Praxiteles, and was so perfect as a work of art, that Niobe seemed to be again alive. This gave occasion to the following epigram by an unknown author (Jacobs IV. 181, cxcviii.):

To stone the gods had chang'd her—but in vain ;
 The sculptor's art has made her breathe again.

The story of Niobe is given in the 24th Book of Homer's *Iliad*. The reference to the rock-cut monument of her in the valley of the Hermus is thus translated by Pope:

There high on Sipylus's shaggy brow,
She stands her own sad monument of woe;
The rock for ever lasts, the tears for ever flow.

PHILODEMUS.

Flourished about B.C. 80. He was by birth a Gadarene, but migrated to Athens, and thence to Rome.

MUSIC AND LOVE (Jacobs II. 73, xiii.).

Translated by Merivale.

The strains that flow from young Aminta's lyre,
Her tongue's soft voice, and melting eloquence,
Her sparkling eyes, that glow with fond desire,
Her warbling notes, that chain the admiring sense,
Subdue my soul—I know not how nor whence.
'T'oo soon it will be known when all my soul's on fire.

So, Herrick "Upon Sapho sweetly playing, and sweetly singing":

When thou do'st play, and sweetly sing,
Whether it be the voice or string,
Or both of them, that do agree
Thus to en-trance and ravish me:
This, this I know, I'm oft struck mute;
And die away upon thy lute.

The epigram of Philodemus may perhaps be the original of Hughes' pretty lines, "Beauty and Music":

Ye swains, whom radiant beauty moves,
Or music's art with sounds divine,
Think how the rapturous charm improves,
Where two such gifts celestial join.
Where Cupid's bow and Phœbus' lyre,
In the same powerful hand are found,
Where lovely eyes inflame desire,
While trembling notes are taught to wound.
Inquire not who's the matchless fair,
That can this double death bestow;
If young Harmonia's strains you hear,
Or view her eyes too well you'll know.

A LAMENT (Jacobs II. 78, xxx.).

Translated by C.

The bean-flower is in blossom, and the rose,
The spring-kail gather'd, the crisp parsley blows;
The crackling shell-fish serv'd, the salt cheese prest,
And cut the milky lettuce for the feast.—
Yet tread we not the shore, th' accustom'd hill,
And mountain heights miss our known footsteps still.
Two babes, last morn, who play'd in life's young bloom,
On this, we bore for burial to the tomb.

This beautiful lament was addressed by some bereaved parents to one Sosulus, giving the reason for their absence from a festivity on the sea-shore, for which everything had been prepared.

ARCHIAS.

Flourished about B.C. 80. He was the preceptor and friend of Cicero.

THRACIAN VIEW OF LIFE AND DEATH (Jacobs II. 88, xxxi.).

Translated by Bland.

Thracians! who howl around an infant's birth,
And give the funeral hour to songs and mirth!
Well in your grief and gladness are express'd,
That life is labour, and that death is rest.

So, Æsop, the Fabulist, as early as the middle of the sixth century before the Christian era, wrote (Jacobs I. 52, first part. of Epigram, translated by Bland):

Who, but for death, could find repose
From life, and life's unnumber'd woes,
From ills that mock our art to cure,
As hard to fly as to endure?

Owen, the Cambro-Briton, argues that death is better than life (Book III. 192). The Latin is thus translated by Hayman:

We cry, being born; from thence thus argue I,
If to be born be bad, 'tis good to die.

Lear says ("King Lear," Act IV. sc. 6):

When we are born, we cry, that we are come
To this great stage of fools.

ON ALEXANDER OF MACEDON (Jacobs II. 89, xxv.).*Translated by Dr. Croly.*

Troy fell with Hector, and no champion's spear,
 From that o'erwhelming hour, taught Greece to fear.
 With Alexander perished Pella's name;
 Thus one great mind is life and power and fame.

Homer makes Achilles thus exult at Hector's death (*Iliad*, Book XXII. 475, Pope's Translation):

Since now at length the powerful will of heav'n
 The dire destroyer to our arm has giv'n,
 Is not Troy fallen already? Haste, ye pow'rs!
 See, if already their deserted tow'rs
 Are left unmann'd; or if they yet retain
 The souls of heroes, their great Hector slain?

So, of Napoleon's destruction at Waterloo, Sir Walter Scott says ("The Field of Waterloo"):

On the dread die thou now hast thrown,
 Hangs not a single field alone,
 Nor one campaign—thy martial fame,
 Thy empire, dynasty, and name,
 Have felt the final stroke.

ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA.

Flourished A.D. 50.

THE DYING FATHER TO HIS DAUGHTER (Jacobs II. 107, xlv.).*Translated by C.*

Antigenes of Gela, when oppress'd
 By death's cold hand, his daughter thus address'd:
 My own, my sweet-faced child! thy distaff's aid
 Will earn, for humble life, enough of bread:
 And, for thy dower, if led to Hymen's shrine,
 Be thy Greek mother's saintly manners thine.

LEONIDAS OF ALEXANDRIA.

Flourished A.D. 60.

UPON VENUS PUTTING ON THE ARMS OF MARS

(Jacobs II. 179, xxiv.).

Translated by Crashaw.

What? Mars his sword? fair Cytherea say,
Why art thou arm'd so desp'rately to-day?
Mars thou hast beaten naked, and, oh then,
What need'st thou put on arms against poor men?

This translation, by a poet of the 17th century, is more concise than elegant, but it is interesting as a link in the chain of evidence which may be adduced, to show the esteem in which the Greek epigrams have been held in every age by scholars and poets.

There is another epigram in the Anthology, by an unknown author, which has also been translated by Crashaw (Jacobs IV. 168, ccxlix.).

Pallas saw Venus arm'd, and straight she cried,
"Come if thou dar'st, thus, thus let us be tried."
"Why fool!" says Venus, "thus provok'st thou me,
That being naked, thou know'st could conquer thee?"

Beattie has an Ode, addressed "To Lady Charlotte Gordon; dressed in a Tartan Scotch Bonnet with Plumes, &c.," the last stanza of which may be compared with these Greek epigrams:

The plummy helmet and the martial mien,
Might dignify Minerva's awful charms;
But more resistless far th' Idalian queen—
Smiles, graces, gentleness, her only arms.

THE MOTHER AND CHILD (Jacobs II. 180, xxix.).

Translated by C.

Lysippe's infant near'd the steep cliff's brow,
And instant would have past to depths below;
But the fond, love-taught mother bared her breast,
And back he sprung to that safe home of rest.

This beautiful epigram has been paraphrased in such graceful numbers by Rogers, that his rendering, though wide of the original, cannot be omitted:

While on the cliff with calm delight she kneels,
 And the blue vales a thousand joys recall,
 See, to the last, last verge her infant steals !
 O fly—yet stir not, speak not, lest it fall.
 Far better taught, she lays her bosom bare,
 And the fond boy springs back to nestle there.

PHILIPPUS OF THESSALONICA.

Flourished about A.D. 60. He is usually styled "the second collector," as he carried on the work, which had been commenced by Meleager, of gathering together the fragments of Grecian poetry, and combining them in one collection.

XERXES AND THE DEAD LEONIDAS (Jacobs II. 212, lx.).

Translated by C.

When Xerxes saw proud Sparta's chieftain dead,
 Who then for Greece self-sacrific'd had bled,
 He o'er the corse his purple mantle spread.

When from the hollow earth a voice was heard,
 "I scorn thy gift, a traitor's gift abhorr'd !
 My shield's my burial-place : Down ! Persia's pride :
 I pass to Hades ; but, as Spartan, died."

When Alexander saw the body of the unfortunate Darius Codomanus, he wept, and taking off his military cloak threw it over the corpse, but no voice was heard to scorn the gift, for Darius, sensible that his royal enemy was more noble than his own faithless followers, had just before his death delivered a message for Alexander full of sentiments of admiration. (Rollin's "Ancient History.")

ON A BRIDE WHO DIED ON HER MARRIAGE-DAY

(Jacobs II. 218, lxxix.).

Translated by C.

The hymns were sung upon thy bridal day,
 The mellow flutes and pipes did sweetly play ;
 But *Sorrow* in her sable garb and state,
 Unseen and silent at the banquet sat.
 O'er the pale brow of the yet virgin-bride
 Dim shadows pass'd ; she bow'd her head, and died.
 Oh Death ! stern ravisher ! who could'st dispel
 The dawning joys of those who lov'd so well !

This subject is a favourite one with the Greek epigrammatists; and as the death of young maidens was considered peculiarly sad, the epitaphs on them are almost invariably couched in language of the most touching tenderness. Sappho, who flourished B. C. 610, gives one of the earliest examples of a monumental inscription on the tomb of a maid (Jacobs I. 50, iii.). The translation is by Fawkes, with slight alteration :

The much-lov'd Timas sleeps in this dark tomb,
By death insatiate ravish'd in her bloom ;
Ere yet a bride, the beauteous maid was led
To dreary coasts, and Pluto's mournful bed.
Her lov'd companions pay the rites of woe,
And on her urn their sever'd locks bestow.

Erinna, whose date is the same as Sappho's, has an epitaph on a bride, in which the following lines occur (Jacobs I. 51, iii.), translated by Merivale :

The very torch that laughing Hymen bore
To light the virgin to the bridegroom's door,
With that same torch the bridegroom lights the fire
That dimly glimmers on her funeral pyre.

Meleager, too, has a fine epigram on the same subject (Jacobs I. 38, cxxv.); and Herrick, with the Greek originals as his guides, has produced one of much beauty :

That morn'g which saw me made a bride,
The ev'ning witnest that I dy'd.
Those holy lights wherewith they guide
Unto the bed the bashfull bride,
Serv'd but as tapers, for to burne,
And light my reliques to their urne.
This *Epitaph*, which here you see,
Supply'd the *Epithalamie*.

Shakespeare expresses the same ideas in "Romeo and Juliet" (Act IV. sc. 5), when Capulet, in answer to the friar's question, "Is the bride ready to go to church?" says :

Ready to go, but never to return :

* * * * *

Death is my son-in-law, death is my heir :
My daughter he hath wedded.

And again :

All things, that we ordained festival,
Turn from their office to black funeral.
Our instruments, to melancholy bells ;
Our wedding cheer, to a sad burial feast ;
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change ;
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,
And all things change them to the contrary.

The terrible idea, that Death carries off the young and beautiful for the purpose of marriage, seems in ancient times to have been peculiar to the Greeks. It occurs in the above epigram by Philippus; in that by Meleager (though not expressed in Herrick's imitation); and in the one by Sappho.

Among the Latins it is not found, unless it may be thought Tibullus alludes to it in the following line (Book I. iii. 65):

Illic est, cuicumque rapax mors venit amanti.

And Ovid, in an elegy on the death of Tibullus (Amor III. ix. 19):

*Scilicet omne sacrum mors importuna profanat;
Omni- bus obscuras injicit illa manus.*

It is found, however, where it might be least expected, in a religious poem by Balde, a German Jesuit, born in 1603, who, speaking of the death of the young Queen Leopoldina, says (Trench's "Sacred Latin Poetry"):

*Ubi cervix et manus eburna?
Heu funebri jacent in urnâ!
Atra nives imminuit sors
Colla pressit tam candida mors.*

And again, we find it in an English writer, Henry Chettle, who, in "England's Mourning Garment," 1603, writes of the death of Queen Elizabeth in strains as though she were young, which she was not, and beautiful, which she thought herself to be:

*Nor doth the silver-tongued Melicert
Drop from his honied muse one sable tear
To mourn her death that graced his desert,
And to his lays open'd her royal ear.
Shepherd, remember our Elizabeth,
And sing her rape, done by that Tarquin, Death.*

ÆMILIANUS.

Nothing is known of this author's history. He is supposed to have flourished in the first century after Christ.

THE DEAD MOTHER AND HER INFANT (Jacobs II. 251, i.).

Translated by C.

Take, take, poor babe! the last warm stream that now,
Pierc'd by their swords, thy mother can bestow;
Ah! still she gives, unconscious though she be,
From her dead breast, the source of life to thee.

This touching epigram was occasioned by a celebrated painting by Aristides, who lived about 300 years before Christ, representing a slain mother, whose infant was still sucking her breast. Translators, the exact Grotius excepted, generally represent the mother as *dying*, not *dead*; and Fuseli, in one of his lectures, describes the picture as showing "the *half-slain* mother shuddering lest her eager babe should suck the blood from her palsied nipple." But if Æmilianus is to be trusted, who had probably seen the picture, the mother was represented as actually *dead*, for the Greek must be forced to make it bear any other construction.

Perhaps equally affecting are some lines by Langhorne in "The Justice of the Peace":

Cold on Canadian hills, or Minden's plain,
Perhaps, that parent mourn'd her soldier slain;
Bent o'er her babe, her eye dissolv'd in dew,
The big drops mingling with the milk he drew,
Gave the sad presage of his future years,
The child of misery, baptiz'd in tears!

LUCIANUS.

Flourished A.D. 160. He was a rhetorician at Antioch, and in his old age was made registrar of Alexandria.

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT (Jacobs III. 26, xxvi.).

Translated by Cowper.

Bewail not much, my parents! me, the prey
Of ruthless Ades, and sepulchred here.
An infant in my fifth scarce finish'd year,
He found all sportive, innocent, and gay,
Your young Callimachus; and if I knew
Not many joys, my griefs were also few.

Herrick has a pretty epitaph on a child, which has some resemblance to this:

at borne, and like a short delight,
I glided by my parents' sight.
That done, the harder fates deny'd
My longer stay, and so I dy'd.
If pitying my sad parents' teares,
You'll spill a tear or two with theirs;
And with some flowrs my grave bestrew,
Love and they'll thank you for't. Adieu.

FALSE FRIENDS (Jacobs III. 28, xxxiv.).*Translated by Cowper.*

No mischief worthier of our fear
 In nature can be found,
 Than friendship, in ostent sincere,
 But hollow and unsound ;
 For, lull'd into a dangerous dream,
 We close infold a foe
 Who strikes, when most secure we seem,
 The inevitable blow.

Timothy Kendall, who published epigrams in 1577, has one in which he enumerates every evil under the sun, and then says :

Of these I reck not of a rush.
 An ill there is which doth remain,
 That troubles more and puts to pain :—
 A fawning friend most mischief is
 Which seeks to kill, yet seems to kiss.

Lord Lansdowne, in an ode "On the Present Corruption of Mankind," has a stanza very similar to Lucian's epigram :

Friendship's a cloak to hide some treacherous end ;
 Your greatest foe is your professing friend ;
 The soul resign'd, unguarded, and secure,
 The wound is deepest, and the stroke most sure.

LUCILLIUS.

Flourished in the second century.

A MISER'S DREAM (Jacobs III. 50, ciii.).*Translated by C.*

Flint dream'd he gave a feast, 'twas regal fare,
 And hang'd himself in 's sleep in sheer despair.

The ancients and the moderns have alike delighted in satirizing misers. Martial has a severe distich on one of the fraternity (Book II. 78). Hay translates :

What place to keep your fish in I approve,
 You ask :—Your kitchen chimney, or your stove.

A good modern epigram describes a miser's feast, in the form of "Grace after dinner," ascribed to both Rochester and Swift:—

Thanks for this miracle! it is no less
Than finding manna in the wilderness.
In midst of famine we have had relief,
And seen the wonder of a chine of beef;
Chimneys have smok'd that never smok'd before,
And we have din'd—where we shall dine no more.

But how poor are both Martial's and the modern epigram in comparison with the Greek, which in the compass of two lines contains so much:—the obligation which the miser felt he was under to give a feast, possibly to some rich man's heir, to whom he lent money at usurious interest;—the horror of the expense, which took such hold upon him, that it followed him even into sleep;—the despair with which the dream of utter ruin filled his soul, and the dread influence of which was so great, that while yet asleep he adjusted the rope, and hurried himself to the shades below.

In reference to Martial's distich, may be quoted the following passage from Dryden's "Absalom and Achitophel" on a well-known character of the day:

Chaste were his cellars, and his shrieval board
The grossness of a city feast abhorr'd:
His cooks with long disuse their trade forgot;
Cool was his kitchen, though his brain was hot.

The satire is on Slingsby Bethel, an Independent and a Republican, one of the most active of the party who wished to exclude the Duke of York from the throne. Parsimony was habitual to him, and when sheriff of London, in 1680, the frugality of his entertainments was generally censured. (See Granger's "Biog. Hist. of England," 1779, III. 409.)

THE MISER AND THE MOUSE (Jacobs III. 50, civ.).

Translated by Dr. Jortin.

"Thou little rogue, what brings thee to my house?"
Said a starv'd miser to a straggling mouse.
"Friend," quoth the mouse, "thou hast no cause to fear;
I only *lodge* with thee, I *eat* elsewhere."

This humorous epigram recalls a modern anonymous one, said to have been presented to the learned Dr. Bentham, Regius Professor of Divinity at Oxford, who was famous for treating his horses much as Lucilius's miser treated the mouse—gave them lodging, but no corn. For some trifling offence he had ordered an undergraduate to write verses on the subject, "Ignotum omne pro magnifico." The arch youth gave up the following ("Select Epigrams," II. 163, note; and Kett's "Flowers of Wit," II. 139):

Adverse to pamper'd and high-mettled steeds,
His own upon chopt straw Avaro feeds:
Bred in his stable, in his paddock born,
What vast ideas they must have of corn!

THE FEAR OF DEATH (Jacobs III. 54, cxxiii.).

Translated by Cowper.

Far happier are the dead, methinks, than they
Who look for death, and fear it every day.

Shakespeare has the same sentiment in several places. In "Measure for Measure" (Act III. sc. 1):

Dar'st thou die?

The sense of death is most in apprehension.

Again, in "Julius Cæsar" (Act II. sc. 2), Cæsar says:

Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come, when it will come.

PLUTO AND THE PHYSICIAN (Jacobs III. 54, cxxiv.).

Translated by C.

When Magnus pass'd below, Dis, trembling said,
He comes, and will to life restore my dead.

The very contrary of this compliment to an eminent physician, is given in the form of an epitaph on a quack, in "Nugæ Canoræ, or Epitaphian Mementos, &c.," 1827, by William Wadd, a London surgeon of celebrity in his day (Epitaph 55):

This quack to Charon would his penny pay:
The grateful ferryman was heard to say—
"Return, my friend! and live for ages more,
Or I must haul my useless boat ashore."

Of a similar turn to Lucillius' epigram, is an anonymous one on Marshal Saxe ("Poetical Farrago," I. 153):

Th' eternal ferryman of fate,
When Saxe, unconquerably great,
Approach'd within his ken,
Scowl'd at his freight, a trembling crowd,
And, "Turn out ghosts," he roar'd aloud,
"Here's Hercules agen."

The "Magnus" of Lucilius' epigram is in a translation among "Epigrams from the German of Lessing," published in 1825, changed to "Mead." Hackett (the editor of a volume of Epigrams, in 1757) has an epigram equally complimentary to that celebrated physician of the reigns of George I. and II., but with a different point (Ep. 17):

Mead's not dead then, you say ; only sleeping a little—
 Why, egad ! sir, you've hit it off there to a tittle.
 Yet, friend, his awaking I very much doubt,
Pluto knows who he's got, and will ne'er let him out.

NICARCHUS.

Flourished in the second century. He was, by birth, a Samian.

THE GREAT CONTENTION (Jacobs III. 62, xvi.).

Translated by C.

Three dwarfs contended by a state decree,
 Which was the least and lightest of the three.
 First, Hermon came, and his vast skill to try,
 With thread in hand leap'd through a needle's eye.
 Forth from a crevice Demas then advanc'd,
 And on a spider's web securely danc'd.
 What feat show'd Sospiter in this high quarrel?—
 No eyes could see him, and he won the laurel.

With this amusing epigram, where a dwarf is too *small* to be seen, may be compared a more modern one, where a poet is too *spiritual* to be seen. Theophile, a French poet, born about 1590, was obliged to leave France on account of his impiety and debaucheries, and came to England, where he solicited an audience of King James I., which the monarch refused. Theophile turned the affront to his own glory in an epigram, which has been thus translated by Lovelace (Lovelace's Poems):

If James, the king of wit,
 To see me thought not fit,
 Sure this the cause hath been,
 That, ravish'd with my merit,
 He thought I was all spirit,
 And so not to be seen.

A VOICE FROM THE GRAVE (Jacobs III. 65, xxvii.).*Translated by C.*

Phido nor hand nor touch to me applied ;
 Fever'd, I thought but of his name—and died.

This reminds us of Martial's epigram of like character (Book VI. 53), which Elphinston thus translates :

He bath'd with us, brisk ; and he supp'd with us, gay ;
 Next morn, with the dead, Athenagoras lay.
 The cause, do you ask, of the sudden transition ?
 In sleep he Hermocrates saw, the physician.

The epigrams on doctors are numberless, but there are very few modern ones which have the humour of those by Nicarchus and Martial. There is a celebrated one by Prior, on Radcliffe, who was noted for his singular powers of conversation, and the rough independence of his manners. It is entitled, "The remedy worse than the disease" :

I sent for Radcliffe ; was so ill,
 That other doctors gave me over ;
 He felt my pulse, prescrib'd his pill,
 And I was likely to recover.
 But when the wit began to wheeze,
 And wine had warm'd the politician,
 Cur'd yesterday of my disease
 I died last night of my physician.



RUFINUS.

Of this author nothing is known. His epigrams are placed here in accordance with the chronological position assigned to him by Brunck and Jacobs.

THE TRANSITORINESS OF YOUTH AND BEAUTY

(Jacobs III. 102, xv.).

Translated by C.

Take, take this flow'ring wreath from me,
 Twin'd by these hands, and twin'd for thee.
 Here blends the daffodil's soft hue,
 With lilies, and the violet's blue ;
 Here the moist wind-flower darkly blows,
 Entwining with the opening rose ;

And whilst it binds thy pensive brow,
 Let pride to gentler feelings bow,
 At thought of that no distant day,
 When thou, as these, must fade away.

There are several epigrams in the Anthology, in which youth and beauty are compared with the short-lived flowers. The following is by Strato, who is supposed to have flourished early in the third century (Jacobs III. 85, lxxiii.), translated by Shepherd :

Boast'st thou of beauty? The sweet-scented rose,
 The garden's pride, in blushing beauty glows ;
 But pass some few fast-fleeting hours, are found
 Its purple petals scatter'd on the ground.
 The rose and beauty, when they reach their prime,
 Alike are wither'd by the breath of time.

Compare the "Faërie Queene," Book II. Canto xii. 74 :

Ah ! see, whoso fayre thing doest faine to see,
 In springing flowre the image of thy day !
 Ah ! see the virgin rose, how sweetly she
 Doth first peepe foorth with bashfull modestee,
 That fairer seems the lesse you see her may !
 Lo ! see, soone after how more bold and free
 Her bared bosome she doth broad display,
 Lo ! see soone after how she fades and falls away !

Pope has, in some measure, reproduced the same idea, though with especial reference to beauty, not life, in his Epistle to Miss Blount.

THE SHORTNESS OF LIFE A REASON FOR ENJOYING IT
 (Jacobs III. 102, xvi.).

Translated by Fawkes.

Let us, my friend, in joy refine,
 Bathe, crown our brows, and quaff the wine :
 Short is the space for human joys ;
 What age prevents not, death destroys.

This is a favourite subject with the Greek epigrammatists. Anacreon, in several of his odes, enforces the enjoyment of life during the short space allotted to man on earth, and that his advice should not be forgotten, Julianus Ægyptus, in an epitaph on him, makes him repeat the same lesson after he was dead (Jacobs III. 208, lxi.). The translation is by Fawkes :

What oft alive I sung, now dead I cry
 Loud from the tomb, "Drink, mortals, ere you die."

Palladas, in an epigram, translated by Bland, presses the importance of passing no time in any pursuit but that of convivial enjoyment (Jacobs III. 121, xxix.):

Dark are our fates—to-morrow's sun may peer
From the flush'd east upon our funeral bier;
Then seize the joys that wine and music give,
Nor talk of death while yet 'tis given to live;
Soon shall each pulse be still, closed every eye,
One little hour remains or ere we die.

Mrs. Hemans has translated an epigram by Garcilasso de la Vega, a Spanish poet, born about 1500, which contains the same thought as that of Rufinus:

Enjoy the sweets of life's luxuriant May,
Ere envious age is hastening on his way,
With snowy wreaths to crown the beauteous brow:
The rose will fade when storms assail the year,
And Time, who changeth not his swift career,
Constant in this, will change all else below!



S. GREGORY NAZIANZEN.

Flourished about A.D. 365. He was born at Azianzum, an obscure village belonging to Nazianzum, a town of the second Cappadocia. He was a celebrated champion of the orthodox faith against the Arians, and in his old age became Bishop of Constantinople.

THE TOMB OF EUPHEMIUS.

Translated by Samuel Wesley, Jun.

A blooming youth lies buried here,
Euphemius, to his country dear.
Nature adorn'd his mind and face
With every Muse and every Grace;
About the marriage-state to prove,
But Death had quicker wings than Love.

This is one of several epitaphs written by S. Gregory on Euphemius, who was the son of his intimate friend, S. Amphilochus, Bishop of Iconium. Translations of the others may be found in the "Gentleman's Magazine," LXXXIV., Part II. 575.

We may compare an epigram by Simonides on Timarchus (Jacobs I. 77, xcv.), thus translated by Sterling:

Ah! sore disease, to men why enviest thou
Their prime of years before they join the dead?
His life from fair Timarchus snatching now,
Before the youth his maiden bride could wed.

An epitaph by Dryden on a youth (Mr. Rogers of Gloucestershire), has much in common with S. Gregory's :

Of gentle blood, his parents' only treasure,
 Their lasting sorrow, and their vanish'd pleasure,
 Adorn'd with features, virtues, wit, and grace,
 A large provision for so short a race ;
 More moderate gifts might have prolong'd his date,
 Too early fitted for a better state ;
 But knowing Heaven his home, to shun delay,
 He leap'd o'er age, and took the shortest way.

EPITAPH ON HIS BROTHER CÆSARIUS.

Translated by Boyd.

In youth we sent thee from thy native soil,
 August, and crown'd with learning's hallow'd spoil.
 Fame, Wealth, on thee delighted to attend ;
 Thy home a palace, and a king thy friend.
 So liv'd Cæsarius, honour'd, lov'd, and blest—
 But ah ! this mournful urn will speak the rest.

Cæsarius was eminent for learning, especially for his knowledge of medicine. He went to Constantinople, where he became chief physician, and also treasurer to the Emperor Julian. Fearing, however, that his Christian principles were in danger, his brother persuaded him to return home. Two years afterwards he went again to the eastern capital, where Valens advanced him to his former dignities, and designed his advancement to greater. He again returned to Nazianzum, at the request of S. Gregory, and there died.

PALLADAS.

Flourished about A.D. 370.

OLD AGE STILL JOYFUL (Jacobs III. 114, iv.).

Translated by Fawkes.

To me the wanton girls insulting say,
 "Here in this glass thy fading bloom survey :"
 Just on the verge of life, 'tis equal quite,
 Whether my locks are black, or silver-white ;
 Roses around my fragrant brows I'll twine,
 And dissipate anxieties in wine.

This is a very close imitation of the 11th Ode of Anacreon, but shorter and more to the point.

At banquets it was the custom of the ancients to wreath their brows with flowers, and especially with the rose, which was the emblem of silence, having been dedicated by Cupid to Harpocrates, the god of silence. Hence that flower, worn at feasts, denoted that the guests were to keep silence with respect to everything said under it. From this custom we have our expression, "under the rose." This flower no doubt formed, in accordance with the usual habit, part of the garland with which Palladas encircled his brows, but it is not mentioned in the original, though taken for granted by the translator.

THE SPARTAN MOTHER (Jacobs III. 134, xcix.).

Translated by Cowper.

A Spartan 'scaping from the fight,
His mother met him in his flight,
Upheld a falchion to his breast,
And thus the fugitive address'd :
"Thou canst but live to blot with shame
Indelible thy mother's name ;
While every breath that thou shalt draw
Offends against thy country's law ;
But if thou perish by this hand,
Myself indeed throughout the land,
'To my dishonour, shall be known
The mother still of such a son ;
But Sparta will be safe and free,
And that shall serve to comfort me."

This is a good example of the honour in which that Spartan virtue was held, which proclaimed the coward unfit to live, and that even his mother might glory in inflicting vengeance upon a son who had disgraced his country. There are several other epigrams upon the same subject in the Anthology. Tymneus (Jacobs I. 257, iv.) has one much stronger than the above, as he makes the mother curse her son, whilst with every evidence of strong feeling, she slays him. The patriotism of Spartan mothers is finely exemplified in an epigram by Dioscorides, thus translated by Mr. Goldwin Smith, in the late Dr. Wellesley's "Anthologia Polyglotta" (Jacobs I. 253, xxxiv.):

Eight sons Demæneta at Sparta's call
Sent forth to fight ; one tomb received them all.
No tear she shed, but shouted, "Victory !
Sparta, I bore them but to die for thee."

HUMAN LIFE (Jacobs III. 134, c.).

Life's but a stage ; then learn to sport,
 And cast aside all care ;
 Or learn, with trust in Heaven's support,
 The ills of life to bear.

This epigram necessarily reminds us of Shakespeare's celebrated passage in "As You Like It" (Act II. sc. 7):

Duke, senior. Thou seest, we are not all alone unhappy :
 This wide and universal theatre
 Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
 Wherein we play in.

Jaques. All the world's a stage,
 And all the men and women merely players :
 They have their exits and their entrances ;
 And one man in his time plays many parts,
 His acts being seven ages.

Malone points out, that Shakespeare was not the first English writer who expressed this thought. In an old play called "Damon and Pythias," similar language is used :

Pythagoras said, that this world was like a stage,
 Whereon many play their parts.

Pope, in the "Essay on Man," gives the same advice as Palladas, to act well our parts :

Honour and shame from no condition rise ;
 Act well your part, there all the honour lies.



JULIANUS ÆGYPTUS,

Præfect of Egypt. At what date he flourished has not been ascertained. Brunck and Jacobs assign to him a chronological position between Palladas and Agathias.

CUPID IN THE CUP (Jacobs III. 195, i.).

Translated by Bishop Blomfield in "Museum Criticum."

While for my fair a wreath I twined,
 Love in the roses lay reclined ;
 I seized the boy : the mantling cup
 Received him ; and I drank him up.
 And now confined, the feathered guest
 Beats, storms, and flutters in my breast.

This epigram is commonly printed among the Odes of Anacreon. The idea was reproduced by Andreas Naugerius, an Italian poet, born in 1483, in a Latin epigram upon Hyella, which Moore has thus translated :

As late I sought the spangled bowers,
To cull a wreath of matin flowers,
Where many an early rose was weeping,
I found the urchin Cupid sleeping.
I caught the boy, a goblet's tide
Was richly mantling by my side ;
I caught him by his downy wing,
And whelm'd him in the racy spring.
Then drank I down the poison'd bowl,
And Love now nestles in my soul.
Oh yes, my soul is Cupid's nest,
I feel him fluttering in my breast.

LAÏS OFFERING HER LOOKING-GLASS TO VENUS
(Jacobs III. 196, iv.).

Translated by Ogle.

Laïs, when time had spoil'd her wonted grace,
Abhorr'd the look of age that plough'd her face ;
Her glass, sad monitor of charms decay'd,
Before the queen of lasting bloom she laid :
The sweet companion of my youthful years,
Be thine (she said), no change thy beauty fears !

Laïs was a woman of Corinth of extraordinary beauty.

Plato has an epigram on the same subject, which is well known by Prior's translation, or rather imitation (Jacobs I. 103, vii.), though perhaps the English poet may have used a version by Ausonius, Ep. 55 :

Venus, take my votive glass !
Since I am not what I was,
What from this day I shall be,
Venus ! let me never see.

The old English epigrammatist, Henry Parrot, has an epigram in his "Laquei Ridiculosi," Book I. 123, which may be compared with Julian's and Plato's :

Rugosa waxen old hath broke her glass,
And lives in hatred with her own complexion,
Rememb'ring but the form it whilome was,
Which when she look'd on gave that sweet reflection :
But now despairing, thinks no crystal stone
Can show good count'nance that receiveth none.

VIRTUE AND RANK (Jacobs III. 210, lxix.).

Translated by the late Dr. Wellesley.

- A. John the illustrious. B. John the mortal, say.
 A. The son-in-law to the Queen's Highness. B. Nay,
 Mortal again. A. Of Anastasius
 Descendant prime. B. Mortal like all of us.
 A. Of virtuous life. B. Ay, this doth never die,
 Virtue is mightier than mortality.

Of similar character is the sentiment expressed by Shakespeare in
 "All's Well that Ends Well" (Act II. sc. 3):

From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
 The place is dignified by the doer's deed:
 Where great additions swell, and virtue none,
 It is a dropsied honour: good alone
 Is good, without a name; vileness is so:
 The property by what it is should go,
 Not by the title. * * * * *
 * * * * *
 * * * * * That is honour's scorn
 Which challenges itself as honour's born,
 And is not like the sire: Honours thrive,
 When rather from our acts we them derive
 Than our fore-goers.

AGATHIAS.

Commonly called Agathias Scholasticus. Flourished in the sixth century. He was born at Myrina, and is supposed to have been a Christian. He is celebrated as the third collector of scattered miscellanies and fragments.

THE TORMENTS OF LOVE (Jacobs IV. 8, xii.).

Translated by Fawkes.

All night I sigh with cares of love opprest,
 And when the morn indulges balmy rest,
 These twitt'ring birds their noisy matins keep,
 Recall my sorrows, and prevent my sleep:
 Cease, envious birds, your plaintive tales to tell,
 I ravish'd not the tongue of Philomel.

In deserts wild, or on some mountain's brow,
 Pay all the tributary grief you owe
 To Itys, in an elegy of woe.
 Me leave to sleep : in visionary charms
 Some dream perhaps may bring Rodanthe to my arms.

This is imitated from the 12th Ode of Anacreon.
 Shakespeare says of Queen Mab in "Romeo and Juliet" (Act I.
 sc. 4):

And in this state she gallops night by night
 Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love.

Pope, in his imitation of Ovid's epistle, "Sappho to Phaon," 143, expresses in fuller terms the thought in the last two lines of the epigram :

'Tis thou art all my care and my delight,
 My daily longing, and my dream by night :
 O night more pleasing than the brightest day,
 When fancy gives what absence takes away,
 And, dress'd in all its visionary charms,
 Restores my fair deserter to my arms !

* * * * *

But when, with day, the sweet delusions fly,
 And all things wake to life and joy, but I ;
 As if once more forsaken, I complain,
 And close my eyes to dream of you again.

The close of the 1st Ode of the 4th Book of Horace may also be compared.

LOVE AND WINE (Jacobs IV. 9, xvi.).

Translated by Bland.

Farewell to wine ! or if thou bid me sip,
 Present the cup more honour'd from thy lip !
 Pour'd by thy hand, to rosy draughts I fly,
 And cast away my dull sobriety ;
 For, as I drink, soft raptures tell my soul
 That lovely Glycera has kissed the bowl.

There are several epigrams in the Anthology upon the same subject, occasioned by a custom, not uncommon at Grecian entertainments, of interchanging the wine-cups. There is an Arabian epigram, addressed to a female cup-bearer, translated by Professor Carlyle, of Cambridge ("Specimens of Arabian Poetry," 1796, 65), which is very similar in tone to that of Agathias :

Come, Leila, fill the goblet up,
 Reach round the rosy wine ;
 Think not that we will take the cup
 From any hand but thine.

A draught, like this, 'twere vain to seek,
 No grape can such supply ;
 It steals its tint from Leila's cheek,
 Its brightness from her eye.

In "New-Old Ballads," by Dr. Wolcot, better known as Peter Pindar, are some lines "To the Glass," which begin thus (Wolcot's Works, 1812, V. 86):

Give me the glasse that felt her lippe,
 And happy, happy shall I sippe ;
 And, when is fled the daintie wyne,
 Something remaineth still divyne.

The modern expression of "kissing the cup" is prettily used by Goldsmith, in the "Deserted Village," when lamenting the past splendour of the village ale-house :

The host himself no longer shall be found
 Careful to see the mantling bliss go round ;
 Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,
 Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

ON DEATH (Jacobs IV. 34, lxxxi.).

Translated by C.

Death brings us peace : Oh ! fear him not :
 Death ends the sufferer's heaviest lot.
 He comes but once ; his awful mien
 Twice coming, none has ever seen.
 Whilst pain and grief, man's sadd'ning doom,
 Come often, and are sure to come.

Some beautiful lines by Cardinal Bembo, translated by Mrs. Hemans, thus apostrophise Death :

Thou the stern monarch of dismay,
 Whom nature trembles to survey,
 O Death ! to me, the child of grief,
 Thy welcome power would bring relief,
 Changing to peaceful slumber many a care.
 And though thy stroke may thrill with pain
 Each throbbing pulse, each quivering vein ;
 The pangs that bid existence close,
 Oh ! sure are far less keen than those,
 Which cloud its lingering moments with despair.

PAULUS SILENTIARIUS.

Flourished A.D. 530. He was a Christian—a friend of Agathias, and probably assisted him in his collection of fugitive epigrams. “Silentiarius” was the title of an assessor in the Privy Council at the Byzantine Court, an office which Paulus held.

LOVE NOT EXTINGUISHED BY AGE (Jacobs IV. 43, viii.).

Translated by Bland.

For me thy wrinkles have more charms,
 Dear Lydia, than a smoother face !
 I'd rather fold thee in my arms
 Than younger, fairer nymphs embrace.
 To me thy autumn is more sweet,
 More precious than their vernal rose,
 Their summer warms not with a heat
 So potent as thy winter glows.

There is an epigram in the Anthology by an uncertain author, which very prettily expresses the same thought. The translation is by Merivale (Jacobs IV. 130, lxii.) :

Whether thy locks in jetty radiance play,
 Or golden ringlets o'er thy shoulder stray,
 There beauty shines, sweet maid, and should they bear
 The snows of age, still love would linger there.

A piece by Thomas Carew, a poet of the reign of Charles I., is very similar in sentiment to the epigram by Paulus. It is entitled, “Unfading Beauty.” The first two stanzas are given :

Hee that loves a rosie cheek,
 Or a coral lip admires,
 Or from star-like eyes doth seeke
 Fuell to maintaine his fires.
 As old Time makes these decay
 So his flames must waste away.
 But a smooth and stedfast mind,
 Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
 Hearts with equal love combined,
 Kindle never-dying fires ;
 Where these are real, I despise
 Lovely cheekes, or lips, or eyes.

CUPID AT REST (Jacobs IV. 47, xx.).*Translated in the late Dr. Wellesley's "Anthologia Polyglotta."*

Fear no more Love's shafts, for he
 Hath all his quiver spent on me.
 Fear not his wings; since on this breast
 His scornful foot the victor prest,
 Here sits he fast, and here must stay,
 For he hath shorn his wings away.

Eubulus, a native of Atarna in Lesbos, who flourished B.C. 375, expresses the same thought in an epigram addressed to a painter. The translation is by Cumberland in the "Observer," No. 104:

Why, foolish painter, give those wings to Love?
 Love is not light, as my sad heart can prove:
 Love hath no wings, or none that I can see;
 If he can fly—oh! bid him fly from me!

GARDEN DECORATION (Jacobs IV. 61, lxii.).*Translated by Bland.*

Here strive for empire, o'er the happy scene,
 The nymphs of fountain, sea, and woodland green;
 The power of grace and beauty holds the prize
 Suspended even to her votaries,
 And finds amazed, where'er she casts her eye,
 Their contest forms the matchless harmony.

This is supposed to be descriptive of the gardens of Justinian at Heræum, on the Asiatic shore of the Propontia, of which Gibbon says ("Decline and Fall," ed. 1846, III. 524, chap. 40): "The poets of the age have celebrated the rare alliance of nature and art, the harmony of the nymphs of the groves, the fountains and the waves."

There is a Latin poem by Charles Dryden (son of the great poet) on the gardens of the Earl of Arlington, near the Green Park, where Arlington Street now stands, which has been translated by Samuel Boyse. The following passage bears much resemblance to the epigram of Paulus (Nichols' "Collection of Poems," II. 164, 1780):

Thy beauteous gardens charm the ravish'd sight,
 And surfeit every sense with soft delight;
 Where'er we turn our still transported eyes,
 New scenes of art with nature join'd arise;
 We dwell indulgent on the lovely scene,
 The lengthen'd vista or the carpet green;
 A thousand graces bless th' enchanted ground
 And throw promiscuous beauties all around.

UNKNOWN AUTHORS.

CLYTEMNESTRA'S ADDRESS TO HER SON ORESTES, AS HE WAS IN THE ACT OF SLAYING HER TO AVENGE HIS FATHER, WHOM SHE HAD MURDERED (Jacobs IV. 113, xvi.).

Translated by C.

Strike! At my womb? It bore thee. At my breast?
It nurtur'd thee in infancy to rest.

When the mother of Coriolanus entreated him to forego his vengeance against Rome, Shakespeare makes her say ("Coriolanus," Act V. sc. 3):

If I cannot persuade thee
Rather to show a noble grace to both parts,
Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner
March to assault thy country, than to tread
(Trust to 't, thou shalt not) on thy mother's womb,
That brought thee to this world.

THE LOVER'S WISH (Jacobs IV. 129, lviii.).

Translated by Shepherd.

Oh that I were the wind! whose gentle gales
Thy vest expand, and cool thy breast of snow:
Oh that I were a rose! which sweets exhales,
That on thy beauteous bosom I might blow.

The 20th Ode of Anacreon, to his Mistress, is in parts very similar. Broome translates a passage thus:

Oh were I made thy folding vest,
That thou might'st clasp me to thy breast.

* * * *

A very sandal I would be,
To tread on—if trod on by thee.

There are several modern examples of the same idea. The most notable is Dumain's song in "Love's Labour's Lost" (Act IV. sc. 3):

On a day (alack the day!)
Love, whose month is ever May,
Spied a blossom, passing fair,
Playing in the wanton air:
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen, 'gan passage find;

That the lover, sick to death,
 Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.
 Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow ;
 Air, would I might triumph so !
 But alack, my hand is sworn,
 Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn.

Spenser has the same thought, but with the figure varied. See his 76th Sonnet. Kirke White has a song which, no doubt, has its origin in the Greek, probably in that of Anacreon. The first two stanzas are given :

Oh that I were the fragrant flower that kisses
 My Arabella's breast that heaves on high !
 Pleased should I be to taste the transient blisses,
 And on the melting throne to faint, and die.
 Oh that I were the robe that loosely covers
 Her taper limbs, and Grecian form divine !
 Or the entwisted zones, like meeting lovers,
 That clasp her waist in many an æry twine,

INSCRIPTION UNDER A STATUE OF PAN

(Jacobs IV. 171, cclix.).

Translated by Shepherd.

The god Pan speaks.

Come, stretch thy limbs beneath these shady trees,
 That wave their branches to the western breeze,
 Where, by yon limpid stream that gently flows,
 My rustic pipe shall soothe thee to repose.

The translator, following Stephens, ascribes this epigram to Her-mocreon.

There are many epigrams in the Anthology of a similar character to this. They refer to one of the customs of the Greeks most pleasant to contemplate—their sympathy with way-worn travellers. These shady spots, hallowed by the statue of the wood-god Pan, offered repose to the weary, who were invited by the god himself to stretch their limbs beneath the trees, and to seek the sleep they needed, soothed by the pipe which he deigned to play for their pleasure. The enthusiastic Greeks felt for their minstrel-god the reverence and the gratitude which is excited in the breast of the Italian or the Swiss, when, in some lonely spot, he finds the image of the holy Virgin, and, worn with toil, casts himself at her feet to seek repose, confident in the protection she will afford him, and the sweet sleep she will send him.

*THE STATUE OF A BACCHANTE IN THE PORTICO OF A
TEMPLE* (Jacobs IV. 175, cclxxviii.).

Translated by C.

Stop that Bacchante! see, tho' form'd of stone.
She has gain'd the threshold—Stop her, or she's gone.

Among the fragments of Cratinus, who flourished B.C. 454, there is an epigram on the loss of a statue, which, being the workmanship of Dædalus, the most ingenious artist of his age, was supposed to have escaped from its pedestal. The translation is by Cumberland ("Observer," No. 74):

My statue's gone! By Dædalus 'twas made;
It is not stolen therefore; it has stray'd.

Plato Comicus, who flourished B.C. 428, has a fragment on a statue of Mercury by the same artist, which Cumberland thus translates ("Observer," No. 78):

"Hoe there! Who art thou? Answer me. Art dumb?"
"Warm from the hand of Dædalus I come,
My name Mercurius; and, as you may prove,
A statue; but his statues speak and move."

INSCRIPTION ON A BATH AT SMYRNA
(Jacobs IV. 190, cccxliii.).

Translated in the "Poetical Register" for 1802.

The Graces bathing on a day,
Love stole their robes and ran away;
So naked here they since have been,
Ashamed in daylight to be seen.

The beautiful imitation of this epigram by Thomas Warton is well known:

The Graces sought in yonder stream
To cool the fervid day,
When Love's malicious godhead came,
And stole their robes away.
Proud of the theft, the little god
Their robes bade Delia wear;
While they ashamed to stir abroad,
Remain all naked here.

ON LATE-ACQUIRED WEALTH (Jacobs IV. 210, ccccxixv.).*Translated by Cowper.*

Poor in my youth, and in life's later scenes
 Rich to no end, I curse my natal hour,
 Who nought enjoy'd while young, denied the means;
 And nought when old enjoy'd, denied the power.

This picture of discontent, displays a man who was dissatisfied in his youth, because luxuries were denied him, and in his old age, because his strength was abated. The constant craving of the discontented man for something unpossessed, is well expressed in a fragment of Theognis, translated by Hookham Frere ("Works of Hesiod," &c., 1856, 438):

Learning and wealth the wise and wealthy find	}
Inadequate to satisfy the mind;	
A craving eagerness remains behind;	
Something is left for which we cannot rest;	
And the last something always seems the best,	
Something unknown, or something unpossessed.	}

THE PORTENT (Jacobs IV. 216, cccclxiii.).*Translated by C.*

Three playful maids their fate would try,
 Who first was doom'd by lot to die.
 Three times the awful die is thrown,
 Three times it points to one alone,
 Who smiled, nor deem'd that fate her own;
 When sudden from the roof's dim height
 She fell, and pass'd to fated night.—
 Portents of ill err not, of brighter hours
 No prayers can bring to pass, no human powers.

Instances of portents of death abound in the literature of ancient and modern times. Those which preceded the murder of Cæsar are among the best authenticated. The hold, however, which these have gained on the popular mind, is probably due to Shakespeare's notice of them, who makes Cæsar himself to be so strongly influenced by his wife's dream (though he puts it upon affection for her) as to refuse to go to the senate-house, saying to Decius ("Julius Cæsar," Act II. sc. 2):

Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:
 She dreamt to-night she saw my statue,
 Which, like a fountain with a hundred spouts,
 Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans

Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.
 And these does she apply for warnings and portents,
 And evils imminent; and on her knee
 Hath begg'd, that I will stay at home to-day.

Many modern stories of such portents only arise from the superstition of the vulgar; but there are a few, for which the evidence is strong, and the good faith of the narrators unimpeachable. It is not for us to say, that warnings of death or calamity may not be in mercy given by Him, in whom we live and move and have our being; and it argues as little wisdom to scoff at every portent and every warning, which is claimed as supernatural, as it does to believe all the folk-lore and the ghost-stories, which the ignorant hold in reverence, and at which children tremble. All that from the experience of mankind can be absolutely asserted is, that, proceeding from natural or supernatural causes, Campbell's celebrated line is continually verified:

And coming events cast their shadows before.

GREEK MANNER OF MOURNING FOR THE DEAD
 (Stobæus).

Translated by C.

Lov'd shade! For thee we garlands wear,
 For thee with perfumes bathe our hair;
 For thee we pledge the festive wine,
 For joy, immortal joy, is thine.
 Where thou art gone no tears are shed,
 'Twere sin to mourn the blest, the dead.

Two stanzas by Byron, "Bright be the place of thy soul," breathe very much the same spirit as this beautiful epigram. It may suffice to quote the second:

Light be the turf of thy tomb!
 May its verdure like emeralds be:
 There should not be the shadow of gloom
 In aught that reminds us of thee.
 Young flowers and an evergreen tree
 May spring from the spot of thy rest:
 But nor cypress nor yew let us see;
 For why should we mourn for the blest?

ANCIENT LATIN EPIGRAMMATISTS.

B.C. 54—A.D. 370.

CATULLUS.

Flourished B.C. 54. He was born at Verona, and in early life removed to Rome, where his poetry and wit caused him to be held in high estimation. With the exception of Martial, he is the most celebrated of the Latin Epigrammatists.

The numbering of the epigrams varies in different editions of Catullus. The one to which reference is made is that of Doering, Londini, 1820.

TO JUVENTIA (Ep. 48).

Translated in "The Works of Petronius Arbiter, &c., translated by several hands." 1714.

Juventia, might I kiss those eyes,
That such becoming sweetness dart,
The numbers might to thousands rise,
Yet be too few to satisfy my heart;
A heart no surfeit would allow,
E'en though the harvest of our kisses were
More thick than what succeeds the plough,
And speaks the blessings of the fruitful year.

It was formerly the custom to kiss the eyes as a mark of tenderness. In Chaucer's "Troilus and Cresseide" we have:

Thus Troilus full oft her eyen two
Gan for to kisse.

Steevens, in his notes to Shakespeare's "Winter's Tale," mentions an old MS. play of "Timon of Athens," in which the same expression occurs:

O Juno! be not angry with thy Jove,
But let me kisse thine eyes, my sweete delight.

There is another epigram by Catullus very similar to this, and Martial has closely imitated them in Book VI. Ep. 34.

ON THE INCONSTANCY OF WOMAN'S LOVE (Ep. 70).

Translated by George Lamb.

My Fair says, she no spouse but me
 Would wed, though Jove himself were he,
 She says it: but I deem
 That what the fair to lovers swear
 Should be inscribed upon the air,
 Or in the running stream.

The original of this may be a Greek epigram by Xenarchus, who flourished B.C. 350; thus translated by Cumberland in the "Observer," No. 106:

Ah, faithless women! when you swear
 I register your oaths in air.

There are many imitations of the epigram of Catullus. In the "Diana," a pastoral romance by George de Monte-Mayor, a Spanish writer, born in the early part of the 16th century, are some lines on a false mistress, who had deceived her lover after writing her eternal vows on the sandy margin of a river:

No prudent doubt fond love allows,
 We act as he commands:
 I trusted to a woman's vows,
 Though written on the sands.

The old English poet, Sir Edward Sherburne, has an epigram called "The Broken Faith":

Lately by clear Thames's side
 Fair Lycoris I espied,
 With the pen of her white hand
 These words printing on the sand:
 "None Lycoris doth approve
 But Mirtillo for her love."
 Ah, false nymph! those words were fit
 In sand only to be writ:
 For the quickly rising streams
 Of oblivion and the Thames,
 In a little moment's stay
 From the shore wash'd clean away
 What thy hand had there impress'd,
 And Mirtillo from thy breast.

Phineas Fletcher, the author of the "Purple Island," has some stanzas "On Woman's Lightness," of which the following is the first:

Who sows the sand? or ploughs the easy shore?
 Or strives in nets to prison in the wind?
 Yet I, (fond I), more fond, and senseless more,
 Thought in sure love a woman's thoughts to bind.

Fond, too fond thoughts, that thought in love to tie
One more inconstant than inconstancy !

In "Wit's Interpreter; the English Parnassus" (3rd edit. 1671, p. 275),
there is an epigram of similar character, but with the metaphor varied :

A woman may be fair, and her mind,
Is as inconstant as the wavering wind :
Venus herself is fair, and shineth far,
Yet she's a planet, and no fixed star.

A curious allegorical description of the brevity of renown may be
given here, as cognate to the preceding epigrams. Lord Chatham is
believed to be the subject of the lines :

Let his monument be the world,
And let that world be a bubble ;
And let Fame, in the character of a shadow,
Write his trophies on the air.

ON HIS OWN LOVE (Ep. 85).

Translated in "Select Epigrams," 1797.

That I love thee, and yet that I hate thee, I feel ;
Impatient, thou bid'st me my reasons explain :
I tell thee, nor more for my life can reveal,
That I love thee, and hate thee—and tell it with pain.

Martial has an epigram (Book I. 33) on dislike without reason,
which is well known in the English parody by Tom Brown (Brown's
Works, 1760, IV. 100) :

I do not love thee, Dr. Fell,
But why I cannot tell ;
But this I know full well,
I do not love thee, Dr. Fell.

Dr. John Fell was Bishop of Oxford, and Dean of Christ Church in
the reigns of Charles II. and James II. Tom Brown, of facetious
memory, being sentenced to expulsion from Christ Church for some
irregularity, was offered pardon by the Dean if he could translate ex-
tempore Martial's epigram, which he immediately did in the form
given above, probably very much to the Dean's astonishment.

Another epigram by Martial (Book XII. 47), on the difficulty of
arriving at a conclusion with respect to a companion, is translated by
Addison, in the "Spectator," No. 68 :

In all thy humours, whether grave or mellow,
Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow ;
Hast so much wit, and mirth, and spleen about thee,
There is no living with thee, nor without thee.

ON QUINTIA AND LESBIA: THE COMPARISON (Ep. 86).

Translated by Elton.

Quintia is beauteous in the million's eye ;
 Yes, beauteous in particulars, I own :
 Fair-skin'd, straight-shaped, tall-sized : yet I deny
 A beauteous whole : of *charmingness* there's none :
 In all that height of figure there is not
 A seasoning spice of that—I know not what ;
 That *piquant* something, grace without a name ;
 But Lesbia's air is charming as her frame ;
 Yes—Lesbia, beauteous in one graceful whole,
 From all her sex their single graces stole.

Shakespeare, in "The Tempest," makes Ferdinand compare the perfect beauty of Miranda with other women, whose beauty was in one respect or another defective (Act III. sc. 1):

For several virtues
 Have I lik'd several women ; never any
 With so full soul, but some defect in her
 Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,
 And put it to the foil : but you, O you,
 So perfect, and so peerless, are created
 Of every creature's best.

The prominent idea of the epigram, that beauty without grace—"that *piquant* something"—cannot give entire satisfaction, is well expressed by Capito, a Greek epigrammatist. The translation is by Fawkes (Jacobs II. 183):

Beauty, without the graces, may impart
 Charms that will please, not captivate, the heart ;
 As splendid baits without the bearded hook
 Invite, not catch, the tenants of the brook.

 TO CALVUS, ON THE DEATH OF HIS WIFE QUINTILIA
 (Ep. 96).
Translated by Elton.

If ere in human grief there breathe a spell
 To charm the silent tomb, and soothe the dead ;
 When soft regrets on past affections dwell,
 And o'er fond friendships lost, our tears are shed ;

Sure, a less pang must touch Quintilia's shade,
 While hov'ring o'er her sad, untimely bier,
 Than keen-felt joy that spirit pure pervade,
 To witness that her Calvus held her dear.

So, Shakespcare in his 30th Sonnet:

When to the sessions of sweet, silent thought
 I summon up remembrance of things past,
 I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
 And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste :
 Then can I drown an eye, unus'd to flow,
 For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
 And weep afresh love's long-since cancell'd woe,
 And moan the expence of many a vanish'd sight.

It appears that Calvus showed his love for Quintilia by writing a monody to her memory, which has not been preserved. Propertius alludes to it :

The soft expression Calvus' page betrays,
 Who mourn'd Quintilia's death in pitying lays.

In "Notes and Queries," 1st S. V. 361, a translation of a Latin epitaph is given, inscribed on the monument of a husband by a truly mourning wife. It is in the church of S. Giles, Cripplegate, to the memory of William Staples, citizen of London, who died in 1650 :

That heaven's thy home, I grieve not, soul most dear ;
 I grieve but for myself, the lingerer here.

DIRGE AT HIS BROTHER'S TOMB (Ep. 101).

Translated by Elton.

Slow faring on, o'er many a land and sea,
 Brother ! I come to thy sad obsequy :
 The last fond tribute to the dead impart,
 And call thee, speechless ashes as thou art,
 Alas ! in vain ! since fate has ravish'd thee,
 E'en thee, thyself, poor brother ! torn from me
 By too severe a blow ; let this be paid,
 This right of ancestry, to soothe thy shade ;
 Let this, all bathed in tears, my friendship tell,
 And oh ! for ever ! bless thee, and farewell !

This beautiful dirge, so pathetic and so grand, is alone sufficient to stamp Catullus as a true poet ; and it is painful to remember that he

who could pen such lines over the grave of a brother, disgraced his muse by those scurrilous invectives against Cæsar, and that licentious description of vice, which render the majority of his epigrams either worthless or abominable.

Martial has an epigram on fraternal love, which is far above his ordinary level (Book I. 37). The translation is by Hay. It is addressed to Lucanus and Tullus :

Fraternal love in such strong currents runs,
That were your fate like that of Leda's sons,
This were the single, but the generous, strife,
Which for the other first should yield his life ;
He first would cry, who first should breath resign,
Live thou, dear brother, both thy days and mine.

TIBULLUS.

Flourished B.C. 28. He is supposed to have been born in Rome, or its neighbourhood, and was the intimate friend of Horace and other poets of his time.

The following pieces are from the fourth Book of Tibullus, part of which is by some supposed to have been written by Sulpicia, the wife of Calenus, who flourished in the age of Domitian ; all the poems, however, are found in the MSS. of Tibullus, and the greater part bear traces of being his production.

SULPICIA'S BIRTHDAY (Book IV. 2).

Translated by Whaley.

Great Mars, see Delia bowing at thy shrine ;
To gaze on her, leave, leave thy seats divine ;
Not Venus' self can blame thee, yet beware,
Lest, as you gaze, you drop the threatening spear,
And the soft maid subdue the god of war.
In her bright eye Love lights his double fire,
When he would fill immortals with desire.
Whate'er she does, where'er her feet she turns,
Grace lurks beneath her steps, and every act adorns.
How graceful flows her loose, dishevell'd hair !
Nor less the twisted locks become the fair.
She fires if purple vestments round her flow,
She fires in garments emulating snow.

Thus decks Vertumnus the celestial hall,
 Grac'd with a thousand robes, and adding grace to all.

* * * * *
 * * * * *
 * * * * *

Horace Walpole, at the request of Spence (the friend of Pope), translated the couplet on Sulpicia's grace :

If she but moves or looks, her step, her face
 By stealth adopt unmeditated grace.

Several other translations of these celebrated lines, besides Walpole's, are given in Spence's *Anecdotes*, 1820, 439. One by S. D. is very happy. A writer in "*Notes and Queries*" (4th S. II. 452) suggests that the initials are those of Stephen Duck :

In ev'ry motion, action, look, and air,
 A secret grace attends and forms the Fair.

Tibullus is probably the original whence Milton drew his description of Eve ("*Paradise Lost*," Book VIII. 488) :

Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
 In every gesture dignity and love.

Walpole, in his letter to Spence with the translation given above, says: "Was not Milton's paraphrase even an improvement on the original? It takes the thought, gives it a noble simplicity, and don't screw it up into so much prettiness."

SULPICIA TO CERINTHUS (Book IV. 11).

Translated by George, Lord Lyttelton.

Say, my Cerinthus, does thy tender breast
 Feel the same feverish heats that mine molest?
 Alas! I only wish for health again,
 Because I think my lover shares my pain:
 For what would health avail to wretched me,
 If you could, unconcern'd, my illness see?

The following pretty lines by Cartwright, a poet of the 17th century, entitled "*Absence*," give expression, in the same manner, to a maiden's care for life only for her lover's sake :

Fly, O fly, sad sigh! and bear
 These few words into his ear;
 "Blest where'er thou dost remain,
 Worthier of a softer chain,

Still I live, if it be true
 The turtle lives that's cleft in two :
 Tears and sorrows I have store,
 But, O ! thine do grieve me more !
 Die I would, but that I do
 Fear my fate would kill thee too."

BUMOUR (Book IV. 14).

Translated by Grainger (altered).

My Love, says Rumour, courts another swain ;
 Would I were deaf when Rumour tells the tale !
 All crimes to her imputed give me pain ;
 Why rack me thus ? Harsh Rumour, cease to rail !

Tibullus is more generous than Propertius, who, in one of his Elegies to Cynthia, tells her (Book II. El. 20) :

Beware—for I shall trust each tale of thee ;
 Rumour has wings, and flies o'er earth and sea.

Shakespeare, in the prologue to the Second Part of "Henry IV." makes Rumour say :

Upon my tongue continual slanders ride ;
 The which in every language I pronounce,
 Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.

PROPERTIUS.

Born at Mevania, in Umbria. His father was of equestrian rank, but his property was confiscated on account of his support of Antony. He went to Rome when young, and gave himself up to poetry. His ambition was to be considered the Roman Callimachus. The date at which he flourished is placed at B.C. 24.

THE MURDERED SOLDIER (Book I. 21).

Translated by Nott.

Gallus loquitur.

Thou ! who the battle's common fate hast fled,
 Hast by a wound from Tuscan ramparts bled ;
 Why for my loss roll thy swell'n eyes in tears ?
 Because I late partook thy martial cares :

O warrior! let thy pearly sorrows tell
To my lov'd Acca, how her brother fell;
So may thy parents greet thy safe return!
Tell her how Gallus, who through dangers borne
Mid Cæsar's armed legions, death defied,
At last by hands of unknown ruffians died:
And learn, O stranger! when loose bones you see
On Tyrrhene heights, those bones belong to me.

There is a Greek epigram, by some ascribed to John Lascaris, the learned Greek, who was patronized by Lorenzo de Medici, on Marcesius Rhalles, a noble Byzantine, which describes his grief at dying, as did Gallus, other than a soldier's death. The translation is by Merivale, who acknowledges that he has taken "some trifling liberties with the original" (Bland's "Collections from the Greek Anthology," 1813, p. 304):

"Oh thou, who sleep'st in brazen slumber, tell
—(Thy high descent and noble name full well
I know—Byzantium claims thy birth—) but say,
How did'st thou perish in thy youthful day?"
"A death unworthy of my high estate—
This thought is keener than the stroke of Fate,
I bled not in the ranks of those who fell
For glorious, falling Greece—no more—Farewell!"

TO CYNTHIA (Book II. 8).

Translated by Elton (Part of Elegy).

Be prais'd by others, or unknown remain;
Who sings thy praise will sow a barren plain;
The funeral couch, that last, that gloomy day,
Shall bear these offerings with thyself away:
The traveller o'er thy slighted bones shall tread
With heedless foot, neglectful of the dead;
Nor lingering at thy nameless grave declare,
"This heap of dust was an accomplish'd fair."

Elton remarks that Propertius, "even while uttering a prophecy dictated by jealous resentment, cannot forbear sliding into an elegant compliment."

Sappho prophesied a similar fate for a lady, who, however, was *not* "an accomplished fair." The first three lines of the translation are by the late Colonel Mure, the latter part varied from his rendering to bring it closer to the original (Mure's "History of the Language and Literature of Ancient Greece," 1850, III. 322):

In the cold grave where thou shalt lie,
 All memory too of thee shall die;
 Who, in this life's auspicious hours,
 Pluck'd not with me Pieria's flowers.
 Flitting unnotic'd where dim ghosts }
 Stray on Acheron's gloomy coasts,
 A shade thou'll be 'mid spectre hosts.

PETRONIUS ARBITER.

Flourished in the time of Nero, with whom he was a favourite until accused by a rival of conspiracy, when he was put to death.

The following translations are taken from "The Works of Petronius Arbiter, translated by several hands," which was first published in 1694, and the fourth edition (the one used) in 1714. It is not known for which parts the several translators are responsible. Sir William Burnaby had a principal hand in the work.

ON PARTIAL JUDGES ("Satyricon," Ed. Amstel. 1669, 38).

Law bears the name, but money has the power;
 The cause is bad whene'er the client's poor:
 Those strict-liv'd men that seem above our world }
 Are oft too modest to resist our gold. }
 So justice, like all other wares, is sold,
 And the grave judge that nods upon the laws,
 Wak'd by a bribe, smiles and approves the cause.

Justice was not considered to be more impartially administered in England in the seventeenth century, than in Rome in the first, if we may put faith in an epigram by Robert Heath, published in 1650 (Book I. p. 13):

Who painted justice blind did not declare
 What magistrates should be, but what they are;
 Not so much 'cause they rich and poor should weigh
 In their just scales alike; but because they,
 Now, blind with bribes, are grown so weak of sight,
 They'll sooner *feel* a cause than *see* it right.

So, Butler, in his "Miscellaneous Thoughts":

Dame Justice puts her sword into the scales,
 With which she's said to weigh out true and false,
 With no design but, like the antique Gaul,
 To get more money from the capital.

Samuel Bishop, who was appointed head-master of Merchant Taylors' School in 1783, has a good epigram on the figure of Justice, as usually represented, which he wrote in Latin as well as English (Bishop's Works, 1796, "Poemata"):

When painters or sculptors give Justice a face,
On her eyes a broad bandage to blind her they place,
But methinks, with all proper respect to the law,
She might judge so much better, the better she saw ;
Tie her hands, if you please, and I care not how much ;
She may look where she will—so you don't let her *touch* !

ON THE MISERY OF MANKIND
("Satyricon," Ed. Amstel. 1669, 116).

Unhappy mortals, on how fine a thread
Our lives depend ! How like this puppet man
Shall we, alas, be all, when we are dead !
Therefore let's live merrily while we can.

This is an imitation of many passages in the Greek writers. It was, indeed, a very favourite subject for a catch among the heathen, and, like our modern drinking songs, seems to have formed part of the merriment at convivial entertainments. The close of the fourth of Anacreon's Odes may be compared with Petronius' epigram :

Now, while I draw my vital breath,
Ere yet I lead the dance of death,
For joy my sorrows I'll resign,
And drown my cares in rosy wine.

Martial draws an argument for drinking from the evidence given by the mausoleum of Augustus, that all, even deified emperors, must die (Book V. 64). The translation is by Bland :

Fill high the bowl with sparkling wine,
Cool the bright draught with summer snow,
Amidst my locks let odours flow,
Around my temples roses twine.
See yon proud emblem of decay,
Yon lordly pile that braves the sky !
It bids us live our little day,
Teaching that gods themselves may die.

DISSEMBLED AFFECTION
("Satyricon," Ed. Amstel. 1669, 304).

Free Translation.

The gods with friendship seldom mortals bless ;
That sacred good in fancy we possess.
Our easy faith false men with oaths beguile ;
When fortune frowns, the perjur'd cease to smile.

The good and wretched, men nor gods defend;
 But poorly fawn and still the rich commend.
 Thus when the audience bids the play begin,
 And the last flourish calls the actors in;
 With tender words, and with dissembling art,
 This plays a lover's, that a father's part.
 The aged sire, with fond paternal care,
 Affects his son as he pursues the fair.
 But when, at length, the unctuous lamps expire,
 And the spectators from the play retire,
 Each to his natural inclination turns,
 The father doats not, nor the lover burns.

The faithlessness of fine-weather friends is proverbial. Shakespeare, in "Timon of Athens" (Act IV. sc. 2), says:

As we do turn our backs
 From our companion, thrown into his grave;
 So his familiars to his buried fortunes
 Slink all away; leave their false vows with him,
 Like empty purses pick'd: and his poor self,
 A dedicated beggar to the air,
 With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,
 Walks, like contempt, alone.

Massinger, in "The Maid of Honour" (Act III. sc. 1), has:

O summer-friendship,
 Whose flattering leaves that shadow'd us in our
 Prosperity, with the least gust drop off
 In the autumn of adversity!

Turberville has an epigram addressed "To his Friend, declaring what Virtue it is to stick to former Plighted Friendship":

The sage and silver-haired wights do think
 A virtue rare not to be proud of mind
 When Fortune smiles: nor cowardly to shrink.
 Though changed Chance do show herself unkind.
 But chiefest praise is to embrace the man
 In wealth and woe with whom your love began.

But Wordsworth, in "Inscriptions supposed to be found in and near a Hermit's Cell," affects to advise that no trust should be put in friendship:

What is friendship?—do not trust her,
 Nor the vows which she has made;
 Diamonds dart their brightest lustre
 From a palsy-shaken hand.

So, Goldsmith, in the well-known stanza in "The Hermit":

And what is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep;
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
And leaves the wretch to weep?

DESIRE OF FOREIGN DELICACIES
("Satyricon," Ed. Amstel. 1669, 339).

Free Translation.

Things got with pain and difficulties rare,
Indulge our fancies, and oblige the fair:
We scorn the wealth our happy isle brings forth,
And love whatever is of foreign growth;
Not that the fish which the poor Tiber breeds
Do those excel which chaste Sabrina feeds.
Not Tyrian gods in nobler purple shine,
Or show a die rich as, Augustus, thine;
Nor can the flocks which breathe th' Iberian air,
With Evesham's vale for fleecy sheep compare.
But these are cheaply got—
Whilst moving plains, and rough tempestuous seas,
Make the dear-bought and far-fetch'd follies please.

Juvenal, in his eleventh satire, directed against the luxury of the Romans, has a passage very similar to this. The translation is Congreve's:

He whose thin transparent rags declare
How much his tatter'd fortune wants repair,
Would ransack every element for choice
Of every fish and fowl at any price;
If brought from far, it very dear has cost,
It has a flavour then, which pleases most,
And he devours it with a greater gust.

THE LOVERS' SEAT ("Satyricon," Ed. Amstel. 1669, 474).

Where aged elms cast a refreshing shade,
And well-trimm'd pines their shaking tops display'd :
Where Daphne 'midst the cypress crown'd her head. }
Near these a circling river gently flows,
And rolls the pebbles as it murmuring goes.
A place design'd for love; the nightingale,
And other birds, its soft delights can tell,
Who on each bush salute the coming day,
And in their orgies sing its hours away.

This has nothing in common with the majority of Latin epigrams. It is quite after the Greek manner, and charms by its simplicity. It is worthy to be compared with the 22nd Ode of Anacreon, of which the translation given is by Leigh Hunt:

Here's the place to seat us, love !
A perfect harbour ! Look above,
How the delicate sprays, like hair,
Bend them to the breaths of air !
Listen, too ! It is a rill,
Telling us its gentle will.
Who that knows what luxury is,
Could go by a place like this ?

MARTIAL,

The most celebrated of the Latin epigrammatists, was born in Spain about A.D. 40. At an early age he went to Rome, where he spent many years, receiving much honour from the emperors and other patrons. Towards the close of his life he returned to his native country. He wrote above 1500 epigrams, but when the parasitical, the indecent, and the merely silly are removed, a comparatively small number remain which are of value or interest.

TO CATO (Book I. 1).

Translated by Addison in the "Spectator," No. 446.

Why dost thou come, great censor of thy age,
To see the loose diversions of the stage ?
With awful countenance and brow severe,
What in the name of goodness dost thou here ?
See the mixt crowd ! how giddy, lewd, and vain !
Didst thou come in but to go out again ?

"It happened once indeed, that Cato dropped into the Roman theatre when the Floralia were to be represented ; and as, in that performance, which was a kind of religious ceremony, there were several indecent parts to be acted, the people refused to see them whilst Cato was present" ("Spectator," No. 446).

PÆTUS AND ARRIA (Book I. 14).

Translated by Dr. John Hoadly.

When Arria from her wounded side
To Pætus gave the reeking steel,
I feel not what I've done, she cried ;
What Pætus is to do—I feel.

The melancholy story of Pætus and Arria is pathetically told in the 72nd No. of the "Tatler," where of the epigram it is said: "The woman's part in the story is by much the more heroic, and has occasioned one of the best epigrams transmitted to us from antiquity."

TO DECIAN (Book I. 40).

Translated by Dr. John Hoadly (one word altered).

Is there, t' enroll amongst the friendly few,
Whose names pure faith and ancient fame renew?
Is there, enrich'd with virtue's honest store,
Deep vers'd in Latian and Athenian lore?
Is there, who right maintains and truth pursues,
Nor knows a wish that heaven need refuse?
Is there, who can on his great self depend?
Now let me die, but Decian is this friend.

The reference in the second line is probably to the celebrated friendships of antiquity, such as those of Damon with Pythias, and Pylades with Orestes. A Greek epigram, by an uncertain author, expresses the value of a true friend (Jacobs. IV. 208, ccccxv.). It is thus freely rendered by Cowper:

Hast thou a friend? thou hast indeed
A rich and large supply;
Treasure to serve your every need,
Well managed, till you die.

Among the epigrams of Joseph Martyn, 1621, is a picture of the character which a true friend should bear (Ep. 43):

As true as turtle to her tender mate,
Free in good will and furthest from debate,
Regardless of each wrong, or false surmise,
Easy to be entreated, sober, wise;
Impatient of delays that hurt his friend,
No ways in fault, yet willing to amend,
Discreet and constant; such an one as he,
Each man should wish his nearest friend to be.

THE SUICIDE OF FANNIUS (Book II. 80).

Translated by Hay.

Himsèlf he slew, when he the foe would fly:
What madness this, for fear of death, to die!

Denham concludes the third part of his poem "Of Old Age" with a distich, which is probably taken from that of Martial:

Such madness, as for fear of death to die,
Is, to be poor for fear of poverty.

Quarles, too, may have had it in mind when writing the following lines in his fourth Hieroglyphic, on the text, "The whole need not the physician":

But to make a trade of trying
Drugs and doses, always pruning,
Is to die for fear of dying;
He's untun'd that's always tuning.

TO LENTINUS (Book III. 43).

Translated by Elphinston (altered).

With tinctur'd locks, in youthful guise you bloom;
But now a swan, the raven you assume!
Thou cheat'st not all, not her who rules the dead;
She soon shall pluck the mask from off thy head.

This may be taken as a specimen of the style of epigram in which Martial delighted, though it is very superior to the majority of those of a kindred character. The same kind of satire is used by some of the later Greek epigrammatists, as Lucian, who composed the following (Jacobs III. 22, vi.). The translation is by Bland:

Yes—you may change your hair, but not your age,
Nor smooth, alas! the wrinkles of your face;
Yes—you may varnish o'er the tell-tale page,
And wear a mask for every vanish'd grace:
But there's an end. No Hecuba by aid
Of rouge and ceruse is a Helen made.

It is said that the cynic philosopher, Diogenes, on seeing an old woman painting her face, observed: "If for the living, you are deceived; if for the dead, haste to them." To dress and paint for the dead seems to have been Narcissa's anxiety (Pope's "Moral Essays," Epistle I. Part 3):

"Odious! in woollen! 'twould a saint provoke,
(Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke!)
No, let a charming chintz and Brussels lace
Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless face:
One would not, sure, be frightful when one's dead—
And—Betty—give this cheek a little red."

The Narcissa of these lines was Mrs. Oldfield, the celebrated actress.

ON CLEOPATRA (Book IV. 21).

Translated by Elphinston (altered).

Just wedded, to the bath Cleopatra flew,
And into the clear stream herself she threw;

The brilliant waves the fair deserter show'd,
 While o'er her limbs pellucid shelter flow'd;
 So through the crystal are the lilies told,
 So does the gem the blushing rose unfold:
 I plung'd, and caught the dear reluctant kiss,
 The envious waves scarce granted me e'en this.

There is, poetically speaking, a beautiful translation of this epigram by Steele in the 490th No. of the "Spectator," but it is too free in more senses than one. There are some good remarks upon it in the same paper. It is undoubtedly one of Martial's most elegant pieces, and shows with how much taste he could write, when he chose to lay aside his coarse satire. It is said to have been composed in honour of his wife Cleopatra, the day after their marriage. Herrick has very prettily imitated it in his lines, "Upon Julia washing herself in the river":

How fierce was I, when I did see
 My Julia wash herself in thee!
 So lillies thorough cristall look:
 So purest pebbles in the brook:
 As in the river Julia did,
 Halfe with a lawne of water hid.

* * * *
 * * * *

Thomas Flatman, a poet of the middle of the 17th century, has some lines, "On Mrs. E. Montague's Blushing in the Cross-bath," in the first few of which he seems to have had Martial's epigram in mind:

Amidst the nymphs (the glory of the flood)
 Thus once the beauteous *Ægle* stood,
 So sweet a tincture ere the sun appears,
 The bashful ruddy morning wears:
 Thus through a crystal wave the coral glows,
 And such a blush sits on the virgin rose.

Thomson, in a passage in "The Seasons" (Summer, 1324) on a lady bathing, has:

As shines the lily through the crystal mild,
 Or as the rose amid the morning dew,
 Fresh from Aurora's hand, more sweetly glows.

SOLID WEALTH (Book V. 42).

Translated by Hay (slightly altered).

Thieves may break locks, and with your cash retire;
 Your ancient seat may be consumed by fire;

Debtors refuse to pay you what they owe ;
 Or your ungrateful field the seed you sow ;
 Your faithless maid may plunder you by stealth ;
 Your ships may sink at sea with all your wealth :
 Who gives to friends so much from Fate secures,
 That is the only wealth for ever yours.

Lucian, in a Greek epigram, shows the wisdom of generosity and the folly of parsimony (Jacobs III. 28, xxxvii.). The translation is in "A Selection of Greek Epigrams for the use of Winchester School," 1791 :

He, who his wealth to generous ends applies,
 Is rich, and honour'd by the good and wise.
 He, who for endless treasure ever sighs,
 Whilst pile on pile, and bags on bags arise,
 Shall toil like yonder bees with fruitless care,
 And others shall the luscious honey share.

Martial and Lucian had only in mind the earthly advantages to be gained by liberality. The Christian view is shown in a triplet forming the epitaph of Edward, Earl of Devon, surnamed from his misfortune, the blind, from his virtues, the good, earl, who died A.D. 1419; and of Mabel his wife (Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," Chap. lxi.):

What we gave, we have ;
 What we spent, we had ;
 What we left, we lost.

Dr. Johnson made a Latin version (printed in his works) of similar lines, said to be on the monument of John of Doncaster. And the following are, or were, on a tombstone in S. Stephen's churchyard, Ipswich, to the memory of Stephen Manister, clerk to Mr. Bion Thompson, who died in 1751, and desired the distich to be inscribed on the stone ("Gentleman's Magazine," LXXXIII. Part II. 22):

What I gave, I have ; what I spent, I had ;
 What I left, I lost, for want of giving.

TO POSTUMUS: ON HIS FAVOURS (Book V. 52).

Translated by Hay.

Your favours to me I remember well,
 But I do not mention them, because you tell.
 Whenever I begin I'm answer'd strait,
 "I heard from his own mouth what you relate."
 Two ill become the business but of one ;
 Be you but silent, I will speak alone.
 Great are your gifts, but when proclaim'd around,
 The obligation dies upon the sound.

This is the original of Prior's epigram :

To John I ow'd great obligation ;
 But John unhappily thought fit
 To publish it to all the nation :
 Sure John and I are more than quit.

It may perhaps also have suggested the good advice of Opitz, translated from the German in Hone's "Table Book" (Ed. 1831, II. 479) :

If one have serv'd thee, tell the deed to many :
 Hast thou serv'd many—tell it not to any.

AN INSECT BURIED IN AMBER (Book VI. 15).

Translated in "Collection of Epigrams," 1735.

A drop of amber, from a poplar plant,
 Fell unexpected, and embalm'd an ant :
 The little insect we so much contemn,
 Is, from a worthless ant, become a gem.

Martial has two more epigrams of a similar character (Book IV. 31 and 59).

Pope seems to have had this epigram in mind when, in his "Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot," he compared minor critics on great writers to insects in amber :

Ev'n such small critics some regard may claim,
 Preserv'd in Milton's or in Shakespeare's name.
 Pretty ! in amber to observe the forms
 Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms !
 The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,
 But wonder how the devil they got there.

As cognate to Martial's epigram, some lines by James Montgomery may be quoted: "The Gnat; written with a pencil round an insect of that kind, which had been accidentally crushed, and remained fixed on a blank page of a lady's album" :

Lie here embalm'd, from age to age ;
 This is the album's noblest page,
 Though every glowing leaf be fraught
 With painting, poetry, and thought ;
 Where tracks of mortal hands are seen,
 A hand invisible hath been,
 And left this autograph behind,
 This image from th' eternal Mind ;
 A work of skill, surpassing sense,
 A labour of Omnipotence ;
 Though frail as dust it meet thine eye,
 He form'd this gnat who built the sky.
 Stop—lest it vanish at thy breath,
 This speck had life, and suffer'd death.

TO GALLICUS (Book VIII. 76).*Translated by Hay.*

Tell me, say you, and tell me without fear
 The truth, the thing I most desire to hear.
 This is your language, when your works you quote;
 And when you plead, this is your constant note.
 'Tis most inhuman longer to deny,
 What you so often press so earnestly.
 To the great truth of all then lend an ear;
 You are uneasy when the truth you hear.

Martial knew human nature well, and some of his happiest epigrams are directed against foibles, which are common to most men, but acknowledged by none. Few can with equanimity bear to hear unwelcome truths; many prefer open flattery. He satirizes the latter class in another epigram (Book V. 63), thus translated by Elphinston (with slight alteration of the last line):

What think you, Marcus, of my muse?
 Pray speak your mind; no more refuse.
 "She strikes me dumb; I so admire;
 Beyond is nothing to desire:
 Thou'rt such a paragon of arts,
 A Regulus must yield in parts."
 This is your mind? So Cæsar crown,
 So Jove send choicest blessings down
 Upon your head. "Nay, not on mine,
 Such crown and blessings shall be thine."

There is an anonymous epigram in "The Flowers of Wit, Humour, &c.," 1829, 146, which may be compared with Martial's, called "The Way of the World":

Determined beforehand, we gravely pretend
 To ask the opinion and thoughts of a friend:
 Should his differ from ours on any pretence,
 We pity his want both of judgment and sense;
 But if he falls into and flatters our plan,
 Why really we think him a sensible man.

ON THE BURIAL OF A HUSBAND (Book IX. 31).*Translated by Elphinston (slightly altered).*

Far in a savage Cappadocian dell,
 O land for this accurs'd! Antistius fell:

His bones Nigrina to her bosom prest,
 And all she had of comfort still carest.
 When the rich remnant home she would convey,
 Thro' the long task, she mourn'd the short'ning way,
 And, when entomb'd the sacred urn she left,
 She seem'd twice widow'd, thus of all bereft.

In "Sheridaniana," 1826, 126, is a note referring to Sheridan's loss of his first wife: "The following striking reflection, in Sheridan's handwriting, was suggested, no doubt, by his feelings on this occasion: 'The loss of the breath from a beloved object, long suffering in pain and certainty to die, is not so great a privation as the last loss of her beautiful remains. The victory of the grave is sharper than the sting of death.'"

TO AUCTUS (Book IX. 82).

Translated by Hay (slightly altered).

My works the reader and the hearer praise:
 They're not exact, a brother poet says:
 I heed him not, for when I give a feast,
 To please the cook I care not, but the guest.

This has been imitated by Sir John Harington; all but the second line, indeed, being an almost exact translation (Book I. 5):

The readers and the hearers like my books,
 But yet some writers cannot them digest.
 But what care I? For when I make a feast,
 I would my guests should praise it, not the cooks.

Congreve copies the point in his "Epilogue to Oroonoko":

Critics, he knows, for this may damn his books:
 But he makes feasts for friends, and not for cooks.

A WELL-SPENT LIFE (Book X. 23).

Translated by Hay.

Antonius is arriv'd at seventy-five,
 With all the ease and comfort life can give;
 Safe from the voyage of a length of years,
 Looks back with joy; nor death approaching fears.
 Not one of all his days can irksome find;
 Not one but he with pleasure calls to mind.

Thus a good man prolongs his mortal date;
Lives twice enjoying thus his former state.

Pope has translated this epigram, and thus finely amplifies the last two lines (see Letter from Sir W. Trumbull to Pope. *Pope's Works*, 1770, VII. 223):

Such, such a man extends his life's short space,
And from the goal again renews the race:
For he lives twice, who can at once employ
The present well, and e'en the past enjoy.

Cowley, in one of his "Discourses in Verse and Prose" ("On Myself"), expresses the same thought:

Thus would I double my life's fading space;
For he, that runs it well, runs twice his race.

Rogers, in "The Pleasures of Memory," exquisitely portrays the happiness, which is produced by the reflection of the past on the present through the medium of memory:

When Joy's bright sun has shed his evening ray,
And Hope's delusive meteors cease to play;
When clouds on clouds the smiling prospect close,
Still thro' the gloom thy star serenely glows:
Like yon fair orb, she gilds the brow of night
With the mild magic of reflected light.

Again, the same poet, in "Human Life," speaks of the old man who—

Revives at will
Scenes in his life—that breathe enchantment still.

EPITAPH OF A NOBLE MATRON (Book X. 63).

Stranger! this stone, though small, defiance bids
To mausoleums and to pyramids.
The centenary games I twice beheld,
And in those years no adverse fate bewail'd.
Five sons, as many daughters, Juno gave,
Whose pious hands prepar'd me for the grave.
Nor my least glory, though too rarely known,
One man I held most dear, and one alone.

A Greek epigram by an uncertain author is very similar, especially the close (Jacobs IV. 254, dcxlix.), which by Stephens (p. 226) is given as a separate distich, thus translated by O.:

Beneath this flowery mound she rests, whose zone
Was loosen'd by one dear lov'd youth alone.

Herrick had probably Martial's epigram in mind, when he wrote "An Epitaph upon a Sober Matron," the close of which is exactly similar to both the Latin and the Greek:

With blameless carriage, I liv'd here,
To th' almost sev'n and fortieth years.
Stout sons I had, and those twice three;
One onely daughter lent to me:
The which was made a happy bride,
But thrice three moons before she dy'd.
My modest wedlock, that was known
Contented with the bed of one.

AUSONIUS.

Flourished A.D. 370. He was born at Bordeaux, the son of a physician. The Emperor Valentinian selected him as tutor to his son Gratian, which led to his advancement to the office of Prætorian Præfect, first of Italy, and then of the Gauls. By Gratian he was made Consul. He is generally supposed to have been a Christian, but there is much in his writings which disgraces his profession of that faith.

ECHO (Ep. 11).

Translated by Lovelace (two lines added to supply omission).

Vain painter, why dost strive my face to draw
With busy hands, a goddess' eyes ne'er saw?
Daughter of air and wind, I do rejoice
In empty shouts; without a mind, a voice.
Reviving last-form'd sounds, I bid them stay,
And with unconscious converse love to play.
Within your ears shrill echo I rebound,
And if you'll paint me like, then paint a sound.

Archias has a pretty Greek epigram on "Echo," thus elegantly translated by the late Dr. Wellesley (Jacobs II. 83, xv.):

To Echo, mute or talkative
Address good words; for she can give
Retorts to those who dare her:
If you provoke me, I reply;
If you are silent, so am I—
Can any tongue speak fairer?

Milton, in "Comus," has an exquisite song to Echo, which commences:

Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen
 Within thy æery sholl,
 By slow Meander's margent green,
 And in the violet-embroider'd vale,
 Where the love-lorn nightingale
 Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well.

ON BISSULA, A GERMAN CAPTIVE (Edyll. VII. 2).

Translated by Elton.

Oh my joy, my charm, my treasure,
 My love, my pastime, and my pleasure!
 Dear pupil! sweet barbarian! thee
 Our Latian damsels envying see:
 If my young girl's name be found
 Somewhat of uncouth sound;
 That grating sound let strangers hear;
 Ah, Bissula! it charms thy master's ear.

Love, it appears, can make the harshest name agreeable; but one of soft sound is generally thought to awake the gentler feelings. As in a passage in Otway's tragedy of "Caius Marius":

Lavinia! O there's music in the name,
 That, softening me to infant tenderness,
 Makes my heart spring like the first leap of life.

Yet Shakespeare, in oft-quoted words, asks ("Romeo and Juliet," Act II. sc. 2):

What's in a name? that which we call a rose,
 By any other name would smell as sweet.

ON DIDO (Epitaphia Heroum, 30).

Translated in "Collection of Epigrams," 1735.

Poor Queen! twice doom'd disastrous love to try!
 You fly the dying; for the flying die.

There is an allusion to Dido's flight, on account of her husband's murder, in the first book of the *Æneis*, 340, which Dryden translates

Phœnician Dido rules the growing State,
 Who fled from Tyre, to shun her brother's hate.
 * * * * *

At length, in dead of night, the ghost appears
Of her unhappy lord ; * * *
Then warns the widow and her household gods
To seek a refuge in remote abodes.

And in the fourth book, 630, her death, on account of *Æneas'* departure, is described :

This said, within her anxious mind she weighs
The means of cutting short her odious days.

* * * * *
Thus will I pay my vows to Stygian Jove,
And end the cares of my disastrous love.

EPITAPH ON HIS SISTER, JULIA DRYADIA (Parentalia, 12).

Translated by Elton.

Is there a virtue which the prudent fair
Might wish, that fell not to my Julia's share ?
And hers were virtues, which the strongest kind
Might wish ; a manly nobleness of mind.
Good fame and sustenance her distaff wrought ;
And skill'd in goodness, she that goodness taught.
Truth more than life she prized : in God above
Her cares were wrapt, and in a brother's love.
A widow in her bloom, the maid austere
Might the chaste manners of her age revere.
She, who had seen six decades swiftly glide,
Died in the mansion where her father died.

Of similar character is an epitaph on a maiden by Marvell, which, though rather long, is too beautiful to be omitted ("Miscellaneous Poems by Andrew Marvell," 1681, 71) :

Enough ; and leave the rest to fame ;
'Tis to commend her, but to name.
Courtship, which living, she declined
When dead, to offer were unkind.
Where never any could speak ill,
Who would officious praises spill ?
Nor can the truest wit, or friend,
Without detracting, her commend ;
To say, she lived a virgin chaste
In this age loose and all unlac'd,
Nor was, when vice is so allow'd,
Of virtue or asham'd or proud ;

That her soul was on heaven so bent
No minute but it came and went;
That, ready her last debt to pay,
She summ'd her life up every day;
Modest as morn, as mid-day bright,
Gentle as evening, cool as night;
'Tis true; but all too weakly said;
'Twere more significant, *She's Dead.*

ARABIAN EPIGRAMMATISTS.

A.D. 719—A.D. 988.

ARABIAN EPIGRAMS.

The following translations of Arabian epigrams are taken from a volume published in 1796, entitled, "Specimens of Arabian Poetry, from the earliest times to the extinction of the Khaliphat, with some account of the authors, by J. D. Carlyle, B.D., F.R.S.E., Chancellor of Carlisle, and Professor of Arabic in the University of Cambridge." The sentiments of many of the epigrams and poems are exceedingly beautiful, and the English dress in which they are clothed is very graceful.

IBRAHIM BEN ADHAM.

A hermit of Syria, equally celebrated for his talents and piety, born about the 97th year of the Hegira, i.e., A.D. 719.

TO THE KHALIPH HAROUN ALRASHID,

Upon his undertaking a Pilgrimage to Mecca.

Religion's gems can ne'er adorn
The flimsy robe by pleasure worn;
Its feeble texture soon would tear,
And give those jewels to the air.

Thrice happy they who seek th' abode
Of peace and pleasure, in their God!
Who spurn the world, its joys despise,
And grasp at bliss beyond the skies.

The following, by an uncertain author of James I.'s reign, is taken from Ellis' "Specimens of the Early English Poets," 1803, III. 143:

Happy, oh happy he who, not affecting
The endless toils attending worldly cares,
With mind repos'd, all discontents rejecting,
In silent peace his way to heaven prepares!

Deeming his life a scene, the world a stage,
Whereon man acts his weary pilgrimage.

The danger and short-lived happiness of mere pleasure are as expressively as elegantly portrayed in Dr. Johnson's translation of some French lines written under a print of persons skating :

O'er crackling ice, o'er gulphs profound,
With nimble glide the skaters play ;
O'er treach'rous Pleasure's flow'ry ground
Thus lightly skim, and haste away.

This translation, which was not the first he made, was repeated by Johnson extempore, after reading one by Mr. Pepys, a friend of Mrs. Piozzi, who tells us in her "Anecdotes," that the Doctor was exceedingly angry when he found she had asked several of her acquaintances to translate the lines, declaring "it was a piece of treachery, and done to make everyone else look little when compared to my favourite friends the Pepyses, whose translations were unquestionably the best," as the Doctor acknowledged. The following is the one upon which he founded his extempore :

Swift o'er the level how the skaters slide,
And skim the glitt'ring surface as they go :
Thus o'er life's specious pleasures lightly glide,
But pause not, press not on the gulph below.

Though this surpassed Johnson's first translation, that it is not equal to his second all must acknowledge.

ALY BEN AHMED BEN MANSOUR.

A poet and historian, who excelled and delighted in satire. He died at Bagdad, in the year of the Hegira 302, i.e., A.D. 924.

TO THE VIZIR CASSIM OBID ALLAH, ON THE DEATH OF ONE OF HIS SONS.

Poor Cassim ! thou art doom'd to mourn
By destiny's decree ;
Whatever happen it must turn
To misery for thee.
Two sons hadst thou, the one thy pride,
The other was thy pest ;
Ah, why did cruel death decide
To snatch away the best ?
No wonder thou should'st droop with woe,
Of such a child bereft ;
But now thy tears must doubly flow,
For ah !—the other's left.

Cassim's son, Hosein, was Vizir to the Khaliph Moctader; and the other, Mohammed, to his successor, Kaher. Professor Carlyle says: "The sarcasm might apply to either without much impropriety; for Hosein was condemned to suffer punishment for his impiety, in the reign of Radhi; and Mohammed was the favourite minister of Kaher, who appears to have been the greatest monster that ever presided over the Khaliphat."

THE KHALIPH RADHI BILLAH.

The twentieth Khaliph of the house of Abbas, and the last of those princes who possessed any substantial power. He died in the 329th year of the Hegira, i.e., A.D. 951.

TO A LADY UPON SEEING HER BLUSH.

Leila! whene'er I gaze on thee
My alter'd cheek turns pale,
While upon thine, sweet maid, I see
A deep'ning blush prevail.
Leila, shall I the cause impart
Why such a change takes place?
The crimson stream deserts my heart,
To mantle on thy face.

This is one of the most elegant epigrams to be found in any language, and deserves particular attention.

SHEMS ALMAALI CABUS.

Ascended the throne of Georgia in the year of the Hegira 366, i.e., A.D. 988, reigned for thirty-five years, and was then deposed. He possessed almost every virtue and every accomplishment, and was as unfortunate as he was amiable.

ON THE CAPRICES OF FORTUNE.

Probably composed during the writer's exile in Khorassan.

Why should I blush that Fortune's frown
Dooms me life's humble paths to tread?
To live unheeded, and unknown?
To sink forgotten to the dead?

'Tis not the good, the wise, the brave,
 That surest shine, or highest rise ;
 The feather sports upon the wave,
 The pearl in ocean's cavern lies.
 Each lesser star that studs the sphere
 Sparkles with undiminish'd light ;
 Dark and eclips'd alone appear
 The lord of day, the queen of night.

In the "Festoon" is a translation from the Greek of Solon, which well expresses the indifference of Fortune to worth :

Some wicked men are rich, some good men poor ;
 Yet I'd not change my virtue for their store.
 Virtue's a sure possession, firm as fate,
 While wealth now flies to this man, now to that.

One of the best epigrams on Fortune is by Samuel Wesley, the usher of Westminster School, which he says is "From a hint in the minor poets" :

No, not for those of women born,
 Not so unlike the die is cast ;
 For, after all our vaunt and scorn,
 How very small the odds at last !
 Him rais'd to Fortune's utmost top
 With him beneath her feet compare ;
 And one has nothing more to hope,
 The other nothing more to fear.

UNKNOWN AUTHORS.

ON TAHER BEN HOSEIN,

Who was ambidexter, and one-eyed.

A pair of right hands and a single dim eye
 Must form not a man, but a monster, they cry :
 Change a hand to an eye, good Taher, if you can,
 And a monster perhaps may be changed to a man.

"Taher appears to have been the most celebrated general of his time. He commanded the forces of Mamun, second son to Haroun Alrashid, and it was chiefly owing to his abilities that Mamun arrived at the throne."—Carlyle.

"This epigram," says Professor Carlyle, "reminds us of the well-known lines upon a brother and sister, both extremely beautiful, but

who had each lost an eye; and it is curious to observe how easily the same idea is modified by a different poet into a satire or a panegyric." The epigram alluded to is that on Acon and Leonilla by Amaltheus. The one on Taher might have been given under that singularly elegant piece, but the want of harmony between the two would injure both if brought into juxta-position.

TO A FRIEND UPON HIS BIRTHDAY.

When born, in tears we saw thee drown'd,
While thine assembled friends around,
 With smiles their joy confest;
So live, that at thy parting hour,
They may the flood of sorrow pour,
 And thou in smiles be drest!

It may interest some readers to see a translation of this very beautiful epigram, which is attributed to Sir William Jones:

On parents' knees, a naked new-born child,
Weeping thou sat'st, while all around thee smiled:
So live, that sinking to thy life's last sleep,
Calm thou may'st smile, while all around thee weep.

It can hardly be supposed that the old epigrammatist, Hayman, knew anything of Arabian poetry. The similarity, therefore, of the following distich, found among his "Quodlibets," may be considered as a coincidence of ideas (Book I. Quod. 55):

When we are born, our friends rejoice; we cry:
But we rejoice, our friends mourn when we die.

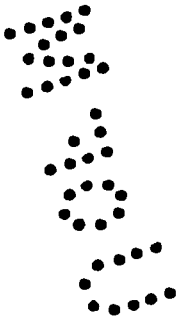
ON LIFE.

Like sheep we're doom'd to travel o'er
The fated track to all assign'd,
These follow those that went before,
And leave the world to those behind.
As the flock seeks the pasturing shade,
Man presses to the future day,
While death amidst the tufted glade,
Like the dun* robber, waits his prey.

* The wolf.

An epigram by Samuel Wesley shows how the generations of men live and pass away :

Some laugh, while others mourn ;
Some toil, while others play ;
One dies, and one is born :
So runs the world away.



MEDLÆVAL AND EARLY MODERN LATIN EPIGRAMMATISTS.

A.D. 1265—A.D. 1678.

DANTE ALIGHIERI.

Born, 1265. Died, 1321.

HIS OWN EPITAPH.

Translated by Hackett, in "Select and Remarkable Epitaphs," 1757.

Whilst Fate allow'd I sung of kings and gods,
Of Lethe's lake and Pluto's dire abodes.
But now the better part has wing'd its flight
To its great Author, and the realms of light.
Dante my name ; my birth fair Florence gave,
But exil'd thence, a foreign clime's my grave.

Poccianti says that Dante wrote these lines for his own epitaph, when at the point of death. (Hackett.)

Leonidas of Tarentum, who is believed to have died in exile, having been carried captive from Tarentum by Pyrrhus, King of Epirus, wrote an epitaph for himself, which is singularly suitable to Dante (Jacobs I. 181, C.). The translation is by Merivale :

Far from Tarentum's native soil I lie,
Far from the dear land of my infancy.
'Tis dreadful to resign this mortal breath,
But in a stranger clime 'tis worse than death !
Call it not life, to pass a fever'd age
In ceaseless wanderings o'er the world's wide stage.
But me the muse has ever lov'd and giv'n
Sweet joys to counterpoise the curse of Heav'n,
Nor lets my memory decay, but long
To distant times preserves my deathless song.

JANUS PANNONIUS,

Or Jean de Cisinge, was a poet of Hungary, born in 1434. When only twenty-six years of age he was nominated by Pope Pius II., Bishop of Cing-Eglises in Lower Hungary. He died in 1472.

ON AURISPA ("Delitiæ Delitiarum," 240).

Translated by James Wright.

Aurispa nothing writes though learn'd, for he
By a wise silence seems more learn'd to be.

From this Swift may perhaps have taken the following sarcasm :



Arthur, they say, has wit; for what?
For writing? No; for writing not.

In "The Greek and Latin Prize Poems of the University of Cambridge from 1814 to 1837," there is a Latin epigram by Dr. Kennedy, which closes with this distich :



"Quid faciam ut propria decorem mea tempora lauru?
Dic mihi, quid faciam?"—dixit Apollo,—"tace!"

TO SEVERUS ("Delitiæ Delitiarum," 242).

A learned work, Severus, where you teach
To spurn vain glory, tho' within our reach:
But if 'tis really vain, as you have said,
Why in the title is your name display'd,
With rich vermilion more conspicuous made?

So, Lord Byron, satirizing a noble earl's tragedies, which were resplendently bound in morocco and gold, says in "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers":

Yes! doff that covering where morocco shines,
And hang a calf-skin on those recreant lines.

Disraeli, in his "Curiosities of Literature," 1st Series, Art. "Fame contemned," says: "All men are fond of glory, and even the philosophers who write against that noble passion, prefix, however, their names to their own works!"

MARTIALIS MONERIUS.

A French Poet of the fifteenth century, born in Paris. Died 1508.

ON MACHON AND HIS WOODEN LEG
 ("Delitiæ Delitiarum," 24).

Translated by D.

When 'gainst Calès the Gallic forces drove,
 Machon, a soldier, raw, but smart by Jove,
 To the tall rampart's height most boldly dash'd,
 When thro' his wooden leg a bullet crash'd;
 All right, he cried, I'm not hurt a peg,
 At home I've got in store another leg.

Butler, in "Hudibras" (Part I. Canto ii. 921), describes the wooden-legged Crowdero fighting with the Knight and Ralpho:

In haste he snatch'd the wooden limb
 That hurt i' th' ankle lay by him,
 And fitting it for sudden fight,
 Straight drew it up, t' attack the knight.

* * * *

But Ralpho * * * flew
 To rescue knight from black and blue;
 Which ere he could achieve, his sconce
 The leg encounter'd twice and once;
 And now 'twas rais'd to smite again,
 When Ralpho thrust himself between;
 He took the blow upon his arm,
 To shield the knight from further harm,
 And joining wrath with force, bestow'd
 On th' wooden member such a load,
 That down it fell, and with it bore
 Crowdero, whom it propp'd before.

TO SORBICUS ("Delitiæ Delitiarum," 26).

Translated by D.

Th' incentive of duty urg'd him long,
 Sorbicus stoutly declares;
 But study's too hard he complains,—and strong
 The dread of failure, he swears.

Ah, Sorbicus! 'tis not the work so hard,
Which puts fame beyond your reach;
But the work's too hard because you discard
The aid which boldness would teach.

ANTONIUS TEBALTIVS.

Antonio Tebaldeo or Tibaldeo was an Italian poet, born at Ferrara in 1456. He wrote poetry in his own language, and also Latin Epigrammata. He died in 1538.

CUPID IN TROUBLE ("Delitiæ Delitiarum," 103).

Translated in "Notes and Queries," 1st S. VII.

Wherefore does Venus beat her boy?
He has mislaid or lost his bow:—
And who retains the missing toy?
Th' Etrurian Flavia. How so?
She ask'd: he gave it; for the child,
Not e'en suspecting any other,
By beauty's dazzling light beguil'd,
Thought he had given it to his mother.

Spenser has the same point in "Poems," III.:

I saw, in secret to my dame
How little Cupid humbly came,
And said to her: "All hayle, my mother!"
But, when he saw me laugh, for shame
His face with bashfull blood did flame,
Not knowing Venus from the other.
"Then, never blush, Cupid, quoth I,
For many have err'd in this beauty."

Prior, also, at the conclusion of "Cupid Mistaken":

Poor Cupid sobbing scarce could speak;
Indeed Mama I did not know ye;
Alas! how easy my mistake!
I took you for your likeness Cloe.

The following anonymous lines on the toasting glasses of the Kit-Cat Club, in praise of Mrs. Barton, are very similar to Tebaltius' epigram (Nichols' "Collection of Poems," V. 170, 1782):

At Barton's feet the god of Love
His arrows and his quiver lays,
Forgets he has a throne above,
And with this lovely creature stays.

Not Venus' beauties are more bright,
 But each appear so like the other,
 That Cupid has mistook the right,
 And takes the nymph to be his mother.

This lady was the wife of Colonel Barton, and niece of Sir Isaac Newton.

William Thompson, Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford, born in the early part of the 18th century, has an epigram, "Cupid Mistaken," which is little more than a paraphrase of Tebaltius', applied to a beauty of the day, though he makes no acknowledgment of it :

Venus whipt Cupid t' other day,
 For having lost his bow and quiver :
 For he had giv'n them both away
 To Stella, queen of Isis river.

"Mama ! you wrong me while you strike,"
 Cried weeping Cupid, "for I vow,
 Stella and you are so alike,
 I thought that I had lent them you."

ACTIUS SANNAZARIUS,

Born in 1458, was a Neapolitan, who, being patronized by King Frederick, for his poetry and scholarship, followed his fortunes, and retired with him into France when he was dethroned. On the king's death he returned to Naples, and passed the remainder of his life in the cultivation of poetry, dying in 1530. He is chiefly celebrated for his Latin verse, which, in purity and elegance, is considered scarcely inferior to that of the Augustan age.

ON POPE LEO X. ("Delitiæ Delitiarum," 109).

Translated in the "Quarterly Review," No. 233.

Leo lack'd the last Sacrament. "Why," need we tell ?
 He had chosen the chalice and paten to sell.

This, though very spirited, scarcely gives the full force of the satire in the original :

Sacra sub extremâ, si forte requiritis, horâ
 Our Leo non poterat sumere ; vendiderat.

The mere material adjuncts of the Sacrament could easily have been replaced ; but Leo had done far worse than selling these. By the sale of Indulgences, which he carried to an inordinate extent, that he might replenish his exchequer, exhausted by his profusion, he had made merchandise of the forgiveness of sins, and, like another Judas, had sold,

though not the Person, yet the Power, of Christ. The Latin "sacra" implies more than the externals of the Sacrament—rather the hidden mysteries—the Presence of the Christ. Pope Alexander VI. had been held up to scorn for the same impiety in a pasquinade of bitter severity, alluding to his simony, the first two lines of which are thus translated in Disraeli's "Curiosities of Literature," 1st Series, Art. "Pasquin and Marforio":

Alexander sells the Keys, the Altars and Christ;
As he bought them first, he had a right to sell them.

And Buchanan has an epigram of similar character in "Fratres Fraterrimi," on Pope Paul, thus translated by Robert Monteith:

Pope Paul and Judas they agree full well;
That, Heav'n; this, Heav'n's Lord did basely sell.

ON AUFIDIUS ("Delitiæ Delitiarum," 110).

Translated in "Collection of Epigrams," 1735.

A hum'rous fellow in a tavern late,
Being drunk and valiant, gets a broken pate;
The surgeon with his instruments and skill,
Searches his skull, deeper and deeper still,
To feel his brains, and try if they were sound;
And, as he keeps ado about the wound,
The fellow cries—Good surgeon, spare your pains,
When I began this brawl I had no brains.

This translation is not very literal, but gives admirably the humour of the original.

An epigram by Dr. Huddesford, President of Trinity College, Oxford, who died in 1776, was probably formed on the above. It is too long to give *in extenso*, but the point is contained in the following portion ("Select Epigrams," II. 70):

Empty the flask, discharg'd the score,
Ned stagger'd from the tavern door,
And falling in his drunken fits,
Crippled his nose and lost his wits;
But from the kennel soon emerging
His nose repairs by help of surgeon;
That done, the Leech peeps in his brain
To find his wits,—but peeps in vain.
" 'Tis hard," the patient cries, "to lose
Wits not a whit the worse for use;

* * * * *

Wits, which if all your wealth could buy—sir,
You would not be a jot the wiser."

* * * * *

TO LESBIA ("Delitiæ Delitiarum," 110).

Translated in "Collection of Epigrams," 1735.

Ah! Lesbia, now, or never, pity show;
Two diff'rent fates, alas! to thee I owe;
For thee in flames I'm scorch'd, in tears I drown,
At once a Nilus and an Ætna grown.
Let my tears quench my fire, O cruel dame!
Or dry my tears up with more potent flame.

Owen bewails the fate of one, whose unrequited love consumes him in tears and flames. The translation is by Harvey (slightly altered) (Book I. 74):

Cold Nilus through my burning eyes doth flow,
My scorching heart with Ætna's flames doth glow;
No floods of tears can quench so great a fire,
Nor burning love can make those floods retire;
So, though discordant fire and water be,
United, all their force they show in me.

VENICE ("Delitiæ Delitiarum," 111).

Translated by John Evelyn (son of the author of "Sylva").

Neptune saw Venice on the Adria stand,
Firm as a rock, and all the sea command.
Think'st thou, O Jove! said he, Rome's walls excel?
Or that proud cliff whence false Tarpeia fell?
Grant Tiber best, view both; and you will say
That men did those, gods these foundations lay.

It is said that Sannazarius received from the Venetian Senate a sum equal to about £300 for these few lines in praise of the "glorious city in the sea."

A MOTHER'S LAMENT OVER THE TOMB OF HER ONLY SON
("Delitiæ Delitiarum," 111).

Translated in the "Quarterly Review," No. 233.

Why did thy parents thee misname their joy?
Alas! far better had they said their grief.
The mother's darling light, her precious boy,
By fate's despite found earth a sojourn brief.
Go to! what's Niobe to me? I moan
Worse fate. She could, I cannot, turn to stone.

ON PLATINA'S "HISTORY OF THE POPES," AND HIS
TREATISE "DE HONESTÂ VOLUPTATE," WHICH IN-
CLUDED DIRECTIONS FOR THE KITCHEN.

Translated by Grennell.

Each pontiff's talents, morals, life, and end,
To scan severe, your earlier labours tend—
When late—on culinary themes you shine,
Even pamper'd pontiffs praise the kind design.

This hit at the popes is very fair; but Sannazarius mistakes the order of Platina's works, the treatise "De Honestâ" having been written much earlier than the "History of the Popes."

PETRUS BEMBUS.

Born at Venice, in 1470. He became secretary to Pope Leo X., and was celebrated for the purity of the Latin in which he carried on the Pope's correspondence. He died in 1547.

ON THE DEATH OF POLITIAN.

Translated by Shepherd.

As the grim conqueror rode in gloomy pride,
And great Lorenzo graced the captive train,
A bard in bitterness of anguish sigh'd,
Whilst wild distraction taught the faltering strain.
The tyrant hears :—the sable reins he draws
To mark the man that wept his noble prey,
And madly raging 'gainst his ruthless laws,
To heaven appeal'd against the dread decree.
He smiled, whilst memory renew'd the lays
Which Orpheus sung amid Tartarean gloom—
"And wilt Thou too the proud rebellion raise,
And struggle 'gainst irrevocable doom?"
He spoke—and sternly smote the weeping friend,
And closed the lips which glow'd with sacred fire.
Such, great Politian! was thy timeless end,—
Thus fell the master of the Ausonian lyre.

There is a curious Latin epitaph on Politian in S. Mark's Church, Florence, in which his fame is made to rest on his knowledge of three languages. Translated in Amos' "Gems of Latin Poetry," 1851, 12 :

Here lies Politian, who, strange thing indeed !
Had when alive three tongues, and but one head.

HERCULES STROZA.

A Latin poet of Ferrara, connected with the illustrious family of Strozzi, of Florence. His end was tragical. In 1508 he married a lady of a noble house, and almost immediately afterwards was murdered by a rival.

EPITAPH ON JOHN PICUS OF MIRANDOLA, IN S. MARK'S CHURCH, FLORENCE ("Delitiæ Delitiarum," 126).

Joannes jacet hic Mirandola ; cætera norunt
Et Tagus, et Ganges, forsan et Antipodes.

This celebrated epitaph can only be translated into prose :

John Mirandola lies here ; the Tagus, the Ganges, and perhaps the Antipodes know the rest.

The illustrious scholar, John Picus of Mirandola, was born in 1463, the younger son of a noble family, who held that little principality as an imperial fief. He died at the early age of thirty-one. "If we talk," says Hallam in his "Introduction to the Literature of Europe," "of the admirable Orichton, who is little better than a shadow, and lives but in panegyric, so much superior and more wonderful a person as John Picus of Mirandola should not be forgotten."

The epitaph is best known in Pope's parody. Spence gives the poet's own account of it : "You know I love short inscriptions, and that may be the reason why I like the epitaph on the Count of Mirandola so well. —Some time ago I made a parody of it for a man of very opposite character." (Spence's "Anecdotes," 1820, 165.) This was Lord Coningsby, who, in 1715, impeached Harley, Earl of Oxford, of "high treason and other crimes and misdemeanors" :

Here lies Lord Coningsby ; be civil,
The rest God knows, perhaps the devil.

Swift applied the parody to another person, Colonel Francis Chartres, a man of infamous character, who by pandering to the vices and follies of mankind, acquired an immense fortune. Pope ("Moral Essays," Epistle III. 19) says that riches are :

Given to the fool, the mad, the vain, the evil,
To Ward, to Waters, Chartres, and the devil.

110 MEDÆVAL AND EARLY MODERN LATIN EPIGRAMMATISTS.

It is probable that Pope had Stroza's distich in mind, when he composed the short epitaph intended for Dryden's monument erected by the Duke of Buckinghamshire :

This Sheffield rais'd. The sacred dust below
Was Dryden once : The rest who does not know ?

EURICIUS CORDUS,

Born in the latter part of the 15th century, at Simmershuys. in Hesse, was a physician and poet. He was a friend of Erasmus, and of many of the learned Italians. He died at Bremen in 1538.

TO PHILOMUSUS ("Delitiæ Delitiarum," 130).

Translated in the "Quarterly Review," No. 233.

If only when they're dead, you poets praise,
I own I'd rather have your blame always.

The original of this distich must be Martial's epigram "To Vacerra" (Book VIII. 69), which is thus translated by Hay :

The ancients all your veneration have :
You like no poet on this side the grave.
Yet, pray, excuse me ; if to please you, I
Can hardly think it worth my while to die.

On this the Frenchman, Rabutin, Count de Bussy, founded an epigram, which Samuel Bishop has imitated (Bishop's Works, 1796, Ep. 73):

"Praise premature is idle breath ;
No fame is just till after death !"
So Clodio is for ever crying :
"Excuse me, Clodio, then," say I ;
"I rate not *your* applause so high,
To think of earning it—by dying !"

THE DOCTOR'S APPEARANCE.

Translated in the "Gentleman's Magazine," XCIV.

Three faces wears the doctor ; when first sought
An angel's—and a god's the cure half wrought :
But when, that cure complete, he seeks his fee,
The devil looks then less terrible than he.

"This epigram is illustrated by the following conversation, which passed between Bouvart" (a celebrated Parisian physician, born 1717,

died 1787), "and a French marquis whom he had attended during a long and severe indisposition. As he entered the chamber on a certain occasion, he was thus addressed by his patient: 'Good day to you, Mr. Bouvart, I feel quite in spirits and think my fever has left me.' 'I am sure of it,' replied the doctor; 'the very first expression you used convinces me of it.' 'Pray explain yourself.' 'Nothing more easy: in the first days of your illness, when your life was in danger, I was your *dearest friend*; as you began to get better, I was your *good Bouvart*; and now I am Mr. Bouvart; depend upon it you are quite recovered.'"

("Gentleman's Magazine," XCIV. 343, quoting Wadd's "*Nugæ Chirurgicæ*.")

The epigram is ascribed to Cordus on the authority of Wadd. One of similar character is among the epigrams of John Owen (Book V. 95), who lived later, and may have taken the idea from Cordus.

PIERIUS VALERIANUS,

Whose family name was Bolzani, was born at Belluno in the Venetian territory, about 1477. He became Apostolic Notary, and was high in favour with the Popes Leo X. and Clement VII. He died in 1558.

BACCHUS.

Translated by Moore.

While heavenly fire consum'd his Theban dame;
 A Naiad caught young Bacchus from the flame,
 And dipp'd him burning in her purest lymph;
 Hence, still he loves the Naiad's crystal urn,
 And when his native fires too fiercely burn,
 Seeks the cool waters of the fountain-nymph.

It was the custom of the ancients to mix water with their wine, and this, in conjunction with the fable of his birth, caused Bacchus to be represented as fond of that element. Meleager has a Greek epigram on the subject (Jacobs I. 33, cxiii.), which has been amusingly imitated by Prior, without losing the force of the original:

Great Bacchus, born in thunder and in fire,
 By native heat asserts his dreadful sire,
 Nourish'd near shady rills and cooling streams,
 He to the nymphs avows his amorous flames:—
 To all the brethren at the Bell and Vine
 The moral says; mix water with your wine.

SIR THOMAS MORE.

Born 1480. Died 1535.

ON THE UNION OF THE YORK AND LANCASTER ROSES.

Written for the Coronation of Henry VIII. and Queen Catharine
(Ed. Basil. 1518, 191).

Translated by Thomas Pecke (slightly altered).

(The translation of this and the following epigrams by Pecke are in
"Parnassi Puerperium," 1659.)

The white rose was crimson'd in the dire cause,
The red grew pale as let blood by fierce wars :
But now the roses into one unite,
By this alone was stay'd the furious fight :
Both roses bud and flourish strongly still,
Although subjected to a single will :
One species includes both, and both agree
Copartnership in beauty, majesty.
They who were parties unto either side
Shall need no more well-wishes to divide :
And he who envies, in his fear forlorn,
Shall feel to 's cost that the rose has a thorn.

Shakespeare, in "King Richard III." (Act V. sc. 3), makes Richmond
say, after the battle of Bosworth Field :

And then, as we have ta'en the Sacrament,
We will unite the white rose with the red :—
Smile Heaven upon this fair conjunction,
That long hath frown'd upon their enmity !—
What traitor hears me, and says not,—amen ?

So, Drayton :

In one stalk did happily unite
The pure vermillion rose and purer white.

ANTICIPATION OF EVILS (Ed. Basil. 1518, 197).

Translated by Thomas Pecke.

And why so stupid as to lend an ear,
To the false alarms of amazing fear ?
If evils come not, then our fears are vain :
And if they do ; dread will increase the pain.

Milton was, no doubt, well acquainted with More's epigrams, and may have had this one in mind when he wrote in "Comus":

Peace, brother: be not over exquisite
To cast the fashion of uncertain evils:
For grant they be so; while they rest unknown,
What need a man forestal his date of grief,
And run to meet what he would most avoid?
Or, if they be but false alarms of fear,
How bitter is such self-delusion!

UPON THE UNCERTAINTY OF THE HOUR OF DEATH

(Ed. Basil. 1518, 198).

Translated by Thomas Pecke (Part of Epigram).

You would bewail next month to meet chill death:
And can you laugh? next hour may stop your breath.

Rogers said, "I sometimes wonder how a man can ever be cheerful, when he knows that he *must* die." The late Mr. Dyce has a note upon this in Rogers' "Table Talk" (ed. 1856, 30): "Mr. Rogers once made the same remark to Mr. Luttrell, who versified it as follows:

"O death thy certainty is such
And thou'rt a thing so fearful,
That, musing, I have wonder'd much
How men were ever cheerful."

ON A RIDICULOUS ASTROLOGER (Ed. Basil. 1518, 199)

Translated by Thomas Pecke.

Cumæan sybils could not more descry,
Although enlightened from Divinity,
Than our astrologer, whose profound art,
Could through the stars a thing, when past, impart.

A considerable number of Sir Thomas More's epigrams are only Latin translations from the Greek. The above, though not a translation, may probably have been suggested by an epigram of Lucillius (Jacobs III. 38, xlv.), which Cowper has freely, but well, translated:

The astrologers did all alike presage
My uncle's dying in extreme old age;
One only disagreed. But he was wise,
And spoke not till he heard the funeral cries.

ON NICOLAUS, AN IGNORANT PHYSICIAN

(Ed. Basil, 1518, 211).

Translated by C.

It is not for nothing that sometimes we see
 Great names and professions so closely agree.
 There's Nicol the Gen'ral and Nicol the Leech,
 A like reputation attaching to each :
 The one slays his hosts with his sword of devotion,
 The other his thousands with poison and potion.
 The soldier may often be charg'd on the plain—
 None live to encounter the doctor again !

Dr. Johnson appears to have thought very highly of this epigram, from his choosing the following passage from "*Peacham of Poetry*," to illustrate the word "*Physician*" in his dictionary: "His gratulatory verse to King Henry is not more witty than the epigram upon the name of Nicolaus, an ignorant physician, who had been the death of thousands." The subject is hackneyed, but the wit is undeniable. There is an ancient epigram, a little similar in character, in which a poet takes the place of the soldier. The author is Lucilius (Jacobs III. 44, lxxvi.). The following translation, by Merivale, giving modern for ancient names, is fairly close, and very amusing:

Not Deucalion's deluge, nor Phaeton's roast,
 Ever sent such a cart-load to Phlegethon's coast,
 As our laureate with odes and with elegies kills,
 And our doctor destroys with infallible pills.
 Then well these four plagues with each other may vie,
 Deucalion and Phaeton, B——m and P——.

The poet is Pye, who preceded Southey as laureate. The doctor is said to be Brodum, a quack of the day.

The following story on the subject of medical treatment derives interest from its connection with Pope. Duncombe, in a letter to Archbishop Herring, informs him, that in the poet's last illness a violent altercation arose in the sick chamber between the two physicians, Burton and Thomson, each ascribing Pope's hopeless condition to the mismanagement of the other; that Pope remarked, all he could learn from their discourse was, that he was *in extremis*, and desired that the following couplet might be added to the "*Dunciad*":

Dunces, rejoice; forgive all censures past;
 The greatest dunce has kill'd your foe at last.

The story is a very good one, but very improbable. Indeed, Duncombe adds, what is doubtless the truth, that the lines were written by Dr. Burton himself; and gives the following epigram in answer to them, written by a friend of Dr. Thomson (Archbishop Herring's Letters to William Duncombe, 1777, 67-69):

As both physic and verse to Phoebus belong,
 So the College oft dabble in potion and song ;
 Hence, Burton, resolv'd his emetics shall hit,
 When his recipe fails, gives a puke with his wit.

Burton's distich and the answer prove that doctors do not spare one another. The following not only shows this, but also the universality of the wit which has been displayed at the expense of the profession. It is an epigram upon Abou Alchair Selamu, an Egyptian physician, by George, a physician of Antioch, translated from the Arabic, by Professor Carlyle ("Specimens of Arabian Poetry," 1796, 147):

Whoever has recourse to thee
 Can hope for health no more,
 He's launch'd into perdition's sea,
 A sea without a shore.

Where'er admission thou canst gain,
 Where'er thy physz can pierce,
 At once the doctor they retain,
 The mourners and the hearse.

*EPITAPH FOR THE TOMB OF HIMSELF AND HIS TWO
 WIVES IN CHELSEA CHURCH (Ed. Basil. 1518, 270).*

Translated by Archdeacon Wrangham.

Within this tomb, Jane, wife of More, reclines :
 This, More for Alice and himself designs.
 The first, dear object of my youthful vow,
 Gave me three daughters and a son to know ;
 The next,—ah ! virtue in a step-dame rare !
 Nursed my sweet infants with a mother's care.
 With both my years so happily have past,
 Which most I love, I know not—first, or last.
 O ! had religion, destiny allow'd,
 How smoothly, mix'd, had our three fortunes flow'd !
 But be we in the tomb, in heaven allied :
 So kinder death shall grant what life denied.

The last two lines, on the union of the *three* in the tomb and in heaven, recall a Latin epitaph, found about the year 1729 in the church of S. Botolph, Aldersgate. The inscription itself is remarkable, and is rendered more so by a translation by Pope, which appears to be unpublished in any edition of his works. It is given in the No. for February 9, 1730, of "The Pennsylvania Gazette," edited by the celebrated Dr. Franklin, who, quoting from the "Post Boy" an account of the discovery of the epitaph, and that the extreme conciseness of the

116 MEDÆVAL AND EARLY MODERN LATIN EPIGRAMMATISTS.

Latin, where so much is expressed in few words, baffled all attempts at translation, adds that hearing of this, "Mr. Pope immediately undertook the task, and has literally rendered it as follows." The terseness of the Latin accounts for the difficulty that even Pope must have felt in compressing the English, for there is an absence of any attempt at that ease and harmony, for which Pope was so distinguished:

Close to her husband, Frances join'd once more
Lies here; One Dust which was One Flesh before.
Here as enjoin'd, her sister Anne's Remains
Were laid; One Dust Three Bodies thus contains.
Th' Almighty Source of Things, th' immense Three-One
Will raise Three Bodies from this Dust alone.

Some readers may desire to see the Latin:

Hic conjuncta suo recubat Francisca marito;
Et cinis est Unus, quæ fuit Una Caro.
Huc cineres conferre suos soror Anna jubebat;
Corpora sic Uno Pulvere Trina jacent.
Sic Opifex rerum Omnipotens, qui Trinus et Unus,
Pulvere ab hoc Uno Corpora Trina dabit.

Two fairly good translations are given in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for 1754, XXIV. 183. In Nichols' "Collection of Poems," V. 5*, 1782, the Latin is conjecturally ascribed to Bishop Atterbury because found among his papers. But it is clearly of an earlier date. The bishop had probably transcribed it as a curiosity. In the "Gentleman's Magazine" and in Nichols' "Collection," the church in which the epitaph was found is said to be S. Botolph, *Bishopsgate*.

PAGEANTS.

"Master Thomas More in his youth devised in his father's house in London a goodly hanging of fine painted cloth, with nine pageants and verses over of every of those pageants: which verses expressed and declared, what the images in those pageants represented: and also in those pageants were painted the things that the verses over them did (in effect) declare; which verses here follow." ("The works of Sir Thomas More, wrytten by him in the Englysh tonge." London. 1557.)

These epigrammatic verses are very interesting, being probably the earliest poetical productions of Sir Thomas More. The following are, perhaps, the most curious. They are placed here, although not belonging to the Latin Section, in order not to separate them from More's other pieces.

FIRST PAGEANT.—CHILDHOOD.

I am called Childhood, in play is all my mind,
To cast a coit, a cockstele and a ball;
A top can I set, and drive it in his kind.
But would to God these hateful books all
Here in a fire burnt to powder small.

Then might I lead my life always in play;
Which life God send me to mine ending day.

FOURTH PAGEANT.—AGE.

Old age am I, with locks thin and hoar,
Of our short life, the last and best part.
Wise and discreet; the public weal therefore
I help to rule to my labour and smart:
Therefore Cupid withdraw thy fiery dart,
Chargeable matters shall of love oppress
Thy childish game and idle business.

SIXTH PAGEANT.—FAME.

Fame I am called, marvel you nothing
Though with tongues am compassed all round,
For in voice of people is my chief living,
O cruel death thy power I confound.
When thou a noble man hast brought to ground
Maugre thy teeth to live cause him shall I,
Of people in perpetual memory.

JULIUS CÆSAR SCALIGER,

A learned critic, was born in 1484, in the territory of Verona. He studied physic, and afterwards applied himself to general literature, in which he employed himself until his death in 1558.

ON TWO DRUNKARDS ("Delitiæ Delitiarum," 119).

Translated by Sir E. Sherburne.

The sot Loserus is drunk twice a day;
Bibinus only once; now of these say,
Which may a man the greatest drunkard call?
Bibinus still, for he's drunk once for all.

This is similar to the story of the gentleman who gave his Irish servant warning, because he was always drunk twice a day. "No, please your honour," expostulated Paddy, "I take a drop in the morning, and it's the same drunk in the evening." This must have been such a drunkard as those who composed the "Club of Sots," on which Butler has the following epigram:

The jolly members of a toping club,
Like pipe-staves, are but hoop'd into a tub,
And in a close confederacy link,
For nothing else but only to hold drink.

Or, as the cook of Lord Galloway, who is immortalised in "Elegant Extracts":

Says my lord to his cook, "You son of a punk,
How comes it I see you thus ev'ry day drunk?
Physicians, they say, once a month do allow
A man, for his health, to get drunk—as a sow."
"That is right," quoth the cook, "but the day they don't say;
So, for fear I should miss it, I'm drunk ev'ry day."

ON FRASCATOR.

Translated by Roscoe.

Thine infant lips, Frascator, nature seal'd,
But the mute organ favouring Phœbus heal'd:
He broke the charm; and hence to thee belong
The art of healing, and the power of song.

Frascator, or Fracastorius, was an Italian physician, distinguished for his Latin poetry. He obtained his reputation by a poem upon a medical subject, published in 1530. The epigram refers to the curious fact, that when Frascator was born his lips adhered so closely to each other, that it was necessary for a surgeon to divide them by an operation.

HIERONYMUS ANGERIANUS.

A Neapolitan poet of the early part of the 16th century, of whose history there are no particulars. His Latin poems were first printed at Naples, in 1520.

CÆLIA'S THEFT ("Delitiæ Delitiarum," 60).

Translated by D.

Cælia stole Love's quiver while he slept,
Love waking, for his quiver sorely wept:
'Twas beauteous Cælia stole it; weep no more,
For Cælia the quiver shall restore,
Fair Venus says: Cælia needs no darts,
Her voice, hand, step, breast, brow and eyes, fire hearts.

This epigram has been prettily paraphrased in seven stanzas by Walter Harte.

Lord Lansdowne, in an epigram entitled "Cupid Disarmed, to the Princess D'Auvergne," after describing the seizure of Cupid's dart by the princess, thus ends:

Princess, restore the boy his useless darts,
With surer charms you captivate our hearts;
Love's captives oft their liberty regain,
Death only can release us from your chain.

In Dr. Croly's "Gems from the Antique," "Cupid Breaking the Thunderbolt," the following stanza occurs:

O Love! 'tis all the same;
For thy subduing flame,
Alike by sunny tress and sigh is fann'd;
And hearts, in all their pride,
Have in sweet passion died,
Ev'n at the first touch of her snowy hand.

THE LOVER'S WREATH.

Translated by Moore.

By Cælia's arbour all the night
Hang, humid wreath, the lover's vow;
And haply at the morning light,
My love shall twine thee round her brow.
Then, if upon her bosom bright
Some drops of dew shall fall from thee,
Tell her, they are not drops of night,
But tears of sorrow shed by me.

Asclepiades has a Greek epigram, which may be the original of this. Bland thus translates (Jacobs I. 144, iv.):

Curl, ye sweet flowers! ye zephyrs softly breathe;
Nor shake from Helen's door my votive wreath!
Bedew'd with grief, your blooming honours keep,
(For those who love are ever known to weep),
And, when beneath my lovely maid appears,
Rain from your purple cups a lover's tears.

This alludes to a custom among the Greeks, of despairing lovers hanging votive wreaths at the doors of the ladies of their affections, to intimate their passion and their grief.

MARCUS ANTONIUS CASANOVAS.

A Latin poet of the commencement of the 16th century, a native of Rome. In 1527, when that city was taken by the Imperialists, he was reduced to beggary, and died in the same year either of famine or the plague.

ON VIRGINIA ("Delitiæ Delitiarum," 69).

Translated by D.

Her honour and her freedom sav'd,
 Virginia nobly fell ;
 Both to preserve, e'en death she brav'd,
 Nought else could tyrants quell :
 Most lovely of the maids of earth,
 Yet lovelier still in death ;
 I owe my sire, she cried, for birth
 Less than for this closing breath.

The reader will remember the fine lay of "Virginia," in Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome." The following lines are part of the father's address to his child, speaking of Appius Claudius :

"With all his wit he little deems, that, spurned, betrayed, bereft,
 Thy father hath in his despair one fearful refuge left.
 He little deems that in this hand I clutch what still can save
 Thy gentle youth from taunts and blows, the portion of the slave ;
 Yea, and from nameless evil, that passeth taunt and blow—
 Foul outrage which thou knowest not, which thou shalt never know.
 Then clasp me round the neck once more, and give me one more kiss ;
 And now, mine own dear little girl, there is no way but this."
 With that he lifted high the steel, and smote her in the side,
 And in her blood she sank to earth, and with one sob she died.

MELLIN DE SAINT GELAIS.

Abbot of Recluz, and royal almoner and librarian at the French court. Born in 1491. Died in 1559. He was celebrated for his Latin poetry.

ON HIS HARP.

Composed shortly before his death.

Translated by Cary, in the "Early French Poets."

Harp, that didst soothe my cares, when opening life
 With love and fortune waged alternate strife,

Fulfil thy task : allay the fervid rage
Of fever preying on my feeble age ;
So, when I reach the skies, a place shall be,
Near the celestial lyre, allotted thee.

The Greek epigrammatist Macedonius took a different view of the instrument most suitable to old age. The following translation is by Bland (Jacobs IV. 87, xxiv.) :

There hang, my lyre ! This aged hand no more
Shall wake the strings to rapture known before.
Farewell, ye chords ! Ye verse-inspiring powers,
Accept the solace of my former hours !
Be gone ye youths, ye instruments of song !
For crutches only to the old belong.

HIPPOLYTUS CAPILUPUS.

A Mantuan, one of four celebrated brothers who flourished in the 16th century, of whom three were poets.

ON LYCUS ("Delitiæ Delitiarum," 67).

By hostile spears borne down brave Lycus falls,
And, death approaching, on his mother calls :
'Tis sweet for fatherland to die : but see,
Another love detains, my love for thee !
She, calm in virtue, her deep grief repress'd,
And thus, in golden words, the youth address'd,
Go to thy destin'd seats, by glory won,
All joyous go ; I bore thee, O my son,
But for thy country and for heaven alone.

This is Greek in construction and feeling, and recalls the many epigrams in the Anthology on the patriotism of Spartan mothers. One by Dioscorides, the close of which is very similar, will be found under "The Spartan Mother" of Palladas.

With the grief expressed by the dying soldier at leaving his mother, we may compare an epitaph by William Whitehead, which closes with the same thought :

Here lies a youth (ah, wherefore breathless lies !)
Learn'd without pride, and diffidently wise.
Mild to all faults, which from weak nature flow'd ;
Fond of all virtues, wheresoe'er bestow'd.
Who never gave nor slightly took offence,
The best good-nature, and the best good sense.
Who living hop'd, and dying felt no fears,
His only sting of death, a parent's tears.

ANDREAS ALCIATUS.

Andrew Alciati, the son of a rich merchant of Milan, was born in that city in 1492. He studied law, and became so celebrated that rival princes strove to secure his services as professor in their universities. Avignon, Bourges, Pavia, Bologna, and Ferrara were successively rendered famous as seats of law by his teaching. He died at Pavia in 1550.

ON A STUDENT IN LOVE ("Delitiæ Delitiarum," 57).

Translated by C.

A Sage to whom all learned lore was dear,
Orator, Lawyer, Couns'llor, Pamphleteer,
Lov'd the fair Helia ; Thracia's king betray'd
Less am'rous phrensy for th' Athenian maid.
What! Venus vanquish Wisdom as of yore?
Enough t' have triumph'd once on Ida's shore.

An epigram "On a Student's Marriage," which may be compared with the above, is ascribed by Warton to Sir Thomas More. He states that he believes it to be the first pointed epigram in our language :

A student at his book so plast
That wealth he might have won,
From book to wife did flit in haste,
From wealth to woe to run.
Now, who hath played a feater cast,
Since juggling first begun?
In *knitting* of himself so fast,
Himself he hath *undone*.

ON A BIRD BUILDING HER NEST AT COLCHIS,
(*"Delitiæ Delitiarum," 57*).

Translated by D.

Unhappy bird! A Colchian guest,
In that dread land dost build thy nest?
Know'st not a native sorc'ress fell,
Vengeful Medea, legends tell,
Her offspring slew? That thine she'll spare,
'Think'st thou, a happier fate to share?

Turberville has a translation of this epigram. Drummond has one on the same subject, and of similar character, "To a Swallow building near the Statue of Medea":

Fond Progne, chattering wretch,
 That is Medea! there
 Wilt thou thy younglings hatch?
 Will she keep thine, her own who could not spare?
 Learn from her frantic face
 To seek some fitter place.
 What other may'st thou hope for, what desire,
 Save Stygian spells, wounds, poison, iron, fire?

One of the most celebrated specimens of ancient art was a picture by Timomachus, representing the murder of her children by Medea, and the hesitation exhibited by the mother in her barbarous act. On this painting there are several Greek epigrams. The following, by Antiphilus, is thus translated in "Selection of Greek Epigrams for the Use of Winchester School, 1791" (Jacobs II. 159, xx.):

See fam'd Timomachus sublimely trace
 The varying sorrows of Medea's face!
 Contending passions all his art engage,
 A mother's love, an injur'd woman's rage:
 True to his pencil, see each eye appears
 A doubtful struggle betwixt rage and tears:
 Such powers the artist's labours could acquire,
 She melts with pity now, now burns with ire.
 Thus far extends the painter's modest art:
 The rest demands Medea's vengeful heart.

MARCUS ANTONIUS FLAMINIUS,

A Latin poet, whose family name was Zarrabini, was born at Serevalle in 1498. He was patronized by Pope Leo X., by Cardinal Pole, and other dignitaries of the Church; but was suspected, notwithstanding, of leaning towards the opinions of the Reformers. He died at Rome in 1550.

ON THE MARTYRDOM OF SAVONAROLA.

Translated by Greswell in "Memoirs of Angelus Politianus, &c." 1801.

When frenzied zealots light the penal fires,
 And Jerome writhes in tortures, and expires,
 Religion weeps;—barbarians cease! she cries,
 Religion suffers,—'tis herself that dies.

GEORGIUS BUCHANANUS.

A Scotchman, born in 1506. As an historian his style is pure, but his partiality distorts facts. As a Latin poet he shows much elegance, but his scurrility and servility mar the beauty of his verse. He was driven out of Scotland by the monks, who were incensed against him on account of his lampoons upon them. On his return in 1561, he openly renounced the religion of Rome, having been for many years a Lutheran at heart; but he attended the court of Queen Mary, from whom he received a handsome pension, for which he showed his gratitude by the most cruel invectives against her, when she fell into misfortune. From Queen Elizabeth he also received a pension, and in return flattered her in a manner equally gross. He died in 1582.

CORINNA (Book I. 4).

Translated in the "Festoon."

I know not whether in Narcissus' glass,
Matchless Corinna, you e'er saw your face :
But this I know, with beauties all her own,
Matchless Corinna is enamour'd grown.
The youth some reason for his phrensy had ;
What made him so, made many others mad :
Your cause is less, therefore your madness more,
Without a rival you yourself adore.

The original is addressed "In Posthumum." The satire may have been suggested by an equally severe epigram by the Greek Lucillius, thus translated by Philip Smyth (Jacobs III. 35, xxxiii.):

How falsely does Dorinda's glass
Reflect her face whene'er she views it !
If it told truth, I think the lass
Would seldom have a wish to use it.

Buchanan's close may be taken from Horace (*Ars Poetica*, 444):

Yourselves without a rival you may love.

The character of Signior Sylli, a foolish self-lover, in Massinger's play of "The Maid of Honour," is a good representation of a male Corinna. In Act I. sc. 2, we have:

Sylli. Yes, and they live too; marry, much condoling
The scorn of their Narcissus, as they call me
Because I love myself—

Camilla. Without a rival.

TO ZOILUS (Book I. 12).

Translated by Relph.

With industry I spread your praise,
With equal, you my censure blaze ;
But, Zoilus, all in vain we do—
The world nor credits me nor you.

There is something in this which recalls Swift's epigram, "On on Delacourt's complimenting Carthy, a schoolmaster, on his Poetry":

Carthy, you say, writes well—his genius true ;
You pawn your word for him—he'll vouch for you.
So two poor knaves, who find their credit fail,
To cheat the world, become each other's bail.

James Delacourt was an Irish poet. His chief work, "The Prospect of Poetry," gained him much applause, but Swift could seldom see talent in those who were not amongst the number of his friends.

ON LEONORA (Book I. 22).

Translated in "Notes and Queries," 1st S. II.

There's a lie on thy cheek in its roses,
A lie echoed back by thy glass.
Thy necklace on greenhorns imposes,
And the ring on thy finger is brass.
Yet thy tongue, I affirm, without giving an inch back,
Outdoes the sham jewels, rouge, mirror, and pinchbeck.

Solon warns against trust in a lying face and honied words. The epigram is translated from the Greek by Mr. Goldwin Smith, in the late Dr. Wellesley's "Anthologia Polyglotta":

Beware smooth words and smiling face !
A dagger lurks within.
The double tongue speaks fair, the heart
Is foul with darkling sin.

TO NEÆRA (Book I. 26).

Translated in "The Honeysuckle," 1734.

As virgin lilies pluck'd from off their stems
Wither and die beneath Sol's radiant beams ;
So when thy eyes, my love ! first warm'd my heart,
I felt a wasting fire seize ev'ry part ;

But when you join'd your rosy lips to mine,
 Warm'd by the gentle touch—O balm divine—
 My strength return'd, e'en as descending showers
 Call from the parch'd earth the beauteous flowers.
 Since your eyes kill, and since your kisses cure,
 My life and death you equally insure.
 Destroy me, kill me ; be it as you will,
 If, as I die, I may your kisses feel :
 From such a fate I'd never ask to fly,
 Thus oft to live, as often I would die.

Milton alludes to Buchanan and the Neëra of this epigram in *Lycidas*, 64 :

Alas ! what boots it with incessant care
 To tend the homely, slighted shepherd's trade,
 And strictly meditate the thankless muse ?
 Were it not better done, as others use,
 To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
 Or with the tangles of Neëra's hair ?

The oblique censure conveyed in these lines was deserved by Buchanan, who, unlike Milton, prolonged to graver years his amorous effusions to poetical mistresses. It might at first sight appear that Amaryllis and Neëra, being common poetical names, were chosen by Milton without any reference to Buchanan, and notwithstanding a long and tender poem to Amaryllis by the latter, called "*Desiderium Lutiæ*" (*Silvæ*, III.), had she alone been mentioned by Milton, this might have been the case, but "the tangles of Neëra's hair" is an expression which fixes the allusion to Buchanan, for that poet, in his last *Elegy*, and also in his *Epigrams* (Book I. 45), romances in an extravagant manner on the *tangles* of Neëra's golden hair, in which he is fast bound. (See an admirable note in Warton's edition of "*Milton's Minor Poems*," ed. 1791, 474).

Similar in sentiment to the latter part of Buchanan's epigram is the close of Tennyson's poem "*Eleanore*," whose lover, hearing "from her rose-red lips his name," exclaims :

I die with my delight, before
 I hear what I would hear from thee ;
 Yet tell my name again to me,
 I *would* be dying evermore,
 So dying ever Eleänore.

A CRUEL FAIR-ONE (Book I. 31).

When with her, Neëra is always disdain-
 As often, when absent, she is always complain-
 ing :

Not for love of myself, to give bliss by consenting;
But in both she is mov'd by her love of tormenting.

Swift's picture of "Daphne" shows a lady of much the same temperament:

Daphne knows with equal ease,
How to vex and how to please;
But the folly of her sex
Makes her sole delight to vex.

And Ambrose Philips sings of the lady whom "the love-sick Strephon flies," whilst:

The fair coquet,
With feign'd regret,
Invites him back to town;
But, when in tears
The youth appears,
She meets him with a frown.

EPITAPH ON ROGER ASCHAM (Book II. 27).

Translated in Amos' "Gems of Latin Poetry."

His country's muses join with those of Greece
And mighty Rome, to mourn the fate of Ascham;
Dear to his prince, and valued by his friends,
Content with humble views through life he pass'd,
While envy's self ne'er dared to blast his fame.

This illustrious scholar was highly honoured by Queen Elizabeth, to whom he was Latin secretary, and tutor in the learned languages. With every opportunity of enriching himself, he was poor, and was contented with the respect which his talents and integrity insured him throughout his life.

HIERONYMUS AMALTHEUS.

Born at Oderzo, a city of the Venetian territory, in 1507. He was a physician of some eminence, but was chiefly celebrated for his Latin poetry, especially of the light and epigrammatic kind; and holds now a distinguished place among the writers of his age. He died in 1574. The poetic vein seems to have been common to his family, for his brothers, Johannes and Cornelius, were scarcely inferior to himself in the composition of elegant Latin verse.

TO MARIANUS ("Delitiæ Delitiarum," 58).

Translated in the "Quarterly Review," No. 233.

If Nape bares her snowy breast or arm
Of milky hue, or smiles with witching charm,
Look thou not on them : Love, an archer keen,
These snares, this chain doth for thy capture mean.

On "Love, an archer keen," see an epigram by Meleager, "Cupid Proclaimed."

The power of a smile is shown by Tennyson in "Madeline":

All my bounding heart entanglest
In a golden-netted smile.

Peter Pindar (Dr. Wolcot) closes an Anacreontic in "Pindariana" with the line:

I feel in every smile a chain.

ON TWO BEAUTIFUL MONOCULI ("Delitiæ Delitiarum," 59).

Translated in "Select Epigrams."

But one bright eye young Acon's face adorns,
For one bright eye sweet Leonilla mourns.
Kind youth! to her thy single orb resign,
And make her perfect, and thyself divine:
For then (if Heaven the happy change allow)
She shall fair Venus be, blind Cupid thou.

This celebrated and singularly beautiful epigram was made, Warton says, "on Louis de Maguiron, the most beautiful man of his time, and the great favourite of Henry III. of France, who lost an eye at the siege of Issoire; and on the Princess of Eboli, a great beauty, but who was deprived of the sight of one of her eyes, and who was at the same time mistress of Philip II., King of Spain." (Warton's "Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope.")

Passerat, who was younger than, but contemporary with, Amaltheus, has an epigram on the same subject, which, with the exception of being longer, is closely similar. Hallam, in the first edition of his "Introduction to the Literature of Europe," gave Passerat "credit for the invention;" but in the second edition he states his belief that the one by Amaltheus was first published. (Ed. 1843, II. 145, note.)

Sir Edward Sherburne has an epigram "On a Maid in Love with a Youth Blind of One Eye," which is extremely elegant; and, though the subject be different, may be compared with that by Amaltheus:

Though a sable cloud benight
One of thy fair twins of light,

Yet the other brighter seems
 As 't had robb'd his brother's beams,
 Or both lights to one were run,
 Of two stars to make one sun:
 Cunning archer! who knows yet
 But thou wink'st my heart to hit;
 Close the other too, and all
 Thee the god of love will call.

HIELLA ("Delitiæ Delitiarum," 59).

On me, my love Hiella casts her eyes,
 And then so oft my love Hiella sighs:
 Hence the flames, brighten'd by her breath, which dart
 From those deep orbs, to ashes burn my heart.

Butler has an epigram on the flames of fire in a lady's eyes:

Do not mine affection slight,
 'Cause my locks with age are white:
 Your breasts have snow without, and snow within,
 While flames of fire in your bright eyes are seen.

AN HOUR-GLASS AS THE LOVER'S TOMB
 ("Delitiæ Delitiarum," 59).

Translated by Relph.

These little atoms that in silence pour,
 And measure out, with even pace, the hour,
 Were once, Alcippus;—struck by Galla's eyes,
 Wretched he burn'd, and here in ashes lies;
 Which, ever streaming, this sad truth attest,
 That Lovers count the time, and know no rest.

That this epigram was early held in estimation, is evident by Ben Jonson (who was born in the same year in which Amaltheus died) placing a translation of it among his own epigrams, though so bald is the rendering that it does no justice to the original. Herrick has an epigram "On the Hour-glass," the idea of which is evidently taken from Amaltheus, whilst the point is quite different:

That houre-glasse, which there ye see
 With water fill'd, sirs, credit me,
 The humour was, as I have read,
 But Lovers' tears inchrystalled,
 Which, as they drop by drop doe passe
 From th' upper to the under-glasse,

Do in a trickling manner tell,
 (By many a wat'rie syllable)
 That Lovers' tears, in life-time shed,
 Do restless run when they are dead.

GEORGIUS SABINUS,

A Latin poet, highly praised by Hallam, was born in the Electorate of Brandenburg in 1508. He married a daughter of Melancthon, but was not on good terms with his father-in-law. By the princes of Germany he was greatly esteemed, and was employed on several embassies by the Elector of Brandenburg. He died in 1560.

THE PRIEST AND THE THIEF ("Delitiæ Delitiarum," 134).

Translated in the "Saturday Review," No. 546.

A priest one day accompanied a thief
 To where the gallows makes rogues' penance brief.
 "Grieve not, but only have thou faith," said he,
 "That soon with angels thou heaven's guest shalt be."
 Groaning, he answer'd, "If thy text is true,
 Pray let me send a substitute in you!"
 "Nay," cried the priest, "I needs must say thee nay!
 This is to me no feast—but—fasting day."

Owen imitated this epigram, but spoilt it by putting the excuse of the fast-day in the mouth of the thief instead of the priest. The following translation is by Harvey, slightly altered (Book I. 123):

To the thief Bardella, condemn'd to die,
 A monk gave comfort, "Thou shalt sup on high:"
 Bardella replied, "I fast to-day,
 Please you to sup there in my place—you may."

Sabinus' epigram is clearly the original, as Dr. Johnson long ago pointed out, of Prior's ballad, "The Thief and the Cordelier," which is, in fact, little more than a paraphrase of the Latin. To show the similarity, two stanzas towards the conclusion are given:

Alas! quoth the squire, howe'er sumptuous the treat,
 Parbleu! I shall have little stomach to eat;
 I should therefore esteem it great favour and grace,
 Would you be so kind as to go in my place.

That I would, quoth the father, and thank you to boot,
 But our actions, you know, with our duty must suit.
 The feast I propos'd to you I cannot taste,
 For this night, by our order, is mark'd for a fast.

JOHANNES SECUNDUS,

Whose family name was Everard, was born at the Hague in 1511. He studied law, and becoming secretary to the Archbishop of Toledo, distinguished himself so much by the classical elegance of his composition, that he was appointed private Latin secretary to the Emperor Charles V., but before he could enter upon the office he died, at the early age of twenty-five. The "*Basia*," his chief work, is for the most part unfit for perusal.

ON CHARINUS, THE HUSBAND OF AN UGLY WIFE
 ("Delitiæ Delitiarum," 172).

Translated by Whaley (very slightly altered).

Your wife's possess of such a face and mind,
 So charming that, and this so soft and kind,
 So smooth her forehead, and her voice so sweet,
 Her words so tender and her dress so neat;
 That would kind Jove, whence man all good derives,
 In wondrous bounty send me three such wives,
 Dear happy husband, take it on my word,
 To Pluto I'd give two, to take the third.

ON THE STATUE OF A HEIFER.

Translated by Whaley.

Good friend, this message to my owner bear,
 That Myron stole me, and has fix'd me here.

This is one of the many epigrams on the celebrated brazen statue of a cow by Myron. The following is translated from the Greek of Anacreon by Fawkes ("*Anacreontis Teii Carmina*," &c., Willielmus Baxter, 1695). Jacobs does not place this among the epigrams of Anacreon, but ascribes the same, with slight variations, to Philippus (II. 206, xl.):

Feed, gentle swain, thy cattle far away,
 Lest they too near the cow of Myron stray,
 And thou, if chance fallacious judgment err'd,
 Drive home the breathing statue with the herd.

Ausonius has an epigram on the statue, which closes with a point exactly similar to Anacreon's. Gibbon says, that Myron's cow is celebrated by the *false wit* of thirty-six Greek epigrams ("*Decline and Fall*," chap. xxxix.).

132 MEDIEVAL AND EARLY MODERN LATIN EPIGRAMMATISTS.

Paschasius has a Latin distich on the same subject ("Delitiæ Delitiarum," 32), translated by James Wright:

Herdsmen and herd, nay Myron I deceive;
And Jove, turn'd bull, for me would heaven leave.

Among the "Fables and Epigrams from the German of Lessing," London, 1825, is an admirable epigram "On the Horse of Frederick William, on the Bridge at Berlin":

On me you gaze surpris'd, as though
You doubted if I breathe or no;
Expectant half to see me stir—
Enough—I only wait the spur!

JOHANNES GIRARDUS.

Born at Dijon about 1518; educated at the University of Dôle; and for some years Mayor of Auxonne. He died in 1586.

THE PRUDENT CHOICE ("Delitiæ Delitiarum," 42).

Translated by James Wright.

A wife you took deform'd, yet rich 'tis said:
By th' fingers, Cantulus, not eyes you wed.

This epigram has little merit. It is given because it may perhaps be the original of the well-known and often quoted lines:

When Lovelace married Lady Jenny,
Whose beauty was the ready penny;
"I chose her," said he, "like old plate,
Not for the fashion, but the weight!"

The epigrammatists of all ages have written on the subject of marrying for money. Diodorus, a native of Sinope, who flourished B.C. 354, tells us his own wise rule. Cumberland translates the lines ("Observer," No. 103):

This is my rule, and to this rule I'll hold,
To choose my wife by merit, not by gold;
For on that one election must depend
Whether I wed a fury or a friend.

The poet Skelton, in his "Book of Three Fools," has this quaintly expressed warning:

The man that doth wed a wyfe
For her goodes and her rychesse
But not for lygnage femynatyfe,
Procureth doloure and dystresse
With infynyte payne and hevynesse;

For she will do hym moche sorowe
 Bothe at evyn and at morowe.

In "Epigrams in Distich," 1740, is the following, entitled, "A Great Fortune's Difficulty":

Puzzled she is to know, which amorous speeches
 Belong to her, and which unto her riches.

In "Papers relating to Suffolk" in the British Museum, a volume consisting chiefly of cuttings from "Raws' Pocket-books," preserved by the Rev. J. M. Mitford, is the following amusing piece, called "True Love":

O'Leary was as poor as Job,
 But love and poverty can please us,
 He saw the widow Bonna-robe,
 And lov'd—for she was rich as Croesus.
 Mutual the love their bosoms own;
 Sincere was he, and none could doubt her—
 She lov'd him *for himself alone*,
 And he—*He could not live without her!*

Dr. Johnson said of a person who married on no higher principle than pecuniary advantage, "Now has that fellow at length obtained a certainty of three meals a day, and for that certainty, like his brother dog in the fable, he will get his neck galled for life with a collar." (Mrs. Piozzi's Anecdotes of Johnson.)

THEODORUS BEZA,

Celebrated for the part he took in the Reformation on the Continent, was born at Vezelai in France in 1519. He was intended for the Priesthood, but married and changed his religion. His early years were passed in dissipation. He afterwards became Professor of Greek at Lausanne, where he remained for ten years; and subsequently resided at Geneva, as Rector of the Protestant Academy there, and Professor of Divinity. He married a second time at the age of seventy; and died in 1605. Paschasius gives him a third wife, but perhaps without good authority, in an epigram which is translated from the Latin in "Selections from the French Anas," 1797, I. 66:

In age, youth, and manhood, three wives have I tried,
 Whose qualities rare all my wants have supplied.
 The first, goaded on by the ardour of youth,
 I woo'd for the sake of her person, forsooth:
 The second I took for the sake of her purse;
 And the third—for what reason? I wanted a nurse.

TO ZOILUS ("Delitiæ Delitiarum," 11).

Translated by James Wright.

My book to you, O Zoilus, seems too small,
I only wish it would seem so to all.

Camden closes the preface to his "Britannia" with a Latin line, which in Gibson's edition is rendered by the following distich :

Books take their doom from each peruser's will,
Just as they think, they pass for good or ill.

LUCRETIA'S SUICIDE ("Delitiæ Delitiarum," 14).

Translated by Dr. Turnbull.

If Tarquin's wrong, Lucretia, pleased your soul,
Death was but justice for a crime so foul;
But if by strength alone his will he had,
To die for his misdoings proves you mad:
Then be no more the matron's boast and pride,
You lived a wanton, or a fool you died.

A note to the "Rape of Lucrece," in the *Variorum Shakespeare*, 1821, XX. 202, ascribes this epigram to Renatus Laurentius de la Barre.

Marcus Antonius Casanovas, a Latin poet of the beginning of the 16th century, has an epigram on Lucretia, thus translated by Heywood the dramatist (*Variorum Shakespeare*, as above) :

Why Lucrece better might herself have slain,
Before the act, than after her black stain,
Can any tell? No crime did she commit,
For of all guilt her hand did her acquit.
Her ravisher she slew by that brave stroke,
And from her country's neck took off the yoke;
From thine own hand thy death most willing came,
To save thy country, and preserve thy fame.

Elsam, in his "Epigrams on Paintings," 1700, has one on a picture by Giorgione of Lucretia stabbing herself (Ep. 43) :

Since the vile ravisher my honour stains,
What thing of worth or moment now remains!
Thus cries Lucretia with grief opprest,
And sheathes a poignant dagger in her breast.
The heroine would die; but you prevent,
O Georgion! her murderous intent.
You have so painted her, that we conceive,
She in thy table will for ever live.

Dr. Young in his seventh satire gives a favourable view of Lucretia's conduct :

Ambition, in a truly noble mind,
With sister virtue is for ever join'd ;
As in fam'd Lucrece, who, with equal dread,
From guilt and shame by her last conduct, fled :
Her virtue long rebell'd in firm disdain,
And the sword pointed at her heart in vain ;
But when the slave was threaten'd to be laid
Dead by her side, her love of fame obey'd.

ON HOLBEIN'S HALF-LENGTH PORTRAIT OF ERASMUS
("Delitiæ Delitiarum," 15).

Translated in "Collection of Epigrams," 1735.

One half this canvass shows of that great sage,
Whom worlds proclaim the wonder of the age ;
Why not the whole ? Cease, reader, thy surprise,
Him the whole earth's not able to comprise.

This frigid conceit may have its origin in an epigram by Martial (Book V. 74) "On Pompey and his Sons;" thus translated by Aaron Hill :

Great Pompey's ashes in vile Egypt lie ;
His sons in Europe, and in Asia, die :
What wonder that these three so distant died,
So vast a ruin could not spread less wide.

There is an epigram on Holbein's picture in Elsum's "Epigrams on Paintings," 1700, translated from Michael Silos "De Romana Pictura et Sculptura" (Ep. 78) :

The famous Swiss no little skill hath shown
In painting of his generous patron.
This work in England th' artist much commends,
By which he was preferr'd, and gain'd his ends.
Thou mad'st Erasmus, Holbein ! as 'tis said,
But I say that Erasmus Holbein made.

It will be remembered that Erasmus was Holbein's earliest patron, by whose advice the painter came to England, with a letter of introduction to Sir Thomas More and the portrait of his patron, as his credentials.

ON LUTHER.

Translated in the "Poetical Farrago."

Rome, all the world, and Rome the Pope, subdu'd ;
By arms, her empire—his, by fraud pursu'd :

But Luther rose superior to the two ;
 And from one pen alone both conquests drew.
 No more let Greece Alcides' honours raise,
 A feather'd *quill* his mighty *club* outweighs.

This is one side of the picture, in which all the honour of bringing about the Reformation is given to Luther. The other side is shown in a curious book of epigrams, written in the interest of Rome, entitled, "Mirror of the New Reformation," published at Paris in 1634, in which the honour is given to another personage (Ep. 6) :

Luther still vaunts himself to be the first,
 That by Truth's beams the Romish clouds disperst.
 Yet is it granted, Satan was the cause,
 Which mov'd him first the sacred Mass t' oppose.
 Why's Satan then not Reformer? true,
 He is indeed: Let's give the Devil his due.

JOACHIMUS BELLAIUS,

Or Du Bellay, called the Ovid of France, was born about 1524. He was noticed by Francis I., Henry II., and Margaret of Navarre, and was patronized by his cousin Cardinal du Bellay. Through the misrepresentations of enemies he fell under the displeasure of that prelate, which caused him so much mortification that it shortened his life, and he died at the age of thirty-seven.

••••• TO AN AUTHOR WHO ENTITLED HIS BOOK "NUGÆ"
 ("Delitiæ Delitiarum," 36).

Translated by D.

••••• Paul, you have chosen the best of all titles,
 ••••• For nought in your book is better than trifles.

This distich was written on the "Nugæ," or Latin epigrams of Nicholas Borbonius. "Our countryman, Owen," says Warton, "who had no notion of Borbonius' elegant simplicity, was still more witty" ("Hist. of English Poetry," 1840, III. 349). The epigram to which Warton refers is Book I. 42; thus translated by Harvey:

Thou Trifles thought'st not, what thou so didst call;
 I call them not, but think them Trifles all!

MARCUS ANTONIUS MURETUS.

A Frenchman, born in 1526. He was a learned critic, and miscellaneous writer; an intimate friend of Julius Cæsar Scaliger; and much patronized by Cardinal Hippolite d'Est. In 1576 he was ordained a priest, and devoted himself to his profession until his death in 1585.

ON VENUS ("Delitiæ Delitiarum," 28).

Translated in the "Quarterly Review," No. 233.

If Venus, as the lie of poets goes,
From the mid-waters at her birth arose;
How is't that by herself, from ocean sprung,
This heart of mine with ceaseless flames is wrung?
O grief! What worse can hopeless swains surprise,
Since fire to burn them doth from waters rise.

The original of this may be a Greek epigram by Meleager, thus translated by Merivale (Jacobs I. 17, li.):

Mighty is Love—most mighty—once again,
I cry, most mighty! writhing with my pain,
And deeply groaning,—who, for mischief born,
Mocks at our woes, and laughs our wrongs to scorn.
—The cold blue wave from which thy mother came,
Proud boy! should quench, not feed, that cruel flame.

There is a Greek epigram by Zenodotus, on the impossibility of quenching the fire of love by water, which is thus translated by the late Dr. Wellesley (Jacobs II. 61, i.):

Who sculptured Love beside this fountain?—Fool,
To think with water such a flame to cool.

So, Shakespeare in his last sonnet:

Love's fire heats water, water cools not love.

The most celebrated epigram on water not only not quenching, but even increasing, the flame of love, is a Latin one by Petronius Afranius, an author of whom nothing is known. The following translation is by Christopher Smart. The subject, a lady throwing snow-balls at her lover:

When, wanton fair, the snowy orb you throw,
I feel a fire before unknown in snow,
E'en coldest snow I find has pow'r to warm
My breast, when flung by Julia's lovely arm.
T' elude love's powerful arts I strive in vain,
If ice and snow can latent fires contain.
These frolics leave; the force of beauty prove;
With equal passion cool my ardent love.

STEPHANUS PASCHASIUS,

Whose family name was Pasquier or Paquier, was born in Paris in 1528. He was Advocate in Parliament, and afterwards Advocate-general in the Chamber of Accounts. He stood high as a lawyer and a scholar, and was esteemed as a poet. He died in 1615.

MARRIED LIFE.

Translated in "Selections from the French Anas," 1797.

No day, no hour, no moment, is my house
Free from the clamour of my scolding spouse !
My servants all are rogues ; and so am I,
Unless, for quiet's sake, I join the cry.
I aim, in all her freaks, my wife to please ;
I wage domestic war, in hopes of ease.
In vain the hopes ! and my fond bosom bleeds,
To feel how soon to peace mad strife succeeds :
To find, with servants jarring, or my wife,
The worst of lawsuits is a married life.

Lavish compliments to the ladies before marriage, and abuse of them afterwards, is too much the rule of the epigrammatists. A few of their uncourteous epigrams and epitaphs on wives may be amusing to those who have happily no experience of a Xantippe.

In "Selections from the French Anas" an "Epitaph on a Bad Wife, by her Husband," is given. It is said to be from the Greek, but there is no reference :

Ah ! once dear partner of my days,
Willing to thee this tomb I raise :
My grateful thoughts your shade pursue,
In this small gift so justly due.
No envious tongue, with clamours rude,
Arraign'd this act of gratitude ;
For all must know, that, with my wife,
I lost each hour of care and strife.

Boileau has a well-known French "Epitaph on the Tomb of a Wife," in reference to which he used to say, that the best epigrams originated in conversation ; and of all his own gave the preference to this one. He was easily satisfied it may be thought :

Here lies my wife ; and Heaven knows,
Not less for mine, than her repose !

In "Notes and Queries," 2nd S. II. 26, the following is given from the Harl. M.S., 6894, 91, "On the Atchievement of a Married Lady Deceased, at Stanmore Magna, Middlesex" :

God has to me sufficiently been kind,
To take my wife, and leave me here behind.

James Smith (author of "Rejected Addresses") has a spirited and amusing epigram which he entitles "Heraldry" ("Memoirs, Letters, &c." 1840, II. 186):

Where'er a hatchment we discern
 (A truth before ne'er started),
 The motto makes us surely learn
 The sex of the departed.
 If 'tis the husband sleeps, he deems
 Death's day a "*felix dies*"
 Of unaccustom'd quiet dreams,
 And cries—*In cælo quies*.
 But if the wife, she from the tomb
 Wounds, Parthian like, "*post tergum*,"
 Hints to her spouse his future doom,
 And threatening cries—*Resurgam*.

ON LÆLIA ("Delitiæ Delitiarum," 29).

Translated by D.

To conciliate my sweet Fair,
 I tried ev'ry method rare;
 I kiss'd, I made gifts, and besought,
 Yet vain e'en were gifts richly wrought.
 But now when love is cold and dead,
 My Lælia's willing to be wed,
 And, dimming with salt tears her eyes,
 Uses Love's weapon—woman's sighs,
 Soft ditties, too, she sadly sings,
 And presents oft she shyly brings,
 And prayers with pretty lisplings. }
 Ah! Lælia, 'tis too late, go seek
 A lover now than me more meek:
 You scorn'd me when with love I burn'd,
 When now you're kind, to ice I'm turn'd.

William Browne, the author of "Britannia's Pastorals," has an epigram on the same subject. It is found in Sir Egerton Brydges' edition, 1815, 21, of a MS. vol. of Browne's Poems, in the Lansdowne collection, No. 777

Not long ago a youthful swain,
 Much wronged by a maid's disdain,
 Before Love's altar came; and did implore
 That he might like her less or she love more.

140 MEDIÆVAL AND EARLY MODERN LATIN EPIGRAMMATISTS.

The god him heard ; and she began
To doat on him, he (foolish man)
Cloy'd with much sweets, thus chang'd his note before,
O let her love one less, or I like more !

Walsh, in a complaint to Cælia, expresses a similar difficulty. One stanza is sufficient :

While at the first you cruel prov'd,
And grant the bliss too late ;
You hinder'd me of one I lov'd,
To give me one I hate.

TO A PHYSICIAN (" Delitiæ Delitiarum," 29).

Translated in the " Quarterly Review," No. 233.

Say not, be sick, and *gratis* I'll prescribe :
Sickness prepense requires a stronger bribe !

These Latin poets were fond of satirical distichs on men who dabbled in the healing art. Jacobus Zevencotius, born at Ghent in 1604, has the following, translated by James Wright (" Delitiæ Delitiarum," 163) :

Gellia the hangman doth, not doctor choose :
The quickest course of physio is the noose.

Georgius Anselmus, an eminent physician, born at Parma, who died in 1528, is very severe upon one of his own fraternity, but not original, for the idea is taken from Martial, Book I. 48. The translation is from the " Quarterly Review " (" Delitiæ Delitiarum," 61) :

Sosil, the butcher, has become a leech. 'Tis nothing new.
For what he did when butchering, as doctor he will do.

ON HARPALUS (" Delitiæ Delitiarum," 31).

Translated by D.

Harpalus to the poor his wealth would leave,
That at his death his son might truly grieve.

This may have had its origin in an epigram by Martial (Book IV. 69), which Hay thus translates :

Jack's father's dead ; and left him without hope ;
For he hath nothing left him but a rope.
By a strange turn did Fortune thus contrive,
To make Jack wish his father were alive.

Donne has a smart epigram on a spendthrift son, whom his father disinherited :

Thy father all from thee, by his last will,
Gave to the poor. Thou hast good title still.

CERDO ("Delitiæ Delitiarum," 35).*Translated by D.*

No rood of ground poor Cerdo call'd his own,
 But, gipsy-like, his lodging was a loan;
 Until in death beneath the turf he lies;
 For to the living cruel Life denies
 What to the dead Death gives as sorrow's balm;
 To wit, a home where nought disturbs the calm.

The most celebrated epitaph on a beggar is a touching Greek one, by an uncertain author, on "Epictetus, the Slave," of which Dr. Johnson, in his "Essay on Epitaphs," speaks in the strongest terms of approbation (Jacobs IV. 238, dlxxvi.); thus translated by C.:

Want's bitter path I, Epictetus, trod;
 A slave and cripple—yet beloved of God.

HENRICUS STEPHANUS,

Who latinized his name Etienne, was one of an illustrious family of Parisian printers, born in 1528. As a scholar he was pre-eminent, especially in Greek. His Latin epigrams, however, are, says Hallam, "remarkably prosaic and heavy." He died deranged in 1598.

THE MISER'S DEATH ("Delitiæ Delitiarum," 19).*Translated by James Wright.*

The covetous man, whose life's a living death,
 Grieves not to die, but gratis t' lose his breath.

Buchanan has an epitaph of similar character on a miser, translated by Wright (Book II. 10):

Sylvius that nothing gratis gave; being dead,
 Grieves that his epitaph is gratis read.

The ruling passion strong in death is well exemplified by Pope, in the first of his "Moral Essays," Part III:

"I give and devise (old Euclio said
 And sigh'd) my lands and tenements to Ned."
 "Your money, Sir?"—"My money, Sir, what, all?
 Why—if I must—(then wept) I give it Paul."
 "The manor, Sir?"—"The manor! hold (he cried),
 Not that—I cannot part with that"—and died.

142 MEDIÆVAL AND EARLY MODERN LATIN EPIGRAMMATISTS.

The same poet, in the third of his "Moral Essays," shows, by the case of the miser Hopkins, how little the survivors care for the ruling passion of the dead :

When Hopkins dies, a thousand lights attend
The wretch who living sav'd a candle's end.

These lines perhaps originated in an anecdote of this miser, who was called *Vulture* Hopkins. In order to obtain a lesson in saving, he called one evening on a bookseller named Guy, reputed the pattern of parsimony, whose hoards at length came to noble use in the foundation of the Hospital, which bears his name. Hopkins found him in his parlour with one candle, and, sitting down, stated the object of his visit. "O," said Guy, "if that be all your business, we can just as well talk it over in the dark," and forthwith put out the light. This was enough for the Vulture, who took his leave with this acknowledgment: "I thought myself an adept in the arts of saving, but you have taught me an important lesson, and be assured my future conduct shall make amends for my past prodigality in candles." (Kett's "Flowers of Wit.")

A HEADSTRONG WIFE ("Delitiæ Delitiarum," 19).

Translated in the "Quarterly Review," No. 233.

A headstrong wife who oft came in for blame,
When charged with scant obedience, would reply,
"Why snarls my spouse? Our wishes are the same:
He would the ruler be: and so would I."

Bishop, once master of Merchant Taylors' School, has an epigram on a headstrong wife, which is amusing though without much merit. (Works, 1796, Ep. 45):

Celia her sex's foible shuns;
Her tongue no length of larum runs;
Two phrases answer every part:
One *gain'd*, one *breaks*, her husband's heart;
I will, she said, when made a bride;—
I won't—through all her life beside.

JOHANNES PASSERATIUS.

Professor of Eloquence in the Royal College at Paris, was born at Troyes in Champagne, in 1534. His lectures were so celebrated, that the most learned men of the time were his hearers; and as a Latin poet he was highly esteemed by all scholars of taste and refinement. He died in 1602.

ON THE DEATH OF PHILIP STROZA ("Delitiæ Delitiarum," 5.)

Translated by D.

Hast'ning to battle, betray'd by thy friends,
 One ship engages a fleet;
 Noble and brave in the death which impends,
 And ready thy fate to meet.
 Wounded, the sea-green wave thou stain'st with blood;
 Nereus weeps; and th' ocean maids,
 From their blue eyes, pour forth a tender flood
 Of tears, in their coral glades:
 But not of a tomb, or of life, bereft,
 For thee so sore need they weep;
 For fame eternal on earth hast thou left,
 And ocean lulls thee to sleep;
 In the cradle of Venus reposing,
 For thee the toils of war now are closing.

With this may be compared an epigram by Martin Lluellin, a Welshman, on the death of Sir Richard Granville, Vice-Admiral of England in the reign of Elizabeth, who maintained a fight with his single ship against the whole Armada of Spain, consisting of fifty-three of their best men-of-war. It is printed among the "Verses by the University of Oxford, on the death of the most noble and right valiant Sir Bevil Granville," who was slain at the battle of Lansdowne in 1643. The absurdity of the conceit at the close will be observed:

Thus slain, thy valiant ancestor did lie,
 When his one bark a navy did defy;
 When now encompass'd round, he victor stood,
 And bath'd his pinnace in his conquering blood,
 Till all the purple current dried and spent,
 He fell, and made the waves his monument,
 Where shall the next fum'd Granville's ashes stand?
 Thy grandsire's fill the sea, and thine the land.

Extravagant hyperboles were common in a past age, though the greater poets set their faces against them. Lord Lansdowne (the poet) mentions another instance, which is only one of many which might be cited, from a French author, in an epigram on the monument of Francis I. of France, which he thus translates:

Under this marble, who lies buried here?
 Francis the Great, a king beyond compare.
 Why has so great a king so small a stone?
 Of that great king here's but the heart alone.
 Then of this conqueror here lies but part?
 No—here he lies *all*—for he was all *heart*.

STEPHANUS FORCATULUS.

The Latin name of Etienne Forcadel, born at Beziers in 1534. He was a French lawyer, and held a Chair at the University of Toulouse. His death took place in 1573.

TO HIS MISTRESS ("Delitiæ Delitiarum," 42).

Translated in the "Quarterly Review," No. 233.

Rare presents wrought of gold I brought: but you
Spurn'd them, and scorn upon my offerings threw.
Nor spicy scents, nor jewels you affect,
What shall I do, if *verse*, too, you reject?
I'll fetch the loadstone from its Afric home,
For in its wake your heart of steel will come.

This pretty thought is probably unique. It is very common to find the poets upbraiding their cruel mistresses with having hearts of iron or stone, but the following conceit by James Shirley, the dramatist (who was born in 1594), is as original as the more elegant idea of Forcatulus, "Upon his Mistress Dancing" (Shirley's Poems, 1646, 17):

I stood and saw my mistress dance,
Silent and with so fix'd an eye,
Some might suppose me in a trance,
But being asked why,
By one that knew I was in love,
I could not but impart
My wonder to behold her move
So nimbly with a marble heart.

JOSEPHUS JUSTUS SCALIGER.

The son of Julius Cæsar Scaliger, and heir to his talents and haughty temper; born at Agen, in 1540. He was Professor of Belles Lettres at Leyden, where he died in 1609.

THE IGNORANT NOBLEMAN ("Delitiæ Delitiarum," 52).

Translated by D.

The one clothed in velvet, the other in stuff,
The clown and the peer differ widely enough;
But in learning and manners, the dress of the mind,
The poor clown's not a whit the rich noble behind.

Shakespeare, in "Taming of the Shrew" (Act IV. sc. 3), draws the distinction between richness of dress and of mind :

For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich ;
 And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
 So honour peereth in the meanest habit.
 What ! is the jay more precious than the lark,
 Because his feathers are more beautiful ?
 Or is the adder better than the eel,
 Because his painted skin contents the eye ?

So, Dyer in an Epistle "To Mr. Savage, son of the late Earl Rivers" :

Shame on the dull, who think the soul looks less,
 Because the body wants a glittering dress.
 It is the mind's for-ever bright attire,
 The mind's embroidery, that the wise admire !
 That which looks rich to the gross vulgar eyes,
 Is the fop's tinsel, which the grave despise.

JOHANNES AUDOENUS, OR OWEN.

A Latin epigrammatist, born in Caenarvonshire about 1560. He was educated at Westminster and New College, Oxford, and became Master of the Grammar School at Warwick. His epigrams were very popular in England, and foreign critics held them in high estimation. At his death in 1622 his relation, Williams, Bishop of Lincoln, and Lord Keeper, who had treated him with much kindness in life, erected a monument to his memory in S. Paul's Cathedral, where he was buried, and engraved on it a Latin epitaph, of which the following is a translation by Thomas Harvey, who published an English version of all Owen's epigrams in 1678 :

Thy statue, stature, thine estate, thy book,
 All little, great men yet on this do look :
 Nor is thine honour, or thy glory small,
 For greater wit than thine, is not at all :
 Thy little house in a great temple lies,
 A poet lives not truly till he dies.

PHILLIS (Book I. 25).

Translated in the "Quarterly Review," No. 233.

Kisses my Phillis takes, but ne'er bestows,
 Taking's all one with giving, Phillis knows.

146 MEDÆVAL AND EARLY MODERN LATIN EPIGRAMMATISTS.

The following amusing epigram on this subject, is translated from the French, in "Poems Original and Translated," by the Rev. W. Shepherd, 1829 :

"Come kiss me!" said Colin. I gently said "No!
For my mother forbids me to play with men so."
Abash'd by my answer, he slid away,
Though my looks pretty plainly advised him to stay.
Silly swain! not at all recollecting—not he,
That *his* mother ne'er said that he must not kiss *me*.

TO CYNTHIA (Book I. 119).

Translated by Hayman.

Sweet, let thy soul be smooth as is thy skin;
As thou art fair without, be so within.

Sir John Harington has an epigram on "A Fair Shrew" (Book IV. 37), which is imitated from Martial (Book I. 65):

Fair, rich, and young! how rare is her perfection,
Were it not mingled with one foul infection!
I mean so proud a heart, so curs'd a tongue,
As makes her seem nor fair, nor rich, nor young.

Shirley, the dramatist, has a very elegant epigram on inward and outward beauty, "To a Lady upon a Looking-Glass Sent" (Poems, 1646, 45):

When this crystal shall present
Your beauty to your eye,
Think that lovely face was meant
To dress another by.
For not to make them proud
These glasses are allow'd
To those are fair,
But to compare
The inward beauty with the outward grace,
And make them fair in soul as well as face.

John Harington, the father of Sir John, in the last stanza of a sonnet, "On Isabella Markham, when I first thought her fair," prettily expresses the union which ought to exist between beauty of form and kindness of heart; but with reference to love, not as Owen and Shirley, to moral goodness ("Nugæ Antiquæ," 1804, II. 325):

Why thus, my love, so kind bespeak
Sweet lip, sweet eye, sweet blushing cheek,
Yet not a heart to save my pain?—
O Venus! take thy gifts again;
Make nought so fair to cause our moan,
Or make a heart that's like your own.

So, in a song of the Scotch poet, Fergusson, a certain Strephon raises his plaintive lay :

O Julia ! more than lily fair,
 More blooming than the budding rose ;
 How can thy breast, relentless, bear
 A heart more cold than winter's snows ?

TO A FRIEND IN DISTRESS (Book III. 181).

Translated by Cooper.

I wish thy lot, now bad, still worse, my friend ;
 For when at worst, they say, things always mend.

Granville, Lord Lansdowne, seems to have found comfort from this reflection when a prisoner in the Tower. He was confined in the same room in which Sir Robert Walpole had been imprisoned, and wrote on a window, under that minister's name, the following epigram, which is imitated from the Greek of Palladas (Jacobs III. 138, cxx.):

Good unexpected, evil unforeseen,
 Appear by turns, as Fortune shifts the scene :
 Some rais'd aloft, come tumbling down amain,
 And fall so hard, they bound and rise again.

We may compare the first stanza of "The Prophecy," by Chatterton :

This truth of old was Sorrow's friend,
 "Times at the worst will surely mend."
 The difficulty's then to know,
 How long Oppression's clock can go ;
 When Britain's sons may cease to sigh,
 And hope that their redemption's nigh.

LIFE (Book IV. 238).

Translated by Harvey.

To slothful men the day, night, month and year
 Seem long, though posting on with swift career :
 We trifle out our long-thought time in vain ;
 Why of life's shortness do we then complain ?

The importance of activity on account of the shortness of life, is a sentiment which Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Hotspur ("King Henry IV." Part I. Act V. sc. 2):

O gentlemen, the time of life is short;
To spend that shortness basely, were too long,
If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.

A portion of Owen's thought is expressed in graceful language by Rogers in one of his "Reflections":

Man to the last is but a froward child;
So eager for the future, come what may,
And to the present so insensible!
Oh, if he could in all things as he would,
Years would as days and hours as moments be;
He would, so restless is his spirit here,
Give wings to Time, and wish his life away!

S. PETER AT ROME (Book V. 8).

Translated in Chalmers' "Biographical Dictionary."

Whether at Rome Peter e'er was or no,
Is much disputed still I trow:
But Simon's being there, on neither side
Was ever doubted or denied.

The only interest of this epigram arises from the effect it had on the fortunes of the author. In consequence of it his book was put into the "Index Expurgatorius," and the result of this was, that his uncle, a wealthy Romanist, who intended to leave his property to him, struck him out of his will.

SUNSET AND SUNRISE (Book V. 39).

Translated by Cowper.

Contemplate when the sun declines,
Thy death, with deep reflection!
And when again he rising shines,
The day of resurrection!

ON POPE JULIUS II. (Book V. 77).

Translated by Harvey (altered).

S. Peter arm'd exclaim'd, behold two swords;
Peter, two keys behold, were his Lord's words;
The sword he left, and did the keys receive,
But thou dost take the sword, the keys dost leave.

In the "Collection of Epigrams," 1735, there is a translation of a Latin epigram on Julius casting the keys of S. Peter into the Tiber. The author is Gilbertus Ducherius Vulto, born in Auvergne, whose epigrams were printed at Lyons in 1538 :

Fame says, Pope Julius once the sword did wield,
And, to engage the Frenchman, took the field;
Fierce into Tiber's stream, the keys he threw,
Exclaiming loudly, as his sword he drew,
Since, in my aid, thy keys, O Peter! fail,
Thy sword, O Paul! in battle may avail.

In Elsum's "Epigrams on Paintings," 1700, is the following on a portrait of Julius by Raphael (Ep. 158) :

A countenance so strong, and so severe,
Though but a shadow, raises awe and fear.
The picture breathes; for this I can assure ye,
Here you may see of art the utmost fury.
His temples are begirt with triple crown,
To show that kings before him do fall down.
Julius' power Raphael doth express,
But who can paint Julius' holiness?

Elsum's sarcasm on Julius' *holiness* brings to mind the unjustly severe epigram of Buchanan on that prelate ("Book of Miscellanies"), translated in the "Collection of Epigrams," 1735 :

Thy father Genoese, thy mother Greek,
Born on the seas; who truth in thee would seek?
False Greece, Liguria's false, and false the sea;
False all: and all their falsehoods are in thee.

ADVICE TO PONTIGUS (Book VIII. 71).

Translated by Harvey.

Thou nothing giv'st, but dying wilt: then die:
He giveth twice, who giveth speedily.

The original of this caustic epigram is probably one by Martial (Book XI. 67), which Hay thus translates:

You give me nothing now: when you expire,
You promise all.—You know what I desire.

"Bis dat qui cito dat" was a sentiment known to the Greeks, as is seen by an epigram of an uncertain author (Jacobs IV. 205, cccix.), which Hodgson translates:

Swift favours charm; but when too long they stay,
They lose the name of kindness by delay.

ON ONE IGNORANT AND ARROGANT (Book X. 59).

Translated by Cowper.

Thou may'st of double ignorance boast,
Who know'st not that thou nothing know'st.

In another epigram Owen gives the converse of this. Harvey thus translates (Book VI. 39):

All things I thought I knew; but now confess
The more I know, I know, I know the less.

John Heath, in "Two Centuries of Epigrams," 1610, has (2nd Century, 36):

All things you know: what all? If it be so
Then you know this too, that you nothing know.

Robert Heath, in "Clarastella, &c.," 1650, has an epigram on "Blessed Ignorance" (Book II. p. 50):

He is most happy sure that knoweth nought,
Because he knows not that he knoweth not.

This may have been suggested to Heath by Martial's epigram (Book XIV. 210):

Folly is not feign'd, nor with false wit lies;
Who is not wiser than enough is wise.

And this, too, may be the origin of Gray's famous line:

Where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.

A PARADOX (Book X. 90).

Translated in the "Poetical Farrago."

Tho' ev'ry atheist, all Christians know,
Must after death hell's torments undergo;
Yet Satan (paradoxical to tell)
Will search in vain for atheists in hell.

Of epigrams on atheists few are better than Martial's (Book IV. 20), the translation of which by Sir John Harington is very happy (Book II. 14):

That heav'ns are void, and that no gods there are,
Rich Paulus saith, and all his proof is this:
That while such blasphemies pronounce he dare,
He liveth here in ease and endless bliss.

The same argument against the Being of God is said to have been urged by Voltaire.

BERNARDUS BAUHUSIUS,

Was a Jesuit of Louvain, born at Antwerp, but at what date is unknown. He died in 1619. His epigrammata were first printed in 1615.

ON SILENCE ("Delitiæ Delitiarum," 202).

To use the tongue in speech is great,
But greater to refrain :
Thousands have taught the art to prate,
Not one the tongue to rein.

Bauhusius' assertion is too strong, as the following epigram from the Greek of Palladas shows (Jacobs III. 130, lxxvii.). The translation, spirited and correct, but a little too diffuse, is taken from "A Selection of Greek Epigrams for the Use of Winchester School," 1791 :

Silence, to thee Instruction owes
The blessings she on man bestows.
Pythagoras, thy favourite sage
(Born to instruct a learned age),
Though eloquent himself, portray'd
And prais'd thy charms, meek, sober maid.
To Wisdom's sons, this truth is known,
That peace and freedom are thine own.

An epigram by Samuel Bishop on this subject has considerable merit (Works, 1796, Ep. 44):

On Folly's lips eternal tattlings dwell:
Wisdom speaks little—but that little well.
So length'ning shades the sun's decline betray;
But shorter shadows mark meridian day.

ON THE DAUGHTER OF HERODIAS BEING DROWNED

("Delitiæ Delitiarum," 202).

Translated by James Wright.

Such as thy life, a soft and dancing wave
Hath justly been to thee both death and grave.

"Nicephorus and Metaphrastes relate that Salome accompanied her mother Herodias and her father-in-law Herod in their banishment to Vienne in Dauphine; and that the emperor having obliged them to go into Spain, as she passed over a river that was frozen up, the ice broke under her feet, and she sunk in up to her neck: then the ice uniting again she remained thus suspended by it, and suffered the

same punishment she had made John the Baptist undergo. But none of the ancients mention this particular ; and it is contrary to Josephus." (Calmet's " Dictionary of the Bible," Art. Salome.)

ON FORTUNE (" Delitiæ Delitiarum," 205).

Translated by D.

Perfidious Chance ! thus wilt thou tilt and jest
With th' affairs of men, and the gods' behest ?
Proclus, with his coffers full, wants not gold ;
Lausus, with twice three babes, has wants untold ;
The one for offspring prays, the other pelf,
Yet neither has his wish, thou sightless elf !
Reverse their doom. Take from rich Proclus' store
For Lausus, and thus set him to the fore ;
Th' uncar'd-for offspring from poor Lausus take,
In whose stead heirs to Proclus' riches make.

Very similar is the complaint against Fortune, which Shakespeare puts into the mouth of King Henry (" King Henry IV." 2nd Part, Act IV. sc. 4) :

Will fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words still in foulest letters ?
She either gives a stomach, and no food,—
Such are the poor, in health ; or else a feast,
And takes away the stomach,—such are the rich,
That have abundance, and enjoy it not.

MAPHÆUS BARBERINUS.

Born at Florence in 1568. In 1606 he was made a cardinal by Pope Paul V., and in 1623 became Pope, under the title of Urban VIII. He died in 1644.

ON THE STATUE OF NIOBE (" Delitiæ Delitiarum," 73).

Translated by D.

'Tis Niobe ! by vengeance harsh bereft
Of a much-lov'd husband, while none are left
Of twice sev'n stalwart sons and daughters fair,
Whom, now tho' stone I be, I once did bear.

But, behold! I breathe, for the sculptor's art
 To living marble gave a beating heart,
 And foil'd the fates who sped the cruel dart: }
 No faculty I miss, I hear, I see,
 And e'en the pow'r to speak's restor'd to me;
 But fear my utt'rance stays, lest once again
 Latona's wrath be rous'd for language vain.

On no work of ancient art, with the exception of Myron's cow, have more epigrams been written than on this celebrated statue of Niobe by Praxiteles. The Greeks were warm in its praise, the Latins imitated them, and, so attractive is the subject, that the moderns have pursued the theme. A fine epigram by Melcager, written on the pedestal of the statue, will be found under that author.

ON A STATUE OF DIANA SLEEPING BY A FOUNTAIN
 ("Delitiæ Delitiarum," 73).

Translated by D.

Hark! she's not marble. With gentle heaving
 She draws in the lightsome air,
 And the breath plays, the parted lips cleaving,
 Sweet chords round her bosom fair.
 Nay, 'tis not the murmuring sleeper's breath,
 But a kindred sound you hear;
 'Tis what the prattling water sweetly saith,
 Which charms and deceives the ear.

The epigrams of Barberinus seem to be generally either translations from the Greek, or founded upon some elegant thought in the Anthology. This, like the previous epigram on Niobe, is thoroughly Greek in tone, and is taken from some of those many epigrams in which the Greeks, who delighted to portray their deities in the most fascinating form, connected their favourite haunts with their religious sensibilities.

PAULUS THOMAS.

This was probably Paul Thomas, Sieur de Maissonnette (father of the better known Sieur de Girac), who was born at Jarnac, and resided at Angoulême. His poems were praised by Balzac and Nicolas Borbonius. He lived in the latter part of the 16th and beginning of the 17th centuries.

ON CELSUS ("Delitiæ Delitiarum," 49).

Translated by D.

With self-love Celsus burns : is he not blest?
For thus without a rival he may rest.

This is perhaps the original of a well-known modern epigram :

To Damon's self his love's confin'd ;
No harm therein I see ;
This happiness attends his choice ;
Unrival'd he will be.

An epigram on self-love, perhaps the best ever written, will be found under Buchanan,—*"Corinna."*

JOHANNES MEURSIUS.

Born at Loosdun, near the Hague, in 1579. He travelled through a great part of Europe, as tutor to the children of John Barneveldt, the Dutch statesman, and on his return was appointed professor of history and of Greek at Leyden, and soon afterwards historiographer to the States of Holland. After the execution of Barneveldt, in 1619, he was persecuted on account of his connection with him, and retired to Denmark, where he was offered the professorship of history and politics in the University of Sora. He died in 1639.

THE POOR NOT INFERIOR TO THE RICH

("Delitiæ Delitiarum," 232).

Translated by D.

Rich, dost thou the virtuous poor despise,
And think'st thyself supreme?
Fool ! in worth not wealth all the merit lies,
'Tis deeds that gain esteem :
Would'st thou be honour'd 'mongst thy fellow-men?
Be just, as one who dwells in Virtue's ken.

Pope might have taken this epigram as the groundwork of several passages in his "Essay on Man," Epistle IV. For instance:

What nothing earthly gives or can destroy,
The soul's calm sunshine and the heartfelt joy,
Is virtue's prize.

* * * * *

To whom can riches give repute or trust,
Content or pleasure, but the good and just?
Judges and senates have been bought for gold;
Esteem and love were never to be sold.
O fool! to think God hates the worthy mind,
The lover and the love of human kind,
Whose life is healthful, and whose conscience clear,
Because he wants a thousand pounds a year!
Honour and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.

Goldsmith's description of the country parson in the "Deserted Village," illustrates the truth, that not wealth but worth gains honour, for:

A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year.

There is a rather striking distich "On Westminster Abbey," in "Epigrams in Distich," 1740:

Kings, statesmen, scholars, soldiers, here are dust!
Vain man, be humble; to be great, be just.

BLUSHING, THE SIGN OF MODESTY.

("Delitiæ Delitiarum," 233).

Translated by C.

'Tis well to see the cheeks with blushes drest:
For blushing is of modesty the test.

A very different view is found in a song by Moth, in "Love's Labour's Lost" (Act I. sc. 2):

If she be made of white and red,
Her faults will ne'er be known;
For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,
And fears by pale-white shown:
Then, if she fear, or be to blame,
By this you shall not know;
For still her cheeks possess the same,
Which native she doth owe.

Moth adds, "A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason of white and red."

THE POWER OF KINGS ("Delitiæ Delitiarum," 234).

Translated by D.

Vain man, wilt thou the monarch's anger dare
To fear him learn, to yield, and to beware?
He's Jove on earth, his thunder echoes wake,
And what he cannot bend, his pow'r can break.

A Greek epigram on the statue of Alexander the Great, executed by Lysippus, shows the monarch arrogating to himself the power of Jove on earth. The author is Archelaus, whose date is unknown. The translation is by Samuel Wesley, usher of Westminster School (Jacobs II. 57, i.):

Lysippus' art can brass with life inspire,
Show Alexander's features and his fire;
The statue seems to say, with up-cast eye,—
"Beneath my rule the globe of earth shall lie;
Be thou, O Jove, contented with thy sky." }

Shakespeare shows the danger which would arise, if great men were allowed to use Jove's thunder ("Measure for Measure," Act II. sc. 2). Isabella speaks:

O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.
Could great men thunder
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,
For every pelting, petty officer,
Would use his heaven for thunder.

Beaumont and Fletcher, in their play of "Philaster," show a king claiming extraordinary powers, and acknowledging his weakness (Act IV.). The king speaks:

'Tis the king
Will have it so; whose breath can still the winds,
Uncloud the sun, charm down the swelling sea,
And stop the floods of Heav'n. Speak, can it not?
* * * *

Alas! what are we kings?
Why do you, gods, place us above the rest,
To be serv'd, flatter'd, and ador'd, till we
Believe we hold within our hands your thunder?
And, when we come to try the pow'r we have,
There's not a leaf shakes at our threat'nings.

BALTHASAR BONIFACIUS,

Was born in the Venetian territory, about 1584. He had several ecclesiastical appointments, and in 1653 was advanced to the bishopric of Capo d'Istria, which he held until his death in 1659.

DANGEROUS LOVE ("Delitiæ Delitiarum," 91).

Translated by C.

All whom I love die young; Zoilus, I'll try,
Tho' loath'd, to love thee—that thou too may'st die.

The first words of this caustic distich contain a sentiment beautifully expressed by Moore in often quoted lines ("Lalla Rookh"—"The Fire Worshippers"):

Oh! ever thus, from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never lov'd a tree or flower,
But 'twas the first to fade away.
I never nurs'd a dear gazelle,
To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well,
And love me, it was sure to die!

ON THE DYING CHARICLITA ("Delitiæ Delitiarum," 97).

Translated in the "Quarterly Review," No. 233.

Yon eye, that into shade the sunlight throws,
Death, had he sight, would have no heart to close.
My life upon 't, e'en Death himself would die
Of love, at sight of yonder starry eye.

This conceit, exaggerated though it be, is remarkably pretty. If it be thought open to censure as too fanciful, an observation in the "Tatler," No. 34, may be remembered: "There's no carrying a metaphor too far, when a lady's charms are spoke of."

Massinger gives expression to a very similar idea in "The Unnatural Combat" (Act II. sc. 3):

For she had
Such smooth and high-arch'd brows, such sparkling eyes,
Whose every glance stored Cupid's emptied quiver,
Such ruby lips,—and such a lovely bloom,

Disdaining all adulterate aids of art,
Kept a perpetual spring upon her face,
As Death himself lamented, being forced
To blast it with his paleness.

TO PHILLIS AT HER HUSBAND'S TOMB
(*"Delitiæ Delitiarum,"* 97).

Translated in the "Quarterly Review," No. 233.

Wreaths to your lost one's tomb you neither bring,
Nor round it, Phillis, showers of perfume fling.
Tears are your sole rich tribute, pour'd anew
O'er the dark urn that hides your love from view.
Hence from the turf upspringing, many a flower
Finds thy tear dew, thy glance the day-god's power.

CUNRADINUS.

It is difficult to trace the history of this poet. It is probable he was one Henry Cunrad, a German physician, who lived in the first half of the 17th century.

ON A FLY ENGRAVED IN A GOLDEN DRINKING-CUP
(*"Delitiæ Delitiarum,"* 131).

Translated in the "Quarterly Review," No. 233.

Deep down I drew my latest breath in a gold cup of wine.
Could I have wish'd a sweeter death, or a more splendid
shrine ?

Herrick has an epigram "On a Fly buried in Amber," in which the thought with regard to the richness of the shrine is similar :

I saw a flie within a beade
Of amber cleanly buried :
The urne was little, but the room
More rich than Cleopatra's tomb.

In another and longer piece, "On a Fly enclosed in an Ivory-box," Herrick refers to the following epigram by Martial (Book IV. 31), from which, therefore, it may be inferred he took his idea of the fly buried in amber ; or perhaps more directly from another epigram, by the same author, on a viper so buried. The translation is by Hay :

The bee enclos'd, and through the amber shown,
 Seems buried in the juice which was his own.
 So honour'd was a life in labour spent :
 Such might he wish to have his monument.

JOHN MILTON.

Born 1608. Died 1674.

*TO CHRISTINA, QUEEN OF SWEDEN, WITH A PORTRAIT
 OF CROMWELL.*

Translated by Sir Fleetwood Shephard.

Bright martial maid, queen of the frozen zone,
 The northern pole supports thy shining throne ;
 Behold what furrows age and steel can plough,
 The helmet's weight oppress'd this wrinkled brow.
 Through fate's untrodden paths I move, my hands
 Still act my free-born people's bold commands :
 Yet this stern shade to you submits his frowns,
 Nor are these looks always severe to crowns.

This epigram is by some ascribed to Andrew Marvell. A long and interesting note on the subject, will be found in Warton's edition of *Milton's Minor Poems*, ed. 1791, 489.

Mr. Bryan Proctor (better known as Barry Cornwall) has given us a portrait of Cromwell, probably as true to life as the "Shade" which was sent to the Queen of Sweden, and certainly more so than Milton's flattering lines which accompanied it :

* * * *

* * Like some dark rock, whose rifts
 Hold nitrous grain, whereon the lightning fires
 Have glanced, and left a pale and livid light,
 So he, some corp'ral nerve being struck, stood there
 Glaring, but cold and pitiless.—Even hope
 (The brightest angel whom the heavens have given
 To lead and cheer us onwards) shrank aghast
 From that stern look despairing.

*TO LEONORA, SINGING AT ROME.**Translated by Cowper.*

Another Leonora once inspired
 Tasso with fatal love, to frenzy fired ;
 But how much happier lived he now, were he,
 Pierced with whatever pangs for love of thee !
 Since could he hear that heavenly voice of thine,
 With Adriana's lute of sound divine,
 Fiercer than Pentheus' though his eye might roll,
 Or idiot apathy benumb his soul,
 You still with medicinal sounds might cheer
 His senses wandering in a blind career ;
 And sweetly breathing through his wounded breast,
 Charm with soul-soothing song, his thoughts to rest.

Adriana of Mantua, and her daughter Leonora Baroni, were esteemed by their contemporaries the finest singers in the world. Tasso is said to have been enamoured of three ladies of the name of Leonora ; the one mentioned in the epigram is supposed by Dr. J. Warton (quoted in his brother's notes on Milton) to have been Leonora of Este, sister of Alphonso, Duke of Ferrara, at whose court Tasso resided.

Milton, in "L'Allegro," has exquisitely painted the power of music ; and Shakespeare in the "Tempest" (Act I. sc. 2), makes Ferdinand say :

This music crept by me upon the waters ;
 Allaying both their fury and my passion,
 With its sweet air.

Pope, in his "Ode on S. Cecilia's Day," shows the influence of music over the passions, in terms which bear much resemblance to those of Milton in his epigram :

Music the fiercest grief can charm,
 And fate's severest rage disarm :
 Music can soften pain to ease,
 And make despair and madness please :
 Our joys below it can improve,
 And antedate the bliss above.

JOHN PETER BELLORI.

Born at Rome about 1616. His maternal uncle, Francis Angeloni, secretary to the Cardinal Aldobrandini, cultivated in him a love of antiquities, and he became greatly celebrated as an antiquary. Christina, Queen of Sweden, made him her librarian and keeper of her museum. He died in 1696, having passed his life in the composition of various works.

EPITAPH ON NICHOLAS POUSSIN

("Vite de Pittori, Scultori, &c." 1672).

Translated by C.

Forbear to weep where Poussin's ashes lie ;
Who taught to live himself can never die !
Though silent here, from whence no language breaks,
Yet in his Works he lives, and eloquently speaks.

The thought that he "being dead yet speaketh," is quaintly expressed in an epigram on Marcus Tullius Cicero, by Nicholas Grimoald, who was born in the early part of the 16th century; was a lecturer on rhetoric in the University of Oxford; and is supposed to be the same as one Grimbold, mentioned by Strype as chaplain to Bishop Ridley ("Poetical Works of Surrey and others," Bell's ed. 1854, 220):

For Tully late a tomb I gan prepare,
When Cynthia, thus, bade me my labour spare:
"Such manner things become the dead," quoth he,
"But Tully lives, and still alive shall be."

There is another epigram of similar character by an anonymous author of nearly the same period, which is interesting from its subject—the celebrated Sir Thomas Wyatt the elder, the statesman and poet (*Ibid.* 249):

Lo, dead! he lives, that whilome livèd here;
Among the dead, that quick goes on the ground;
Though he be dead, yet quick he doth appear
By lively name, that death cannot confound.
His life for aye of fame the trump shall sound.
Though he be dead, yet lives he here alive,
Thus can no death of Wyatt life deprive.

JOHANNES SANTOLIUS,

The Latin name under which the French poet, better known as Santeul, wrote, was born at Paris in 1630. He devoted himself wholly to poetry, and wrote almost exclusively in Latin. His reputation was chiefly gained by the hymns which, at the request of Bossuet and others, he composed for the Paris Breviary. But he was celebrated not only for his poetry, but also for his wit and eccentricity, and it was said of him, that he spoke like a fool and thought like a sage. He died in 1697.

ON THE DEATH OF LULLI.

Translated in "Selections from the French Anas," 1797.

Perfidious art thou, Death, and thy commands
Harsh and tyrannic; and too bold thy hands:
Such are thy dreadful attributes; in vain,
Though pressed beneath thy yoke, would man complain.
But when your dart, great Lulli to destroy,
You shook, and damp'd a king's and nation's joy,
And robb'd too soon each fond enraptur'd ear
Of strains the earth again shall never hear;
Complain we must, although to ills resign'd,
And mourn that Fate is deaf, as well as blind.

John Baptist Lulli was a Florentine. His musical talents were early noticed, and after being an under-scullion in the kitchen of Madame de Montpensier, he became superintendent of music to Louis XIV.

It is related that while Santeul was composing his lines on Lulli's death, a favourite and tame finch, perching on his head, sung in so charming a manner that the bird seemed actuated by the soul of the departed artist, and appeared desirous by his melody to inspire the poet with thoughts worthy of his subject. Singularly enough it was the finch's last song; he was found dead the next morning.

Santeul may have been acquainted with a Greek "Epitaph on a Flute-player," by Diotimus, to which part of his own bears a resemblance. The translation is by Dr. Charles Merivale (Jacobs I. 185, viii.):

Man's hopes are spirits with fast-fleeting wings.
See where in death our hopeful Lesbus lies!
Lesbus is dead; the favourite of kings!
Hail, light-wing'd Hopes, ye swiftest deities!
On his cold tomb we carve a voiceless flute;
For Pluto hears not, and the grave is mute.

**A YOUNG DOCTOR'S APOLOGY FOR THE SMOOTHNESS OF
HIS FACE.**

Freely translated in "Selections from the French Anas," 1797.

What! praise my rosy cheeks and youthful face?
Alas! such features would my rank disgrace.
Such beauties suit fair ladies of eighteen,
And not a doctor's philosophic mien.
The beetle brow, the wrinkle deep and wide,
A pompous look by studious thoughts supplied,
Are a sage doctor's charms. No more upbraid
My miss-like visage. Lately I survey'd
In yonder stream my phiz, and found it rough
With wrinkles, and for a doctor's grave enough.
Besides, revolving years will soon destroy
Whate'er remains that marks me for a boy:
Yet still I hope they will not snatch one part
Of the fair image of an honest heart.

These lines were supplied by Santeul to a young licentiate about to take his doctor's degree; and it is said that when they were recited, the learned assembly with one voice declared them to be Santeul's, so well was the poet's Latin style known to the audience.

NINIANUS PATERSONUS,

Was a native of Glasgow, and Minister of Liberton. He published
"Epigrammatum Libri Octo" in 1678.

TO TROY (Book IV. 59).

Ah, hapless Troy! the flame, whilst Maro sings,
Around thy blacken'd walls for ever clings;
One conflagration to the Greeks you owe,
In Maro's verse the flames immortal glow.

Alpheus of Mitylene, in a Greek epigram on Homer, shows how poetry has preserved in action all the catastrophes of the Trojan war (Jacobs II. 116, v.). The translation is taken from the 551st No. of the "Spectator":

Still in our ears Andromache complains,
And still in sight the fate of Troy remains:

Still Ajax fights, still Hector's dragg'd along :
Such strange enchantment dwells in Homer's song;
Whose birth could more than one poor realm adorn,
For all the world is proud that he was born.

Duke, in lines addressed "To Mr. Dryden, on his 'Troilus and Cressida,' 1679," says :

Boast then, O Troy ! and triumph in thy flames,
That make thee sung by three such mighty names.
Had Ilium stood, Homer had ne'er been read,
Nor the sweet Mantuan swan his wings display'd,
Nor thou, the third, but equal in renown,
Thy matchless skill in this great subject shown.
Not Priam's self, nor all the Trojan state,
Was worth the saving at so dear a rate.
But they now flourish by you mighty three,
In verse more lasting than their walls could be :
Which never, never shall like them decay,
Being built by hands divine as well as they.

ON A SAILOR RIDING (Book V. 38).

Translated in the "Quarterly Review," No. 233.

The sailor curses land's uneven tides,
While he, no rider, a wild horse bestrides.

Butler, in "Hudibras" (Part III. canto iii. 59), describes a sailor's manner of riding :

As seamen ride with all their force,
And tug as if they row'd the horse,
And when the hackney sails most swift,
Believe they lag or run adrift.

RAPH. MACENTINUS.

Of this author no account has been found.

ON LYCUS ("Delitiæ Delitiarum," 101).

Translated in the "Quarterly Review," No. 233.

Lycus was ask'd the reason, it is said,
His beard was so much whiter than his head.
"The reason," he replied, "my friend, is plain :
I work my throat much harder than my brain !"

Traces of the mediæval epigrams are sometimes found in works where they are least expected. In "The Spirit of the Public Journals" for 1806, X. 239, the following appears. It is only styled "Epigram," with no hint of being a translation, or of its origin, but undoubtedly it is a version of Macentinus' epigram :

Black locks hath Gabriel, beard that's white ;
The reason, sir, is plain ;
Gabriel works hard, from morn to night,
More with his jaw than brain.

An epigram, "To Marcus," though very inferior, may be compared with the above. It is a distich by Owen (Book I. 95) translated by Hayman, with an addition of two lines by the translator (Hayman's "Quodlibets, &c." 1628) :

Thy beard grows fair and large ; thy head grows thin ;
Thou hast a light head, and a heavy chin.
Hence 'tis those light conceits thy head doth breed,
From thy dull heavy mouth so slow proceed.

The older English epigrammatists were fond of this subject. Sir John Harington has an epigram, "Of One that had a Black Head and a Grey Beard." It is too long and worthless for insertion in full (Book III. 32) :

Though many search, yet few the cause can find,
Why thy beard grey, thy head continues black :
Some think thy beard more subject to the wind,
Some think that thou dost use the new-found knack,

* * * * *

But we think most of these have missed the mark.
For this think we, that think we think aright,
Thy beard and years are grave, thy head is light.

MODERN EPIGRAMMATISTS.

A.D. 1480—A.D. 18—.

PIERRE GRINGORE.

A French poet, born between 1475 and 1480 ; whether in Lorraine or Normandy is doubtful. He died about 1544.

THE DRESS MAKES NOT THE MAN.

Translated from the French by Cary in " The Early French Poets."

The lepers by the warning clack are known,
As by his pig Saint Anthony is shown ;
The inky cloak makes not the monk devout,
Nor trappings proud the soldier brave and stout.

So, Hamlet says (Act I. sc. 2) :

'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, modes, shows of grief,
That can denote me truly.

BEHAVIOUR IN CHURCH.

Translated from the French by Cary in " The Early French Poets."

Unwise the man who heareth Mass, I wist,
With hound in leash, or hawk upon his fist ;
He comes not into church to worship there,
But to disturb his neighbours at their prayer.

The custom complained of at this early period extended into modern times. Within the memory of the present generation, it was very common for country farmers to take their dogs to church—an irreverent

practice, which occasionally resulted in a rat-hunt in the middle of service. It is well known that old S. Paul's was a fashionable promenade, the general rendezvous of the busy and the idle of all classes, who disgraced the sacred building by jests and quarrels. The number was increased by those who, having no means of procuring a dinner, affected to loiter there. From this the phrase, "dining with Duke Humphrey" originated; for in this "Powles Walke" was a huge monument of Sir John Beauchamp, buried in 1358, which, by a vulgar mistake, was called the tomb of Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, who was buried at S. Alban's. The duke had kept an open table, where any gentleman was welcome to dine; and after his death, to dine with Duke Humphrey—i.e., to loiter about his supposed tomb in S. Paul's—meant to go dinnerless. Bishop Hall, in his satires, touches upon this use to which the cathedral was put (Book III. sat. 7):

'Tis Rufflo. Trow'st thou where he din'd to-day?
 In sooth I saw him sit with Duke Humphrey.
 Many good welcomes, and much gratis cheer,
 Keeps he for every straggling cavalier;
 An open house, haunted with great resort;
 Long service mix'd with musical disport.

In a humorous poem, published in 1674, by Samuel Speed, entitled, "The Legend of his Grace, Humphrey, Duke of S. Paul's Cathedral Walk, &c.," is the following passage:

Some with their beads unto a pillar crowd;
 Some mutter forth, some say their graces loud;
 Some on devotion came to feed their muse;
 Some came to sleep, or walk, or talk of news.

Bishop Corbet, in his "Elegy on the Death of Dr. Ravis, Bishop of London," gives a still worse view of the use to which the cathedral was put:

When I past Pauls, and travell'd in that walk
 Where all our Brittain-sinners swear and talk;
 Old Harry-ruffians, bankrupts, soothsayers,
 And youth, whose cozenage is as old as theirs.

At a later period we find a complaint with regard to new S. Paul's, which is applicable to the present as well as a past day ("Epigrams in Distich," 1740):

This is God's House; but 'tis to be deplor'd,
 More come to see the house than serve its Lord.

SIR THOMAS WYAT,

Usually styled "the elder" to distinguish him from his son, who was executed for high treason in Mary's reign, was born in 1503. He was a man of many accomplishments, and was a great favourite of Henry VIII., who employed him in several embassies. He is said to have combined the wit of Sir Thomas More with the wisdom of Sir Thomas Cromwell. He died in 1541.

*TO HIS LOVE, WHOM HE HAD KISSED AGAINST HER
WILL.*

Alas, madam, for stealing of a kiss,
Have I so much your mind therein offended?
Or have I done so grievously amiss,
That by no means it may not be amended?
Revenge you then : the readiest way is this ;
Another kiss, my life it shall have ended,
For to my mouth the first my heart did suck,
The next shall clean out of my breast it pluck.

Plato, in a Greek distich, thus freely rendered by Moore, expresses the effect produced by a kiss (Jacobs I. 102, ii.):

Whene'er thy nectar'd kiss I sip,
And drink thy breath in trance divine,
My soul then flutters to my lip,
Ready to fly and mix with thine.

Robert Greene, born about 1550, has a similar passage ("Lady Fitzwater's Nightingale."—Philomela's Ode):

With arms folded, and lips meeting,
Each soul another sweetly greeting!
For by the breath the soul fleeteth,
And soul with soul in kissing meeteth.

So, Massinger in "The Fatal Dowry" (Act II. sc. 2):

Breath marry breath, and kisses mingle souls,
Two hearts and bodies here incorporate!

William Habington has a pretty epigram, "Upon a Trembling Kiss at Departure," too long for insertion, but the last few lines are worth comparing with Wyatt's epigram, and close with a curious conceit:

Or else you fear, lest you, should my heart skip
Up to my mouth, t' encounter with your lip,
Might rob me of it: and be judg'd in this,
T' have Judas-like betray'd me with a kiss.

JOHN HEYWOOD,

Was born at North Mims, near S. Alban's, but at what date is uncertain. He was a great favourite of Henry VIII., and of his daughter Mary, on account of his happy talent for telling diverting stories. Upon the accession of Elizabeth, being a strict Roman Catholic, he retired to Mechlin, where he died in 1565. His epigrams on proverbs and general subjects amount to about six hundred, and were several times reprinted before the end of the 16th century. The edition from which the following are taken is that of 1576.

JACK AND HIS FATHER (1st Hundred, 25).

Jack (quoth his father), how shall I ease take?
 If I stand my legs ache, and if I kneel,
 My knees ache, and if I go, then my feet ache,
 If I lie my back ach'th, if I sit I feel
 My hips ache, and lean I never so weele,
 My elbows ache: Sir, (quoth Jack) pain to exile,
 Since all these ease not, best ye hang awhile.

TWO WISHERS FOR TWO MANNER OF MOUTHS
 (1st Hundred, 83).

"I wish thou hadst a little narrow mouth, wife,
 "Little and little to drop out words in strife!"
 "And I wish you, sir, a wide mouth, for the nonce,
 "To speak all that ever you shall speak at once!"

The life of this wishing couple seems to have been much like that which was led by the husband and wife whom Martial celebrates (Book VIII. 85). The translation is by Relph:

Alike in temper and in life,
 The crossest husband, crossest wife:
 It looks exceeding odd to me,
 This well-match'd pair can disagree.

A thought which has been humorously expanded by Ben Jonson (Ep. 42):

Who says that Giles and Joan at discord be?
 Th' observing neighbours no such mood can see.
 Indeed, poor Giles repents he married ever;
 But that his Joan doth too. And Giles would never
 By his free will be in Joan's company;
 No more would Joan he should. Giles riseth early,

And having got him out of doors is glad ;
 The like is Joan. But turning home is sad ;
 And so is Joan. Oft-times, when Giles doth find
 Harsh sights at home, Giles wisheth he were blind ;
 All this doth Joan. Or that his long-yearn'd life
 Were quite outspun ; the like wish hath his wife.

* * * * *

If now, with man and wife, to will and nill
 The self-same things, a note of concord be,
 I know no couple better can agree.

OF PRIDE (5th Hundred, 42).

If thou wilt needs be proud, mark this, friend mine ;
 Of good deeds be not proud, they are not thine :
 But when thou playest the knave, in ill deeds grown,
 Be proud of those ill deeds ; they are thine own.

A Latin distich by Nicholas Baxius is similar to the first part of this epigram, though its teaching differs from the latter part. The translation is by James Wright ("Delitiæ Delitiarum," 225) :

Boast not thy actions ; for if bad they be,
 No praise is due ; if good, none's due to thee.

OF TONGUE AND WIT (6th Hundred, 33).

Thou hast a swift running tongue ; howbeit,
 Thy tongue is nothing so quick as thy wit :
 Thou art, when wit and tongue in running contend,
 At thy wits' end ere thou be at thy tale's end.

Prior has an epigram of similar character, on one whose *pen* ran faster than his wit :

While faster than his costive brain indites,
 Philo's quick hand in flowing letters writes ;
 His case appears to me like honest Teague's
 When he was run away with by his legs.
 Phœbus, give Philo o'er himself command ;
 Quicken his senses or restrain his hand ;
 Let him be kept from paper, pen, and ink ;
 So he may cease to write, and learn to think.

JOHN HOPKINS,

Who after Sternhold's death finished the metrical version of the Psalms, which that lugubrious poet had left incomplete, was born about 1525, and is supposed to have been a clergyman of Suffolk, but nothing is known of his life.

TO MR. THOMAS STERNHOLD, ON THE KING'S OFFERING

("The Honeysuckle," 1734, 88).

From ancient custom 'tis (they say)
 Our most religious king
 Does annually upon Twelfth-day,
 Unto the altar bring,
 Gold, myrrh, and frankincense, I ween
 They do devolve by right,
 Unto the royal chapel's dean
 A certain perquisite;
 Now, what I'd know is this,—pray tell
 In your opinion, sir,
 Which to the dean does sweetest smell,
Gold, frankincense, or myrrh.

LADY CATHERINE KILLIGREW.

Sir Anthony Coke, who had been tutor to Edward VI., was especially happy in his daughters, who were distinguished for their amiable qualities and unusual learning. Sir Henry Killigrew, who had married the third daughter, Lady Catherine (born about 1530), was to be despatched as ambassador to Paris by Queen Elizabeth, an office at that time of difficulty and some danger. His wife sent the following lines to her eldest sister, Lady Mildred, who had married the Lord Chancellor Burleigh, begging her interest to cause the appointment to be cancelled. The original is in Latin. The translation, which singularly well preserves the epigrammatic point, is by Fuller, the author of the "British Worthies" (Fuller's "Worthies"):

If, Mildred, by thy care, *he* be sent back, whom I request,
 A sister good thou art to me, yea better, yea the best.
 But if with stays thou keep'st him, or send'st where seas
 may part,
 Then unto me a sister ill, yea worse, yea none thou art.

If he to Cornwall thou shalt please, I peace to thee foretell,
But, Cecil, if he cross the sea, I war denounce!—Farewell.

The intercession appears to have been successful, for Camden in his "History of Queen Elizabeth" mentions that Sir Thomas Hobey died ambassador at Paris in 1576; yet if so, the husband of one sister was endangered to preserve the husband of the other, for Sir Thomas Hobey married Sir Anthony Coke's fourth daughter.

Richard Edwards, the compiler of "The Paradise of Dainty Devises," thus celebrates one of the daughters of Sir Anthony Coke in "The Praise of Eight Ladies of Queen Elizabeth's Court" ("Nugæ Antiquæ," ed. 1804, II. 394):

Coke is comely, and thereto
In books sets all her care;
In learning with the Roman dames
Of right she may compare.

JOHN LYLLY,

A dramatic writer of no great merit, upon whom Queen Elizabeth bestowed some notice, was born about 1553. He was chiefly celebrated for two books, entitled, "Euphues and his England," and "Euphues, the Anatomy of Wit," in which he taught an affected style of language, which was for a time very popular. The character of the Euphuist, Sir Piercie Shafton, in Sir Walter Scott's "Monastery," will be remembered, who talked to Mary Avenel and the miller's daughter with the fashionable affectation of the day.

CUPID AND CAMPASPE.

Cupid and my Campaspe play'd
At cards for kisses; Cupid paid:
He stakes his quiver, bow, and arrows,
His mother's doves, and train of sparrows;
Loses them too; then down he throws
The coral of his lip, the rose
Growing on's cheek (but none knows how);
With these the crystal of his brow,
And then the dimple on his chin;
And these did my Campaspe win:
At last he set her both his eyes—
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
O Love! has she done this to thee?
What shall, alas! become of me?

Campaspe, or Pancaste, was a beautiful woman, whom Alexander the Great gave in marriage to Apelles, the painter, who had fallen in love with her when he drew her portrait. On this picture Elsum has the following in his "Epigrams on Paintings," 1700, Ep. 6:

An object this, so wonderfully bright,
Does almost dazzle and confound the sight.
Her eyes, her breasts, her bosom, ev'ry part,
Every member of her shoots a dart,
Apelles found each of them pierc'd his heart.
The Macedonian king perceiv'd him languish,
Gave him Campaspe, and assuag'd his anguish.
Had he in lieu of her resign'd his crown,
He had not half of such a bounty shown:
But what's return'd for this vast gift? A *Table*
For beauty and for grace inestimable.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL,

Born in 1560, was sent abroad for education, and became a Jesuit at Rome, whence he returned as a missionary to England. In 1592 he was apprehended, and imprisoned for three years, and in 1595 was tried for teaching Roman Catholic doctrines, and executed the next day. His poetry has fallen into unmerited neglect; many of his pieces are singularly beautiful, and full of striking thoughts. "S. Peter's Complaint and other Poems" (from which the following epigrammatic stanzas are taken) has passed through several editions.

LOSS IN DELAYS.

Time wears all his locks before,
Take thou hold upon his forehead;
When he flies, he turns no more,
And behind his scalp is naked.
Works adjourn'd have many stays;
Long demurs breed new delays.

Posidippus, who flourished B.C. 280, has a fine Greek epigram on a Statue of Time (Jacobs II. 49, xiii.); thus translated by C.:

"Statue! your sculptor whence?" 'From Sicyon's clime.'
"His name?" 'Lycippus.' "Who art thou?" 'I'm Time.'
"On tip-toe why?" 'I ever speed.' "Why bind
Thy feet with wings?" 'I leave the gale behind.'
"What means that hour-glass with his sands outrun?"
'That Time and Time's occasion waits for none.'
"And why that fore-lock?" "'Tis that he may hold

Who meets me coming.' "And behind why bald?"
 'Me once past by, man never can regain,
 He'll wish to have me, but he'll wish in vain!
 Lo! such am I, plac'd here before this shrine,
 Stranger, for thee: to teach thee Truth divine!"

Shakespeare, in "All's Well that Ends Well" (Act V. sc. 3), warns against procrastination:

Let's take the instant by the forward top;
 For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
 The inaudible and noiseless foot of time
 Steals ere we can effect them.

UPON THE IMAGE OF DEATH.

Before my face the picture hangs,
 That daily should put me in mind,
 Of these cold names and bitter pangs
 That shortly I am like to find;
 But yet, alas! full little I
 Do think hereon, that I must die.

There is something very solemn in these lines, and, considering the cruel fate of the writer, one passage is almost prophetic; for there is a known edition of the poem as early as 1593, and *probably* it was published before his imprisonment.

DEATH IS RELEASE.

On the unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots.

The Queen speaks.

A queen by birth, a prisoner by mishap,
 From crown to cross, from thence to thrall I fell;
 My right my ruth, my title wrought my trap;
 My weal my woe, my worldly heaven my hell.
 By death from prisoner to a prince enhanc'd,
 From cross to crown, from thrall to throne again;
 My ruth my right, my trap my state advanc'd;
 From woe to weal, from hell to heavenly reign.

So, Herrick says:

Be not dismaide, though crosses cast thee downe;
 Thy fall is but the rising to a crowne.

SIR JOHN HARINGTON,

Descended from a good family in Cumberland, was born at Kelston, near Bath, in 1561, and had Queen Elizabeth for his Godmother. He was educated at Eton, and Christ's College, Cambridge, and brought himself into considerable notice by a translation of Ariosto's "*Orlando Furioso*." Throughout life he was much at court, and always held in esteem. He died in 1612. Many of the epigrams which commonly pass as his own, and which are found in his volume of "*Most Elegant and Wittie Epigrams*," are only translations from Martial. The edition of 1633 is the one from which the following are taken.

OF GALLA'S GOODLY PERIWIG (Book II. 65).

You see the goodly hair that Galla wears,
 'Tis certain her own hair, who would have thought it?
 She swears it is her own: and true she swears,
 For hard by Temple-bar last day she bought it.
 So fair a hair upon so foul a forehead,
 Augments disgrace, and shows the grace is borrow'd.

This is taken from Martial (Book VI. 12):

This hair's my own, Phil swears; none saw her buy it;
 What, Paulus, is she perjur'd?—I deny it.

Of a similar character are some of the inferior epigrams of the later Greek Epigrammatists, as, for instance, the following by Lucillius (Jacobs III. 35, xxxi.); thus translated by Cowper:

Mycilla dyes her locks, 'tis said;
 But 'tis a foul aspersion;
 She buys them black; they therefore need
 No subsequent immersion.

OF TREASON (Book IV. 5).

Treason doth never prosper; what's the reason?
 For if it prosper, none dare call it treason.

This epigram occurs, with slight variation, in a letter in "*Nugæ Antiquæ*" (ed. 1804, I. 385), from Sir John Harington to Prince Henry, 1609:

"My grandfather . . . whose father was so much in the troubles and wars of York and Lancaster, as to lose all his lands for being a commander on the wrong side, and among the traitors, if so I may say; and yet thus saith a poet (himself): Treason, &c."

Butler, in one of his "Miscellaneous Thoughts," shows the rebel's view of treason:

The worst of rebels never arm
To do their king or country harm;
But draw their swords to do them good,
As doctors cure by letting blood.

In "The Poetical Register" for 1802, "A Traitor's Epitaph" is given, an *unsuccessful* traitor, no doubt:

Be this dark spot for ever to verdure unknown,
For ever by Virtue and Pity untrod;
Unbreath'd be his name, and unhonour'd his stone,
The foe of his Country, his King, and his God!

*THE AUTHOR TO QUEEN ELIZABETH IN PRAISE OF HER
READING (Book IV. 13).*

For ever dear, for ever dreaded Prince,
You read a verse of mine a little since,
And so pronounst each word, and every letter,
Your gracious reading grac't my verse the better
Since then your Highness doth, by gift exceeding,
Make what you read the better for your reading;
Let my poor muse your pains thus far impórtune,
To leave to read my verse, and read my Fortune.

These lines are also in "Nugæ Antiquæ," ed. 1804, I. 172, among the pieces "From Sir John Harington's Papers, called his 'Breefe Notes and Remembraunces.'" They are subscribed, "From your Highnesse saucy Godson"; and are preceded by a few words of explanation: ". My Lord of Essex is also my friend, and that not in bad sort. He bids me lay good hold on her Majesty's bounty, and ask freely. I will attend to-morrow, and leave this little poesie behind her cushion at my departing from her presence."

The verses having been found among the papers of Sir John Harington, which were in the possession of his descendant, the Rev. Henry Harington, who published the first edition of the "Nugæ Antiquæ," there can be no doubt of their authenticity, and of the occasion on which they were composed. They are published, however, among the poems of Bishop Corbet in the editions of Gilchrist and of Chalmers, as verses addressed by that poet "To the Prince, afterwards Charles the First." They were not printed in the early editions of Corbet's poems, but are stated by Gilchrist to be taken "From a Manuscript in Ashmole's Museum."

FORTUNE (Book IV. 56).

Fortune, men say, doth give too much to many :
But yet she never gave enough to any.

This is an amplification of the second line of a distich of Martial (Book XII 10) ; translated by Hay (with very slight alteration) :

He strives for more, though he his thousands touch :
Fortune gives none enough, but some too much.

With this may be compared the latter part of the "Moral" of Prior's coarse story called "The Ladle." The last line is necessarily altered, as it refers to the tale, and when separated from it would have no meaning :

Against our peace we arm our will :
Amidst our plenty, something still
For horses, houses, pictures, planting,
To thee, to me, to him, is wanting.
The cruel something unpossess'd
Corrodes, and leavens all the rest.
That something, if we could obtain,
Would soon create a future pain :
And to the coffin, from the womb,
Each granted wish has shade of gloom.

Robert Southwell has a fine stanza on this subject in "Times go by Turns" :

A chance may win that by mischance was lost ;
The well that holds no great, takes little fish ;
In some things all, in all things none are cross'd ;
Few all they need, but none have all they wish.
Unmeddled joys here to no man befall,
Who least hath some, who most hath never all.

Singularly enough, considering the age of Southwell, this stanza, with very slight variation, is attributed to S. T. Coleridge, and published in his "Literary Remains," edited by Henry Nelson Coleridge, 1836, I. 46.

A TRAGICAL EPIGRAM (Book IV. 82).

When doom of peers and judges fore-appointed,
By racking laws beyond all reach of reason,
Had unto death condemn'd a queen anointed,
And found (oh strange !) without allegiance treason ;
The axe that should have done that execution,
Shunn'd to cut off a head that had been crown'd,
Our hangman lost his wonted resolution,
To quell a queen of nobleness so renowned.

Ah, is remorse in hangmen and in steel,
 When peers and judges no remorse can feel?
 Grant, Lord, that in this noble Isle, a queen
 Without a head may never more be seen.

This, with only slight variation, was published by Samuel Sheppard as his own in "Epigrams, Theological, Philosophical, and Romantick," 1651, Book III. 28.

Sir John Harington's father, in lines "Upon the Lord Admiral Seymour's Picture," had said of that aspiring man, with far less ground than his son of poor Mary, Queen of Scots ("Nugæ Antiquæ," ed. 1804, II. 330):

Yet against nature, reason, and just laws,
 His blood was spilt, guiltless, without just cause.

COURT LIFE ("Nugæ Antiquæ," 1804, I. 168).

Who liveth in courts, must mark what they say;
 Who liveth for ease, had better live away.

This terse advice is curious, coming from the pen of a man who had spent the greater part of his life at court, and who seems to have been a general favourite. It may, however, refer to Elizabeth's displeasure, which he incurred, in common with the Earl of Essex, on that nobleman's impolitic return from Ireland in 1599, whither Harington had accompanied him.

Sir Thomas Wyatt, who was born in 1503, wrote some lines on "The Courtier's Life," which might have been a warning to Harington of the troubles, which at that time, at any rate, were inseparable from the condition of a professed courtier (Ellis' "Specimens of the Early English Poets," 1803, II. 48):

In court to serve decked with fresh array,
 Of sugar'd meats feeling the sweet repast;
 The life in banquets, and sundry kinds of play
 Amid the press of worldly looks to waste;—
 Hath with it join'd oft-times such bitter taste,
 That whoso joys such kind of life to hold,
 In prison joys fetter'd with chains of gold.

But a still older poet, Quintyn Schaw, a Scotchman, who wrote "Advice to a Courtier," comparing the life of a courtier to that of a mariner, concludes his poem with this sage counsel (Ellis' "Specimens of the Early English Poets," 1803, I. 404):

Dread this danger, good friend and brother,
 And take example before of other.*
 Know, courts and winds has oftysys † varied:
 Keep well your course, and rule your rudder;
 And think with kings ye are not married!

* Of others before you.

† Oft-times.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Born 1564. Died 1616.

EPITAPH ON JOHN COMBE, AN USURER.

Ten in the hundred the devil allows,
 But Combes will have twelve, he swears and he vows :
 If any one ask, who lies in this tomb,
 Hoh! quoth the devil, 'tis my John O'Combe.

There are several versions of this epitaph. The above is taken from Boswell's edition of Malone's Shakespeare. Rowe, in his *Life of the Dramatist*, gives a different one, and says that the poet made it during Combe's life, and handed it to that gentleman, which so incensed him that he never forgave the author. Another account states that the epitaph was fastened upon a tomb, which Combe caused to be built for himself in his lifetime. Malone refutes both these stories, and shows that the epitaph was written after the usurer's death and on the occasion of his funeral, which took place at Stratford-on-Avon, July 12, 1614.

EPITAPH ON ELIAS JAMES.

When God was pleas'd, the world unwilling yet,
 Elias James to nature paid his debt,
 And here repositeth : as he liv'd, he died ;
 The saying in him strongly verified,—
 Such life, such death : then, the known truth to tell,
 He liv'd a godly life, and died as well.

For an account of this and the following epitaphs, and the reasons for ascribing them to Shakespeare, the reader is referred to Malone's *Life of the Dramatist*.

Shakespeare may not refer to any particular "saying." The sentiment is common. Sutton, in his "*Disce Mori*" (chap. X.), says: "What remaineth, but to frame the premises as we would find the conclusion; to sow as we would one day reap? for those that will lie soft must make their bed thereafter, and to live the life we hope to live, is in a generality here to live religiously."

*EPITAPHS ON SIR THOMAS STANLEY, KNIGHT,
IN TONG CHURCH, SHROPSHIRE.*

ON THE EAST END OF THE TOMB.

Ask who lies here, but do not weep ;
He is not dead, he doth but sleep.
This stony register is for his bones,
His fame is more perpetual than these stones :
And his own goodness, with himself being gone,
Shall live when earthly monument is none.

ON THE WEST END OF THE TOMB.

Not monumental stone preserves our fame,
Nor sky-aspiring pyramids our name.
The memory of him for whom this stands,
Shall out-live marble, and defacers' hands.
When all to time's consumption shall be given,
Stanley, for whom this stands, shall stand in heaven.

The expression, "his own goodness with himself being gone," is introduced with little variation by Shakespeare in "Henry VIII." (Act II. sc. 1) ; Buckingham, just before his execution, thus speaking of the king :

Ever belov'd, and loving, may his rule be !
And, when old time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument !

Milton, in his epitaph on Shakespeare, almost reproduces the expression, "Sky-aspiring Pyramids" :

What needs my Shakespeare for his honour'd bones,
The labour of an age in piled stones ;
Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid
Under a star-y-pointing pyramid ?

Truly did Shakespeare say :

The memory of him for whom this stands,
Shall outlive marble and defacers' hands.

But he was, perhaps, too diffident to suppose that it would be by means of his own verse. We may apply to this a stanza of Spenser in "The Ruines of Time" :

For not to have been dipt in Lethe lake,
Could save the sonne of Thetis from to die ;
But that blinde bard did him immortall make
With verses, dipt in deaw of Castalie :
Which made the Easterne conquerour to crie,
O fortunate yong-man ! whose vertue found
So brave a trompe, thy noble acts to sound.

SIR JOHN DAVIES.

The son of a lawyer at Tisbury, in Wiltshire, born about 1570. A poem on the "Immortality of the Soul," brought him into notice. In 1603 he was made Solicitor-General of Ireland, and rose to be a Judge. On his return to England in 1616 he practised as King's Serjeant, and is said to have had the prospect of being Chief Justice, but died suddenly in 1626. His epigrams were added to Marlowe's translation of Ovid's *Epistles*, printed at Middleburgh in 1596. In 1599 all the copies in the Stationers' Hall were destroyed, together with the satires of Hall and Marston, by order of Archbishop Whitgift and Bishop Bancroft.

ON TITAS (Ep. 6).

Titas, the brave and valorous young gallant,
 Three years together in this town hath been,
 Yet my Lord Chancellor's tomb he hath not seen,
 Nor the new water-work, nor the elephant.
 I cannot tell the cause without a smile,
 He hath been in the compter all this while.

The Lord Chancellor's tomb, which the unfortunate Titas was unable to visit, was probably that of Sir Christopher Hatton, who died in 1591, and was buried under a stately monument in the choir of S. Paul's.

An anonymous epigram, evidently formed upon Davies', is in several old collections :

Three years in London Bobadil had been,
 Yet not the lions nor the tombs had seen :
 I cannot tell the cause without a smile—
 The rogue had been in *Newgate* all the while.

Bishop Corbet ridicules the Chancellor's tomb at the close of his "Elegy upon the Death of Dr. Ravis, Bishop of London" :

Nor needs the Chancellor boast, whose pyramis
 Above the Host and altar reared is ;
 For, though thy body fill a viler room,
 Thou shalt not change *deeds* with him for his *tomb*.

On this passage Mr. Gilchrist, the editor of Corbet's Poems, remarks : " This was not the first censure of Sir Christopher Hatton's extravagant monument ; as, according to Stowe, some poet had before complained on the part of Sydney and Walsingham, that

" ' Philip and Francis have no tomb,
 For great Christopher takes all the room.' "

ON PRISCUS (Ep. 31).

When Priscus, rais'd from low to high estate,
 Rode through the streets in pompous jollity,
 Caius, his poor familiar friend of late,
 Be-spake him thus: Sir, now you know not me.
 'Tis likely, friend, (quoth Priscus) to be so,
 For at this time myself I do not know.

Hackett, the editor of a volume of epigrams in 1757, has one very similar to this (Ep. 32):

When Jack was poor, the lad was frank and free;
 Of late he's grown brimfull of pride and pelf;
 You wonder that he don't remember *me*;
 Why so? You see he has forgot *himself*.

Swift's satire, "The Dean and the Duke," will be recollected, which opens thus:

James Brydges and the Dean had long been friends:
 James is beduk'd; of course their friendship ends:
 But sure the Dean deserves a sharp rebuke,
 From knowing James, to boast he knows the Duke.

And also Pope's dialogue with Craggs:

Pope. Since my old friend is grown so great
 As to be minister of state;
 I'm told (but 'tis not true, I hope)
 That Craggs will be asham'd of Pope.

Craggs. Alas! if I am such a creature,
 To grow the worse for growing greater;
 Why faith, in spite of all my brags,
 'Tis Pope must be asham'd of Craggs.

ON BRUNUS (Ep. 32).

Brunus, which deems himself a fair sweet youth,
 Is nine-and-thirty years of age at least;
 Yet was he never, to confess the truth,
 But a dry starveling when he was at best.
 This gull was sick to show his night-cap fine,
 And his wrought pillow overspread with lawn;
 And hath been well since his grief's cause hath lien
 At 'Trollop's by Saint Clement's Church in pawn.

The original of this is probably an epigram by Martial (Book II. 16), which Hay thus freely translates:

Vainlove is ill; his illness is his bed,
 Made up of chintz and silks prohibited:
 Near it an Indian screen, and work'd settee,
 Inflame his fever to a high degree.
 When he is well these fopperies are not seen;
 They make him sick and give us too the spleen.
 Dismiss his doctors, and apply my spell;
 Let him change beds with me, and he'll be well.

Massinger, in "The City Madam" (Act IV. sc. 4), makes Luke say to Lady Frugal and her daughters:

Great lords and ladies feasted to survey
 Embroider'd petticoats; and sickness feign'd
 That your night-rails of forty pounds apiece
 Might be seen with envy of the visitants.

DR. JOHN DONNE,

Descended from an ancient family in Wales, was born in London in 1573. He was educated as a Roman Catholic, but joined the Church of England when about twenty years of age. After travelling abroad for some time, he took holy orders in 1614; in 1620 was made Dean of S. Paul's; and died in 1631. Dryden said of him, that he was "the greatest wit, though not the best poet of our nation."

On the Dean's death the following epitaph was made, the curious conceits in which are quite in the style of the age. The author is unknown (Donne's Poems—Chalmers' Poets):

Here lies Dean Donne: enough; those words alone
 Show him as fully, as if all the stone,
 His church of Paul's contains, were through inscrib'd;
 Or all the walkers there, to speak him, brib'd.
 None can mistake him, for one such as he,
 Donne, dean or man, more none shall ever see.
 Not man? no, though unto a sun each eye
 Were turn'd, the whole earth so to over-spy;
 A bold brave word; yet such brave spirits as knew
 His spirit, will say, it is less brave than true.

THE ANTIQUARY.

If in his study he hath so much care
 'To hang all old strange things, let his wife beware.

The *scholar's* wife who ventured into his study, was not in danger of being hanged, but of being put away ("Literary Anecdotes, &c., of Porson and others, from MS. Papers of the late E. H. Barker, Esq.," 1852, I. 229):

To a deep scholar said his wife:
 "Would that I were a book, my life!
 On me you then would sometimes look;
 But I should wish to be the book,
 That you would mostly wish to see:
 Then say what volume should I be?"
 "An almanack," said he, "my dear;
 You know we change them ev'ry year."

This is a joke by Dryden, versified. He was himself the scholar; the lady, his wife, Lady Elizabeth. Dryden, however, did not express a desire to *change* his wife, but to be free altogether of such an appendage, saying: "When you do become a book, pray let it be an almanack; for then at the end of the year I shall lay you quietly on the shelf, and shall be able to pursue my studies without interruption" (Kett's "Flowers of Wit," 1814, I. 92).

DR. DONNE'S LATIN EPIGRAMS

Were translated in 1652 by Jasper Maine, or Mayne, and entitled, "A Sheaf of Miscellany Epigrams." The following occur in this volume.

UPON ONE ROGER, A RICH NIGGARD (Ep. 2).

Bottomless pit of gold! Slave to thy chest!
 Poor in the midst of riches not possesst!
 Self *Tantalus*! To thine own wealth a thief!
 Affording scarce thy half-starv'd womb relief.
 Cheating thy limbs with clothes transparent worn;
 Plague to thyself! To all men else a scorn!
 Who madly does men's silver shapes adore;
 And thence get'st cheeks pale as the silver ore.
 Fear not I'll beg; my mind's above thy pelf;
 Good thrifty *Hodge*, give something to thyself.

Donne, when writing this, probably thought of a Latin epigram by Petronius Arbiter ("Satyricon," ed. Amstel., 1669, 309), translated in "The Works of Petronius Arbiter, by several hands," 1714:

Unhappy Tantalus, amidst the flood,
Where floating apples on the surface stood,
Ever pursu'd them with a longing eye,
Yet could not thirst nor hunger satisfy.
Such is the miser's fate, who, curs'd with wealth,
In midst of endless treasures starves himself.

EPIGRAM 50.

A Dutch captain of foot, having with his soldiers entered a breach, and there awhile fought valiantly with a two-handed sword; in the very point of victory, being mortally wounded, spake thus:

I die well paid, whilst my expiring breath,
Smiles o'er the tombs of foes made kin by death.

Diodorus, a Greek poet, who flourished B.C. 354, has an epigram which expresses a noble feeling with regard to the kinship and cessation of hostility between foes in death. It is translated by Cumberland ("Observer," No. 103):

When your foe dies, let all resentment cease;
Make peace with death, and death shall give you peace.

THOMAS BASTARD,

Was a native of Blandford in Dorsetshire. The exact date of his birth is unknown, but in 1588 he was elected to New College, Oxford, from Winchester School. He took holy orders, and obtained the livings of Bere Regis and Amour, or Amer, in his own county. In the latter part of his life he became embarrassed in circumstances, and affected in mind, and died in Dorchester prison in 1618. He published "Chrestoleros. Seven Books of Epigrams," in 1598.

ON SIR PHILIP SIDNEY (Book I. 11).

When Nature wrought upon her mould so well,
That Nature wonder'd her own work to see,
When Art so labour'd Nature to excel,
And both had spent their excellence in thee;
Willing they gave thee into Fortune's hand,
Fearing they could not end what they began.

Spenser has an elegy and two epitaphs on Sir Philip Sidney. In one of the latter he thus expresses his worth:

Place pensive wailes his fall, whose presence was her pride;
 Time crieth out, My ebbe is come; his life was my spring tide;
 Fame mournes in that she lost the ground of her reports;
 Ech living wight laments his lacke, and all in sundry sorts.
 He was (wo worth that word!) to ech well thinking minde
 A spotlesse friend, a matchless man, whose vertue ever shinde,
 Declaring in his thoughts, his life, and that he writ,
 Highest conceits, longest foresights, and deepest works of wit.

The following curious epitaph on Sir Philip Sidney is said to have been inscribed on a board, hung on a pillar in S. Paul's Church, Farringdon Without ("Gentleman's Magazine," lxxxvi. Part I. 603):

England, Netherland, the Heavens and the Arts,
 The Soldiers, and the World, hath made six parts
 Of noble Sidney: for who will suppose,
 That a small heap of stones can Sidney enclose?
 England had his body, for she it fed,
 Netherland his blood, in her defence shed;
 The Heavens have his soul, the Arts have his fame,
 The Soldiers the grief, the World his good name.

THE HEIR (Book I. 13).

Gallus would make me heir, but suddenly,
 He was prevented by untimely death:
 Scilla did make me heir; when by and by
 His health returns, and he recovereth.
 He that intends me good, dies with his pelf,
 And he that doth me good, hath it himself.

Martial has an epigram "On Numa," who, like Scilla, inopportunately recovered (Book X. 97). The translation is by Elphinston:

Now giddy Libitina mounts the pyre:
 Now myrrh and cassia fume the wailing wife,
 The grave, the bier, th' anointer, at desire;
 Numa subscribes me heir: and sleeps—to life.

GAZING AT THE SUN (Book IV. 17).

The sun which shines amid the heav'n so bright,
 And guides our eyes to heaven by his light,
 Will not be gaz'd on of a fleshly eye,
 But blinds that sight which dares to see so high:
 Even he doth tell us that heaven doth require,
 Far better eyes of them which would see higher.

Shakespeare, in "Love's Labour's Lost" (Act I. sc. 1), has :

Study me how to please the eye indeed,
 By fixing it upon a fairer eye ;
 Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed,
 And give him light that it was blinded by.
 Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,
 That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks.

DR. JOSEPH HALL,

Was born in 1574. In 1627 he was consecrated Bishop of Exeter, and was afterwards translated to Norwich. When the rebels under Cromwell gained the mastery, his revenues were sequestered, and, after being brutally treated by the Parliamentary soldiers, he was turned out of his palace, and sought shelter at Higham, near Norwich, where, in the exercise of such ministrations as the times permitted, he lived in retirement until his death in 1656.

UPON MR. GREENHAM HIS BOOK OF THE SABBATH.

While Greenham writeth of the Sabbath's rest,
 His soul enjoys not what his pen express'd :
 His work enjoys not what itself doth say,
 For it shall never find one resting day ;
 A thousand hands shall toss each page and line,
 Which shall be scanned by a thousand eine.
 That Sabbath's rest, or this Sabbath's unrest,
 Hard is to say whether's the happiest.

Richard Greenham, a Puritan of considerable talent and popularity, was rector of Dry Drayton, near Cambridge. His works, consisting of sermons, meditations, treatises, &c., were published in 1599.

ON THE DEATH OF PRINCE HENRY.

Upon the unseasonable times that have followed the unseasonable death of my sweet master, Prince Henry.

Fond Vulgar, canst thou think it strange to find
 So *watery* winter, and so wasteful *wind* ?
 What other face could Nature's age become,
 In looking on Great Henry's hearse and tomb ?

The world's whole frame his part in mourning bears :
 The *winds* are sighs : the *rain* is Heaven's tears :
 And if these tears be rife, and sighs be strong,
 Such sighs, such tears, to these sad times belong.
 These show'rs have drown'd all hearts : these sighs did make
 The church, the world, with griefs, with fears to shake.
 Weep on, ye Heav'ns, and sigh as ye begon,
 Men's sighs and tears are slight and quickly done.

The conceit in these lines is very pretty ; and the Prince (James I.'s eldest son) was worthy of the pathetic lament, for in every respect his merit was great ; and historians recount with fondness his virtues, and with sorrow his early death.

Shakespeare, in "Antony and Cleopatra" (Act V. sc. 2), makes Charmian tersely cry at Cleopatra's death :

Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain ; that I may say,
 The gods themselves do weep.

Wordsworth, in "The Excursion" (Book I), says:

— The poets in their elegies and songs
 Lamenting the departed, call the groves,
 They call upon the hills and streams to mourn,
 And senseless rocks ; nor idly ; for they speak,
 In these their invocations, with a voice
 Obedient to the strong creative power
 Of human passion.

The imagery of wind or rain to express grief, has seldom been conceived with greater energy than by Shelley in the following dirge :

Rough wind, that moanest loud
 Grief too sad for song ;
 Wild wind, when sullen cloud
 Knells all the night long ;
 Sad storm, whose tears are vain,
 Bare woods whose branches stain,
 Deep caves and dreary main,
 Wail, for the world's wrong !

Prior has an epigram "To Cloe Weeping," in which Nature, animate and inanimate, is depicted as sympathising with the fair mourner.

ON THE DEATH OF SIR HORATIO PALLAVICINI.

Translated from the Latin by Peter Hall in his edition of the Bishop's Works, 1837-9, XII.

Which is my home-land, which the stranger-shore,
 When England holds what soil Italian bore ?

There born, yet here I liv'd, and here I died ;
 A cradle that, and this a tomb supplied.
 In life, 'twixt me and Latium roll'd the main,
 And death the bond of birth-right rent in twain.
 Britain receiv'd me, lov'd me, fed me long ;
 Sure Britain numbers me her sons among ?
 Ah, no ! my lot no limits now confine ;
 A home eternal in the Heav'ns is mine !

Bishop Hall appears to have had a good opinion of Sir Horatio. Not so the author of an epitaph on him which is found in "Recreation for Ingenious Head-pieces: or a Pleasant Grove for their Wits to Walk in," 1654, Epitaph 181 :

Here lies *Sir Horatio Paluwozeene*
 Who robb'd the Pope to pay the Queen,
 And was a thief. A thief? thou liest:
 For why? he robb'd but Antichrist.
 Him Death with his besom swept from *Babram*.
 Into the bosom of old *Abraham*:
 But then came *Hercules* with his club,
 And struck him down to *Belzebub*.

Sir Horatio Pallavicini, of a noble Italian family, settled in England, and was appointed by Queen Mary collector of the Pope's taxes. At her death, having a large sum of money in hand, he abjured the religion of Rome, and kept the cash. Being thus enriched, he made a figure at court, and at the time of the expected Spanish invasion assisted the Queen by fitting out a ship against the Armada. He died in 1600, and was buried at Babraham in Cambridgeshire. His widow married Sir Oliver Cromwell, the usurper's uncle, and two of his sons, Sir Henry and Tobias, married, respectively, Catherine and Joan, the daughters of their step-father. It is also said that his only daughter married Henry, Sir Oliver's son.

BENJAMIN JONSON.

Born 1574. Died 1637.

PORTRAIT OF SHAKESPEARE.

Written under Martin Droeshont's engraving in the first edition of the Plays.

This figure that thou here seest put,
 It was for gentle Shakespeare cut.
 Wherewith the graver had a strife,
 With nature to ontdo the life.

O could he but have drawn his wit
 As well in brass, as he has hit
 His face; the print would then surpass
 All that was ever writ in brass!
 But since he cannot, reader, look
 Not on his picture, but his book.

Addison, in his Ode to Sir Godfrey Kneller, on his picture of the king, pays a similar compliment to that painter:

Thou, Kneller, long with noble pride,
 The foremost of thy art, hast vied
 With nature in a generous strife,
 And touch'd the canvass into life.

From the close of the epigram, Crashaw may have taken the thought at the end of his lines, "On the Picture of Bishop Andrewes before his Sermons" (Crashaw's Poems, 1670, 116):

And now that grave aspect hath deign'd to shrink
 Into this less appearance; if you think
 'Tis but a dead face Art doth here bequeath,
 Look on the following leaves, and see him breathe.

THE COURT-WORM (Ep. 15).

All men are worms: but this no man. In silk
 'Twas brought to court first wrapt, and white as milk;
 Where afterwards it grew a butterfly;
 Which was a caterpillar. So 'twill die.

Fenton, in "The Fair Nun," describes a youth who

* * Successively did grow
 From a half-wit, a finish'd beau!
 For fops thus naturally rise,
 As maggots turn to butterflies.

ON SIR JOHN ROE (Ep. 33).

I'll not offend thee with a vain tear more,
 Glad-mention'd Roe: thou art but gone before,
 Whither the world must follow. And I, now,
 Breathe to expect my When and make my How;
 Which if most gracious Heaven grant like thine,
 Who wets my grave can be no friend of mine.

A fragment by Antiphanes, who flourished B.C. 388, may be compared; thus translated by Cumberland ("Observer," No. 102):

Cease, mourners, cease complaint, and weep no more!
Your lost friends are not dead, but gone before,
Advanc'd a stage or two upon that road,
Which you must travel in the steps they trode;
In the same inn we all shall meet at last,
There take new life and laugh at sorrows past.

OF LIFE AND DEATH (Ep. 80).

The ports of death are sins; of life, good deeds
Through which our merit leads us to our meeds.
How wilful blind is he then, that should stray,
And hath it, in his powers, to make his way!
This world death's region is, the other life's:
And here it should be one of our first strifes,
So to front death, as men might judge us past it.
For good men but *see* death, the wicked *taste* it.

The last line brings to remembrance Callimachus' Greek epigram on a good man (Jacobs I. 223, xlix.):

In sacred sleep here virtuous Saon lies;
'Tis ever wrong to say a good man dies.

This, again, may have suggested to S. T. Coleridge, the two lines on the Christian's Death-bed, in "My Baptismal Birth-day":

Is that a death-bed where a Christian lies?—
Yes! but not his—'tis Death itself there dies.

TO CELIA ("The Forest").

Drink to me, only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst, that from the soul doth rise,
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sip,
I would not change for thine.
I sent thee, late, a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee,
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be.

But thou thereon didst only breathe,
 And sent'st it back to me ;
 Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
 Not of itself, but thee.

Jonson has had the credit of composing these beautiful verses, but they are little more than a translation, as has been pointed out by Cumberland, in the "Observer," No. 109, from some pieces "in an obscure collection of love-letters written by the sophist Philostratus."

A VINTNER,

To whom Jonson was in debt, told him that he would excuse the payment, if he could give an immediate answer to the following questions: What God is best pleased with; what the devil is best pleased with; what the world is best pleased with; and what he was best pleased with. Jonson, without hesitation, replied thus:

God is best pleas'd, when men forsake their sin ;
 The devil's best pleas'd, when they persist therein :
 The world's best pleas'd, when thou dost sell good wine ;
 And you're best pleas'd, when I do pay for mine.

The authority for this anecdote is Kett, who gives it in his "Flowers of Wit," 1814, I. 152. A similar story has been told with Dryden for the hero; but a debt to a vintner, evidently only forgiven because the chance of payment was very slight, accords better with the circumstances of Jonson than of "Glorious John." The lines are, no doubt, the original of an elegy on Coleman, a plotting Jesuit in the reign of Charles II.:

If *Heav'n* be pleas'd, when sinners cease to sin ;
 If *Hell* be pleas'd, when souls are damn'd therein ;
 If *Earth* be pleas'd, when it's rid of a knave ;
 Then *all* are pleas'd, for Coleman's in his grave.

This elegy first appeared in "Poems on Affairs of State," III. 207, 1704. It afterwards did duty for Bishop Burnet, and for Colonel Henry Luttrell ("Notes and Queries," 3rd S. XI. 273).

EPITAPH ON HIS FIRST-BORN DAUGHTER (Ep. 22).

Here lies to each her parents' ruth,
Mary the daughter of their youth :
 Yet all Heaven's gifts, being Heaven's due,
 It makes the Father less to rue.
 At six months' end she parted hence
 With safety of her innocence ;

Whose soul Heaven's Queen, (whose name she bears)
 In comfort of her mother's tears,
 Hath plac'd among her Virgin-train;
 Where, while that sever'd doth remain,
 This grave partakes the fleshly birth.
 Which cover lightly, gentle earth!

The prayer, that the earth would rest lightly on the bodies of the departed, is common in ancient epitaphs. Meleager has one on a man of kindly nature, which may serve as a specimen (Jacobs I. 36, cxxi.):

Oh! mother earth, his body lightly press,
 Who, living, would no hapless man distress.

The thought of the severed soul and body is exquisitely expressed by Herrick, in an "Epitaph upon a Maide":

Hence a blessed soule is fled,
 Leaving here the body dead.
 Which, since here they can't combine,
 For the saint, we'll keep the shrine.

EPITAPH ON HIS FIRST-BORN SON (Ep. 45).

Farewell, thou child of my right hand and joy;
 My sin was too much hope of thee, lov'd boy;
 Seven years thou wert lent to me, and I thee pay,
 Exacted by thy fate on the just day.
 O, could I lose all father now! For why
 Will man lament the state he should envy?
 To have so soon 'scap'd world's and flesh's rage,
 And, if no other misery, yet age.
 Rest in soft peace, and ask'd, say, Here doth lie
Ben Jonson his best piece of *poetry*.
 For whose sake, henceforth all vows be such,
 As what he loves, may never like too much.

When Jonson wrote this beautiful lament, he must have had in his mind Martial's epitaph upon Glaucia, one of the few touching productions of that author. The translation is by Hay (Martial, Book VI. 28, with last two lines of 29):

Less by his birth than by his merit known,
 A favourite lamented by the town,
 Of friends the exquisite but short-liv'd joy,
 Amongst the great interr'd, here lies a boy:

A chaste behaviour, and a modest grace ;
 An early judgment ; and a cherub's face.
 But soon, alas too soon ! his race was run !
 Scarce had he seen a thirteenth summer's sun !
 Ne'er may he grieve again, who drops a tear !
 Worth is short liv'd ; then nothing hold too dear.

*EPITAPH ON S. P., A CHILD OF QUEEN ELIZABETH'S
 CHAPEL (Ep. 120).*

Weep with me all you that read
 This little story ;
 And know, for whom the tear you shed
 Death's self is sorry.
 'Twas a Child that so did thrive
 In grace and feature,
 As Heaven and Nature seem'd to strive
 Which own'd the creature.
 Years he number'd scarce thirteen
 When Fates turn'd cruel,
 Yet three fill'd Zodiacks had he been
 The stage's jewel ;
 And did act, what now we moan,
 Old men so duly
 As, sooth, the Parcae thought him one,
 He play'd so truly.
 So, by error, to his fate
 They all consented ;
 But viewing him since (alas, too late !)
 They have repented ;
 And have sought (to give new birth)
 In baths to steep him ;
 But, being so much too good for earth,
 Heaven vows to keep him.

S. P. was probably Salvadore Pavy, who had a part in "Cynthia's Revels," and the "Poetaster," and who died at about 13 years of age.

The conceit in this beautiful epitaph, of the Fates mistaking the child for an old man, on account of his excellence, appears to be much in favour with later writers ; but it was not original in Jonson, who probably adopted it from Martial's epigram on the death of the youthful Scorpis, who, like S. P., was celebrated for his performances in the Palæstra (Book X. 53) ; translated by D. :

For me the Roman circus echo'd to its height ;
 "Scorpus," the applause rang out, short-lived delight :
 Mistaken Lachesis proclaim'd my triumphs bold,
 And though but three times nine my span, she call'd me old.

This is translated in accordance with Archdeacon Jortin's suggestion ("Tracts, Philological, &c." II. 279) that "*invidia* Lachesis" must be the true reading, instead of "*invida* (envious) Lachesis," which is in all modern copies, but which is not consistent with the main thought in the epigram.

There is a very pretty epigram by Relph, which is evidently founded upon Martial's (Ep. 34) :

Censure no more the hand of Death,
 That stopp'd so early Stella's breath ;
 Nor let an easy error be
 Charg'd with the name of cruelty :
 He heard her sense, her virtues told,
 And took her (well he might) for old.

Owen has a Latin epigram, similar in character, but cast in a different form (Book V. 88). The translation is by Harvey :

Why doth the gout, which doth to age belong,
 Vex thee, a soldier, scholar, and so young ?
 The gout mistook, it saw thee grave and sage,
 And took thee for an old man, full of age.

EPITAPH ON ELIZABETH L. H. (Ep. 124).

Would'st thou hear what man can say
 In a little ? Reader, stay.
 Underneath this stone doth lie
 As much beauty as could die ;
 Which in life did harbour give
 To more virtue than doth live :
 If, at all, she had a fault,
 Leave it buried in this vault.
 One name was *Elizabeth*,
 Th' other let it sleep with death ;
 Fitter, where it died, to tell,
 Than that it liv'd at all. Farewell.

The thought of the beauty and virtue of the deceased is reproduced with some elegance by Aaron Hill, in an epitaph on the tomb of Henry Jernegan, a goldsmith and jeweller, in the churchyard of S. Paul's. Covent Garden (Hill's Works, 1753, III. 162) :

All, that accomplish'd body lends mankind,
 From earth receiving, he to earth resign'd :
 All that e'er graced a soul, from Heaven he drew,
 And took back with him, as an angel's due !

The subject of this epitaph was a man of some note, a younger son of Sir Francis Jerningham, or Jernegan, whose family had long been settled at Cossey, in Norfolk. He was an ingenious artist, and made a silver cistern, beautiful and celebrated enough for Vertue finely to engrave. This he disposed of by lottery, about the year 1740. The tickets were five or six shillings each, and the purchaser had a silver medal into the bargain, of the value of three shillings. The medal induced many persons to buy the tickets, of which it is said that 30,000 were sold (Nichols' "Literary Anecdotes," II. 513).

NOTE.—The celebrated epitaph on the Countess of Pembroke, which is usually given to Jonson, will be found under William Browne, the author of "Britannia's Pastorals," with the reasons for ascribing it to that poet.

HUGH HOLLAND.

Born at Denbigh. In 1589, he was elected from Westminster School to Trinity College, Cambridge, of which he was afterwards a Fellow. He travelled in Italy, and went as far as Jerusalem. On his return, he lived for some years at Oxford for the sake of the public library. He died in Westminster, in 1633, and was buried in the Abbey.

ON PRINCE HENRY.

Lo, where he shineth yonder
 A fixed star in heaven,
 Whose motion thence comes under
 None of the planets seven :
 If that the moon should tender
 The sun her love and marry,
 They both could not engender
 So bright a star as Harry.

This is ascribed to Hugh Holland, on the authority of the MS. volume of William Browne's poems, in the British Museum (Lansdowne Collection, No. 777, leaf 66).

Many elegies and epitaphs were written on this accomplished young Prince. See one by Bishop Hall. The following distich by Samuel Sheppard, is very characteristic of the exaggerations of the period (Look III. 15) :

Here lies Prince Henry, I dare say no more,
 Lest after times this sepulchre adore.

ROBERT HAYMAN,

Was born in Devonshire, about 1580, but the date is uncertain. He was entered at Exeter College, Oxford, but went to Lincoln's Inn without taking a degree. By the advice of Drayton, Ben Jonson and others, he studied poetry more than law. When about 40 years of age, he was made Governor of the Plantation of "Harbor-Grace, in Bristol-Hope, in Britaniola, anciently called Newfoundland." He is supposed to have died about 1632. In 1628, he published "Quodlibets lately come over from New Britaniola, Old Newfoundland. Epigrams and other small parcels, both Morall and Divine." In the same volume are translations of some of the epigrams of Owen, and "other rare Authors."

HOW AND WHEREOF TO JEST (Book I. Quod. 26).

Jest fairly, freely : but exempt from it,
Men's misery, State business, Holy Writ.

Mrs. Barber has an epigram on making free with Holy Writ (Barber's "Poems on Several Occasions," 1735, 239) :

Since Milo rallies Sacred Writ,
To win the title of a wit ;
'Tis pity but he should obtain it,
Who bravely pays his soul to gain it.

LOVE IS BETWIXT EQUALS (Book I. Quod. 33).

Rich friends, for rich friends, will ride, run, and row,
Through dirt and dangers cheerfully they'll go :
If poor friends come home to them, for a pleasure,
They cannot find the *gentleman* at leisure.

There are two fragments by Alcæus of Mitylene, who flourished B.C. 610, on poverty, and the contempt in which a poor man was held, which are thus translated together by Merivale :

The worst of ills, and hardest to endure,
Past hope, past cure,
Is Penury, who with her sister mate
Disorder, soon brings down the loftiest state,
And makes it desolate.
This truth the sage of Sparta told,
Aristodemus old,—
"Wealth makes the man." On him that's poor
Proud worth looks down, and honour shuts the door.

Petronius Arbiter, in his "Satyricon," has a distich in the lines on "Dissembled Affection" (see under his name), which is thus excellently rendered by Burton, in his "Anatomy of Melancholy" :

Whilst Fortune favour'd, friends, ye smil'd on me,
But when she fled, a friend I could not see.

SAD MEN'S LIVES ARE LONGER THAN MERRY MEN'S
(Book I. Quod. 45).

To him whose heavy grief hath no allay
Of light'ning comfort, three hours is a day :
But unto him that hath his heart's content,
Friday is come, ere he thinks Tuesday spent.

If Hayman were acquainted with the epigrams of the Greeks, he perhaps had in mind one by Lucian (Jacobs III. 27, xxix.), thus translated by Merivale :

In pleasure's bowers whole lives unheeded fly,
But to the wretch one night's eternity.

*A NEWFOUNDLAND POETICAL PICTURE OF THE AD-
MIRABLE YOUNG GENTLEWOMAN, MISTRESS ANNE
LOWE, MY DELICATE MISTRESS. THE PREFACE TO
HER PICTURE* (Book III. Quod. 85).

At sight, Love drew your picture on my heart,
In Newfoundland I limn'd it by my art.

So, Hughes, in "The Picture," says of Love :

Smiling then he took his dart,
And drew her picture in my heart.

EDWARD, LORD HERBERT OF CHERBURY.

This nobleman, who signalised himself as a soldier, an ambassador, and an historian, was born in 1581. He was the author of a remarkable work, "De Veritate," in which he endeavoured to form Deism into a system ; but his inconsistencies were as singular as, in that day, were his views. He died in 1633, having written the following very characteristic epitaph for his tomb, which, however, was not engraved on it (Ellis' "Specimens of the Early English Poets," 1803, III. 46) :

The monument which thou beholdest here
Presents Edward Lord Herbert to thy sight ;
A man who was so free from either hope or fear,
To have or lose this ordinary light,

That, when to elements his body turned were,
 He knew that as those elements would fight,
 So his immortal soul should find above,
 With his Creator, peace, joy, truth, and love.

This epitaph is consonant with Lord Herbert's general inconsistency, one marked instance of which may be adduced. Being doubtful whether he should publish his deistical work, "De Veritate," he prayed for a sign from heaven of God's will, upon which, he says, "a loud, though yet gentle, noise came forth from the heavens, for it was like nothing on earth, which did so cheer and comfort me, that I took my petition as granted, and that I had the sign I demanded; whereupon also I resolved to print my book." Thus he who argued against the revelation of God's will to millions, had the vanity to believe that it was revealed to himself, and the folly to suppose that an *individual* revelation was granted, in order that the doctrine of a *general* revelation might be condemned.

HENRY PARROT.

Nothing is known of this author. In 1613 he published in London "Laquei Ridiculosi: or Springes for Woodcocks." Warton, in his "History of English Poetry," says of the epigrams in this volume, "Many of them are worthy to be revived in modern collections." The praise is well deserved, but the wit of a large number is couched in language too gross for modern refinement. The title "Springes for Woodcocks" is from a proverbial expression of the day. Shakespeare uses it in "Hamlet" (Act I. sc. 3); Polonius saying to Ophelia when she told him of Hamlet's vows of love:

Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do know,
 When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
 Lends the tongue vows.

QUO MAJOR, PEJOR (Book I. 5).

Lætus, that late a great divine did meet,
 Would, jesting, needs presume his health to greet,
 Who (not offended) told him he was well:
 Lord, then, quoth Lætus, see what lies men tell,
 Last day I was abroad, where I did hear
 Your worship hath been speechless all this year.

The divine might have answered in the language of an epigram by Dr. Walsh, stated to be imitated from Owen ("Select Epigrams"):

Because I'm silent, for a fool
 Beau Clincher doth me take ;
 I know he's one by surer rule,
 For—I heard Clincher speak.

SALTEM VIDERETUR (Book I. 9).

A Welshman and an Englishman disputed,
 Which of their lands maintain'd the greatest state ;
 The Englishman the Welshman quite confuted,
 Yet would the Welshman nought his brags abate.
 Ten cooks (quoth he) in Wales one wedding sees :
 True, quoth the other, each man toasts his cheese.

Warton reprinted this epigram, as worthy of special commendation ; and it is also found in "Elegant Extracts" and "Select Epigrams," but without the author's name.

John Taylor, the Water Poet, has an epigram on "Welsh Rabbit" :

The way to make a Welshman thirst for bliss,
 And say his prayers daily on his knees,
 Is to persuade him that most certain 'tis
 The moon is made of nothing but green cheese ;
 And he'll desire of God no greater boon,
 But place in heav'n to feed upon the moon.

OPUS ET USUS (Book I. 49).

Opus for need consum'd his wealth apace,
 And ne'er would cease until he was undone ;
 His brother Usus liv'd in better case
 Than Opus did although the eldest son :
 'Twas strange it should be so ; but here was it,
 Opus had all the land, Usus the wit.

Opus lived too well for wit, while poverty sharpened that of Usus, by which he became wealthy. The words of Longaville, when subscribing the oath to live as fellow-student with Ferdinand, are applicable to Opus ("Love's Labour's Lost," Act I. sc. 1) :

I am resolv'd : 'tis but a three years' fast ;
 The mind shall banquet, though the body pine :
 Fat paunches have lean pates ; and dainty bits
 Make rich the ribs, but bank'rout quite the wits.

TIMET, SEIPSUM NOCERE (Book I. 162).

Dacus doth daily to his doctor go,
 As doubting if he be in health or no;
 For when his friends salute him passing by,
 And ask him how he doth in courtesy,
 He will not answer thereunto precise,
 Till from his doctor he hath tane advice.

One of the best epigrams on a Valetudinarian is by the Arabian poet Ebu Alrumi, a Syrian, who died A.D. 905. The translation is by Professor Carlyle ("Specimens of Arabian Poetry," 1796, 76):

So careful is Isa and anxious to last,
 So afraid of himself is he grown,
 He swears thro' two nostrils the breath goes too fast,
 And he's trying to breathe thro' but one.

SI HODIE TIBI CRAS MIHI (Book I. 181).

A scornful dame invited over night,
 To come and dine next morrow with a knight,
 Refus'd his sudden bidding with disdain,
 To whom this message was return'd again,
 Since with so short time she could not dispense,
 To pray her come as that day twelvemonth hence.

The dame seems to have resented a friendly invitation to a small party, as much as the gentleman, of whom Martial tells us, objected to the bidding to a formal dinner (Book XI. 35). The translation is by Hay:

That I your invitation should decline,
 Why do you wonder? Why do you repine?
 When hundreds you invite to me unknown:
 I do not choose, dear friend, to dine alone.

NE SUTOR ULTRA CREPIDAM (Book I. 200).

A cobbler and a curate once disputed,
 Before a judge about the king's injunctions;
 Wherein the curate being still confuted,
 One said 'twere good if they two changed functions,
 Nay (quoth the judge) I thereto should be loth,
 But an you will we'll make them cobblers both.

In some respects parallel to this are Pope's lines in the "Essay on Man" (Epistle IV. 199):

"What differ more (you cry) than crown and cowl?"
I'll tell you, friend, a wise man and a fool.
You'll find if once the monarch acts the monk,
Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk.
Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;
The rest is all but leather or prunella.

WILLIAM GAMAGE,

Was educated at Oxford, probably at Jesus College, but neither the date of his birth nor any particulars concerning him are known. He published "Linsi-Woolsie, or Two Centuries of Epigrammes," in 1613, now a rare volume, consisting, as Dr. Bliss, the editor of Wood's "Athenæ," very truly remarks, of "the saddest trash that ever assumed the name of epigrams." One, a little better than the majority, is given as a specimen of his powers:

COYTIE CASTLE AND RADYR HOUSE EXCLAIMING ON TIME (Book I. 78).

World-wasting Time, thou worker of our woes,
Thou keen-edg'd razer of our famous name,
That antique was, but now oblivious grows,
The subject almost of contempt and shame.
Yet do thy worst, our names shall live for aye,
Altho' our fame thou buried hast in clay.

DR. RICHARD CORBET.

Born in 1582; educated at Westminster; consecrated Bishop of Oxford in 1629, and afterwards translated to Norwich. He is better known as a poet than a divine. He died in 1635. The best edition of his poems is that by Gilchrist, 1807.

ON THE DEATH OF LADY ARABELLA STUART.

How do I thank thee, Death, and bless thy power,
That I have past the guard, and 'scaped the Tower!
And now my *pardon* is my *epitaph*,
And a small coffin my poor carcass hath;

For at thy charge both soul and body were
 Enlarged at last, secured from hope and fear.
 That among saints, this amongst kings is laid ;
 And what my birth did claim, my death hath paid.

It was the misfortune of Lady Arabella Stuart to be born near the throne, and consequently to excite the jealousy both of Elizabeth and James I. She languished for some years a prisoner in the Tower, and at her death in 1615 was buried in Westminster Abbey, a vain tribute to that high rank which had been the cause of her misery in life.

Owen has several Latin epigrams addressed to this lady. The following (Book IV. 2) is translated by Harvey :

Thy constant life doth from thy youth express
 The genius of thine ingeniousness :
 Adverse things quell thee not, nor prosp'rous swell
 Thy sails ; thy front and mind are parallel :
 And thy rare signal virtues are the cause
 That none will think I flatter for applause.

Corbet's expression of Lady Arabella's thankfulness for death recalls a Greek epigram by an uncertain author, which the late Dr. Wellesley thus translates (Jacobs IV. 283, dccxvi.) :

Sweeter than life thou com'st, who from disease,
 From painful gout, and trouble giv'st me ease.

ON MR. RICE, THE MANCIPLE OF CHRIST CHURCH, IN OXFORD.

Who can doubt, Rice, but to th' eternal place
 Thy soul is fled, that did but know thy face ?
 Whose body was so light, it might have gone
 To heav'n without a resurrection.
 Indeed thou wert all type ; thy limbs were signs,
 Thy arteries but mathematic lines :
 As if two souls had made thy compound good,
 That both should live by faith, and none by blood.

Mr. Rice seems to have resembled the original of an epigram by Graves, on "A Very Thin Metaphysician" ("Euphrosyne," 1783, II. 150):

Scarce from Privation's dreary lap,
 Thy shadowy form drawn forth we see ;
 A scanty shred ; a tiny scrap
 Of metaphysic entity !

Thy face, in hieroglyphic style,
 Seems just mark'd out; thy waist a span :
 Thou sketch ! thou out-line ! thou profile !
 Thou bas-relievo of a man !

SIR JOHN BEAUMONT,

Son of Francis Beaumont, one of the Judges of the Common Pleas, was born at Grace-Dieu, in Leicestershire, in 1582. He studied law, but did not follow it as a profession, devoting himself chiefly to poetry. He was created a baronet by King Charles I., but enjoyed the rank a very short time, dying in 1628.

EPITAPH ON HIS BROTHER FRANCIS BEAUMONT, THE DRAMATIST.

On Death, thy murd'rer, this revenge I take :
 I slight his terror and just question make,
 Which of us two the best precedence have,
 Mine to this wretched world, thine to the grave :
 Thou should'st have followed me, but Death to blame,
 Miscounted years, and measur'd age by fame.
 So dearly hast thou bought thy precious lines,
 Their praise grew swiftly ; so thy life declines :
 Thy Muse, the hearer's queen, the reader's love,
 All ears, all hearts, (but Death's) could please and move.

Bishop Corbet's epigram on Beaumont's early death is well known :

He that hath such acuteness and such wit,
 As would ask ten good heads to husband it ;
 He, that can write so well that no man dare
 Refuse it for the best, let him beware :
 Beaumont is dead, by whose sole death appears,
 Wit's a disease consumes men in few years.

With the line, " Miscounted years, and measur'd age by fame," may be compared Ben Jonson's " Epitaph on S. P.," and the epigrams given in illustration of it.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

A Scotch poet, son of Sir John Drummond of Hawthornden, born in 1585. During the civil war he was greatly harassed by the rebels, on account of his zealous attachment to the Church and the Throne. The murder of the king so deeply affected him that it is said to have hastened his death, which took place at the close of 1649. As a poet he ranks very high. Headley remarks of his sonnets, that many of them "resemble the best Greek epigrams in their best taste."

LALUS' DEATH.

Amidst the waves profound,
Far, far from all relief,
The honest fisher Lalus, ah! is drown'd,
Shut in this little skiff;
'The boards of which did serve him for a bier,
So that when he to the black world came near,
Of him no silver greedy Charon got;
For he in his own boat
Did pass that flood, by which the gods do swear.

Diogenes might surely have saved his penny by crossing the Styx in his tub, like Lalus in his skiff; but Archias, in a Greek epigram, shows that he was not so economical (Jacobs II. 89, xxxiv.). The translation is from "A Selection of Greek Epigrams for the Use of Winchester School," 1791. Diogenes speaks:

Stern guardian of this gloomy shore,
Quick push thy crazy bark afloat;
From yonder world no toys I bore,
Old Charon, to retard thy boat.

A staff, a tub, a stout warm vest,
Were all my store, and all my gains:
Come, ferryman, admit your guest,
And take this penny for your pains.

THE STATUE OF VENUS SLEEPING.

Break not my sweet repose,
Thou whom free will or chance brings to this place,
Let lids these comets close,
O do not seek to see their shining grace;
For when mine eyes thou seest, they thine will blind,
And thou shalt part, but leave thy heart behind.

With this may be compared the pretty lines of an old English poet, which express the danger of disturbing the repose of Venus' son (quoted in Bland's "Collections from the Greek Anthology," 1813):

Come shepherds, follow me!
Run up apace the mountain!
See, lo beside the fountain
Love laid to rest; how sweetly sleepeth he!
O take heed! Come not nigh him,
But haste we hence, and fly him!
And, lovers, dance with gladness;
For while Love sleeps is truce with care and sadness.

DAPHNIS' VOW.

When sun doth bring the day
From the Hesperian sea,
Or moon her couch doth roll
Above the Northern Pole,
When serpents cannot hiss,
And lovers shall not kiss,
Then may it be, but in no time till then,
That Daphnis can forget his Orienne.

Turberville, older than Drummond, but contemporary with him, has a similar vow in "The Assured Promise of a Constant Lover":

When Phoenix shall have many makes,
And fishes shun the silver lakes;
When wolves and lambs y-fere shall play,
And Phoebus cease to shine by day;
When grass on marble stones shall grow,
And every man embrace his foe;

* * * *

When Fortune hath no change in store,
Then will I false, and not before.

Shakespeare makes Othello, full as strenuously, but in the fewest words possible, declare his unchanging love for Desdemona ("Othello," Act III. sc. 3):

Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul,
But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.

The Scotch will better understand than the English reader the following, by Allan Ramsay, the last stanza of "I'll Never Leave Thee":

Bid iceshogles hammer red gauds on the study,
And fair simmer mornings nae mair appear ruddy;

Bid Britons think ae gate, and when they obey ye,
 But never till that time, believe I'll betray ye :
 Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee ;
 The starns shall gang withershins e'er I deceive thee.

ON THE DEATH OF A SCOTCH NOBLEMAN.

Fame, register of Time,
 Write in thy scroll, that I
 Of wisdom lover, and sweet poesy,
 Was cropped in my prime :
 And ripe in worth, though green in years did die.

So, Dryden laments the early death of Oldham (verses prefixed to Oldham's "Remains," 1694) :

O early ripe! to thy abundant store
 What could advancing age have added more ?

* * * * *

Once more, hail and farewell, farewell you young,
 But ah too short, Marcellus of our tongue ;
 Thy brows with ivy, and with laurels bound ;
 But fate and gloomy night encompass thee around.

ADDRESS TO CHARLES I.

Drummond was compelled by the revolutionists to furnish his quota of men and arms, to serve against the cause which he espoused ; but his estate lying in three different counties, "he had not occasion," it is said, "to send one whole man, but halves and quarters and such like fractions," upon which he wrote extempore the following verses to King Charles :

Of all these forces raised against the king,
 'Tis my strange hap not one whole man to bring,
 From divers parishes, yet divers men,
 But all in halves and quarters ; great king, then,
 In halves and quarters if they come 'gainst thee,
 In legs and arms, send thou them back to me.

This is not found in Drummond's Works, Edinburgh, 1711. It is taken from Chalmers' "Biog. Dict."

JOHN HEATH.

Of this epigrammatist very little is known. He was born about 1585, at Stalls ("whether a hamlet or a house I know not," says Wood) in Somersetshire, and admitted Perpetual Fellow of New College, Oxford, in 1607. He published "Two Centuries of Epigrams" in 1610.

ON THE SETTING SUN (1st Century, 4).

Oft did I wonder why the setting sun
Should look upon us with a blushing face :
Is 't not for shame of what he hath seen done,
Whilst in our hemisphere he ran his race ?

DEATH BETTER THAN MISFORTUNE (1st Century, 6).

I wail not those,
Who take their sweet repose,
Within the bowels of our common mother :
Those grieve me most,
Who still are tost,
From bad to worse, from one fate to another.

When Heath penned this, was he thinking of that fine apostrophe of Jeremiah on Shallum (Jer. xxii. 10)? "Weep not for the dead, neither bemoan him : but weep sore for him that goeth away : for he shall return no more, nor see his native country."

Owen shows that, though more and more wretched, men still desire life to be prolonged (Book III. 28). The translation is by Harvey :

Who long would live, wretched although and poor,
That is, he would be wretched more and more :
Poor wretched Irus dies against his will ;
That is, he would be poor and wretched still.

THE SABBATH (1st Century, 83).

Ned will not keep the Jewish Sabbath he,
Because the Church hath otherwise ordain'd :
Nor yet the Christian, for he does not see
How alt'ring of the day can be maintain'd.
Thus seeming for to doubt of keeping either,
He halts betwixt them both, and so keeps neither.

Relp has an epigram on the "best" way of *keeping* Sunday, which forms a good companion picture to Heath's (Poems, 1798, Ep. 3):

Lollius, with head bent back and close shut eyes,
All service time *devoutly* snoring lies:
Its great dislike, in *fies!* the parish speaks,
And wonders Lollius thus the Sabbath breaks:
But I think Lollius keeps the Sabbath best;
For why, he makes it still—a day of rest.

ON THE DEATH OF BEATRICE (2nd Century, 10).

In Beatrice did all perfections grow,
That she could wish or Nature could bestow.
When Death, enamour'd with that excellence,
Straight grew in love with her and took her hence.

The modern poets more commonly represent Death as envious than as enamoured. For instance, Oldham, in his poem "To the Memory of Mr. Charles Morwent," has (Oldham's "Remains," 1694, 71):

Death in thy fall betray'd her utmost spite,
And show'd her shafts most times levell'd at the white.
She saw thy blooming ripeness time prevent;
She saw, and envious grew, and straight her arrow sent.

Longfellow, however, in his well-known lines, makes the "Reaper whose name is Death," express pleasure in the breath of the flowers:

"Shall I have naught that is fair?" saith he;
"Have naught but the bearded grain?
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,
I will give them all back again."

PHINEAS FLETCHER,

Cousin of the celebrated dramatic writer, was admitted a scholar of King's College, Cambridge, in 1600. In 1621 he was presented to the living of Hilgay in Norfolk; and probably died about 1650. He holds a very high rank among the poets of this early period. His principal poem is "The Purple Island, or the Isle of Man," an allegorical description of the human body and mind.

ON MY FRIEND'S PICTURE WHO DIED IN TRAVEL.

Though now to heav'n thy travels are confin'd,
Thy wealth, friends, life, and country all are lost;
Yet in this picture we thee living find;
And thou with lesser travel, lesser cost,

Hast found new life, friends, wealth, and better coast :
 So by thy death thou liv'st, by loss thou gain'st ;
 And in thy absence present still remain'st.

There are several passages in Cowper's exquisite lines on his mother's picture, which, very different though the language be, express similar feelings. For instance :

The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
 (Blest be the art that can immortalize.
 The art that baffles time's tyrannic claim
 To quench it) here shines on me still the same.

ON DR. PLAYFER.

Who lives with death, by death in death is lying ;
 But he who living dies, best lives by dying :
 Who life to truth, who death to error gives,
 In life may die, by death more surely lives.
 My soul in heaven breathes, in schools my fame :
 Then on my tomb write nothing but my name.

Owen has an epigram on this subject (Book III. 49) ; thus translated by Harvey :

We live to die, and die to live : O why,
 Then learn we not to die, before we die ?

PETER PATRIX.

A French minor poet, born at Caen in 1585. He attached himself to the Court of Gaston, Duke of Orleans, where his wit and social talents were much appreciated. His reputation as a poet is not high, and the piece by which he is best known, entitled "A Dream," was written only a few days before his death, which took place in 1672, at the age of 88.

*A DREAM; A DIALOGUE BETWEEN A NOBLEMAN AND
 A BEGGAR.*

Translated from the French in "Select Epigrams," 1797.

I dreamt, that, buried in my fellow clay,
 Close by a common beggar's side I lay :
 And, as so mean a neighbour shock'd my pride,
 Thus, like a corpse of quality, I cried,

“ Away! thou scoundrel! henceforth touch me not;
 More manners learn, and at a distance rot!”
 “ *Thou scoundrel!*” in a louder tone, cried he,
 “ Proud lump of dirt! I scorn thy words and thee.
 We’re equal now, I’ll not an inch resign;
 This is my dunghill, as the next is thine.”

The thought in the latter part is similar to that which Pope expresses in his “ *Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady* ”:

A heap of dust alone remains of thee;
 ’Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!

Granville, Lord Lansdowne, has a noble stanza on this subject in his “ *Meditation on Death* ”:

Those boasted names of conquerors and of kings
 Are swallow’d, and become forgotten things:
 One destin’d period men in common have,
 The great, the base, the coward, and the brave, }
 All food alike for worms, companions in the grave.
 The prince and parasite together lie,
 No fortune can exalt, but death will climb as high.

FRANCIS BEAUMONT,

Younger brother of Sir John Beaumont, the poet, was born at Grace-Dieu, in Leicestershire, in 1586. He was entered at Broadgate’s Hall, now Pembroke College, Oxford, and afterwards studied in the Inner Temple; but he early devoted himself to dramatic pursuits, and was associated with Fletcher in the plays which were published as their joint production. Considering the early age at which he died in 1616, it is marvellous how large a number of dramatic pieces he and Fletcher jointly wrote.

THE SHEPHERDESS.

A shepherdess who long had kept her flocks
 On stony Charnwood’s dry and barren rocks,
 In heat of summer to the vales declin’d
 To seek fresh pasture for her lambs half pin’d;
 She (while her charge was feeding) spent the hours
 To gaze on sliding brooks, and smiling flowers.

ON SPENSER.

At Delphos shrine, one did a doubt propound,
 Which by th' Oracle must be released,
 Whether of poets were the best renown'd :
 Those that survive or they that are deceased ?
 The gods made answer by divine suggestion,
 While Spenser is alive, it is no question.

In "Wit Restored" (ed. 1817, II. 214), there is a quaint epitaph on Spenser, in which the gods are introduced as his patrons after his death :

He was, and is (see then where lies the odds)
 Once god of poets, poet now to the gods,
 And though his time of life be gone about,
 The life of his lines never shall wear out.

EPITAPH ON BEN JONSON.

Here lies Jonson with the rest
 Of the poets : but the best.
 Reader, would'st thou more have known ?
 Ask his story not this stone ;
 That will speak what this can't tell
 Of his glory. So farewell.

This is ascribed to Herrick also, and printed in his works.

Similar, in bidding the writings, instead of the survivors, tell the glory of the poet, is Kolt's epitaph on Pope :

Ye Muses, weep ! ye sons of Phoebus, mourn,
 And decorate with tears this sacred urn !
 Pope died : Fame bade the Muses sound his praise ;
 They said, 'twas done in his immortal lays.

JOSEPH MARTYN.

No account can be found of this author. In 1621 he published, in London, "New Epigrams and a Satyre. Written by Jos. Martyn, a well-wisher to study."

A CONTENTED MIND (Ep. 23).

I want, and stand in need of Croesus' store ;
 Yet I than he that hath the most, have more :

I subject am to grief and sad annoy,
 Yet never felt I scarcity in joy :
 He that is blest with true content of mind,
 No want of wealth, no misery can find.

Horace speaks to much the same purpose in one of his odes (Book II. 10); thus elegantly, but rather freely, translated by Wakefield :

Who loves, well-balanc'd and serene,
 Contentment in the golden mean,
 Escapes each wild extreme of woe :
 Him nor the cot with sordid fare,
 Nor sumptuous mansion's dazzling glare,
 Nor envy nor ambition know.

Martial has a fine epigram on the happiness of contentment in mean circumstances (Book II. 53), which Cowley has freely but successfully rendered :

Would you be free ? 'tis your chief wish, you say ;
 Come on ; I'll show thee, friend, the certain way ;
 If to no feasts abroad thou lov'st to go,
 While bounteous God does bread at home bestow ;
 If thou the goodness of thy clothes dost prize
 By thine own use and not by others' eyes ;
 If (only safe from weathers) thou canst dwell
 In a small house, but a convenient shell ;
 If thou, without a sigh, or golden wish,
 Canst look upon thy beechen bowl and dish ;
 If in thy mind such power and greatness be,
 The Persian king's a slave compar'd with thee.

The last line cannot fail to recall the close of the noble apostrophe to sleep, which Shakespeare puts in the mouth of Henry IV. ("Second Part of King Henry IV." Act III. sc. 1) :

Then, happy low, lie down !
 Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

On this subject a stanza may be given from the "Farewell to Folly" of Robert Greene :

Sweet are the thoughts that savour of content ;
 The quiet mind is richer than a crown :
 Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent ;
 The poor estate scorns Fortune's angry frown.
 Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such bliss
 Beggars enjoy, when princes oft do miss.

TO AVARUS OF HIS ARGUMENT (Ep. 47).

When as I ask thee money, thou repliest,
 Believe thou hast, thou hast it, yet deniest,
 What! is to think, to be? thou say'st, I hit,
 Then I believe thou hast more wealth than wit.

Shakespeare expresses the vanity of putting imagination in the place of reality of possession, in the well-known passage in "Richard II." (Act I. sc. 3), where Bolingbroke says:

O, who can hold a fire in his hand,
 By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
 Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
 By bare imagination of a feast?
 Or wallow naked in December snow,
 By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?
 O, no! the apprehension of the good,
 Gives but the greater feeling to the worse:
 Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more,
 Than when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.

 ROBERT HEATH.

Published "Clarastella; together with Poems Occasional, Elegies, Epigrams, Satyrs. London, 1650." No account can be found of him, unless he be the Sir Robert Heath stated by Wood to have been made recorder of London in 1620; but on the title page of "Clarastella" he is styled *Esquire*.

TO A TRAVELLER (Book I. P. 5).

You talk of Silurus that turns wood to stone;
 Of a fount flows with wax, and then of one
 That streams with pitch; and of the Ændian spring
 That store of wine and oil doth daily bring;
 All *this* I'll first believe, then travel I,
 To see how wide you and your fountains *lie*.

This traveller, like the famous Coryate, was, perhaps, a butt for the wits of the day, and, like his predecessor, might have been honoured for his discoveries, if he had not been ridiculed for his vanity. It is a pity his name has not been handed down, for he might now receive posthumous distinction, as the first modern who found out the existence of the valuable springs which "oil doth daily bring." That oil-springs

were known to the Ancients is testified by Herodotus (Book IV. 195), who says: "I have myself seen pitch drawn up out of a lake and from water in Zacynthus (Zante)." That this pitch was the modern petroleum there can be scarcely a doubt. Dr. Johnson, citing Professor Woodward, defines petroleum: "A liquid bitumen, black, floating on the water of springs." Beloe has a note on the passage of Herodotus, in which he says, that Chandler (who was at Zante in 1766) had seen this very spring, and that a shining film like oil swims at the top, which being removed with a bough, the tar is seen at the bottom, three or four feet beneath the surface, working up, it is said, out of the fissure of a rock.

OF LOVE SONNETS (Book I. P. 14).

Why love so often themes each writer's pen
Is this: 'tis spreading love o'ercomes all men:
Which sickness though most would hide from their friends,
Like agues, yet 'twill work at th' fingers' ends.

A more modern anonymous epigram, in a similar manner, places love and ague in juxta-position ("Poetical Farrago"):

Did love, like agues, ever intermit,
How we should blush, in absence of the fit!

EPITAPH ON BIBULUS (Book I. P. 32).

Here, who but once in 's life did thirst, doth lie,
Perhaps the dust may make him once more dry.

Leonidas of Tarentum has a Greek epitaph on a drunken old woman, who mourned that the grave was dry. The translation is taken from "A Selection of Greek Epigrams for the Use of Winchester School," 1791 (Jacobs I. 177, lxxxvii.):

Here rests Myrillo's drunken wife,
Drawn to the dregs her cask and life—
This vast round goblet on her tomb,
Is plac'd a symbol of her doom.
Though dead, she mourns—alas! she left
Her children of her care bereft:
She weeps, no doubt, with grief sincere,
Snatch'd from an husband's tender care—
False are the reasons you apply—
She mourns because her cup is dry.

Antipater of Sidon has one very similar (Jacobs II. 32, xc.).

THOMAS CAREW,

Was the younger brother of Sir Matthew Carew, a zealous adherent to the fortunes of Charles I. He is supposed to have been born in 1589. He was received into the court of Charles I. as gentleman of the privy chamber, and sewer in ordinary. His talents were highly valued by his contemporaries, particularly Ben Jonson and Sir William Davenant. His death is said to have taken place in 1639.

THE DART.

Oft when I look I may descry
A little face peep through that eye :
Sure that's the boy, which wisely chose
His throne among such beams as those,
Which, if his quiver chance to fall,
May serve for darts to kill withal.

That Cupid could be seen in a maiden's eye, was a common conceit of the older poets. An uncertain author of the time of Henry VIII., possibly George Boleyn, has the following stanza in "A Praise of his Lady" ("Poetical Works of Lord Surrey, and Minor Contemporaneous Poets," Bell's ed. 1854, 237):

In each of her two crystal eyes
Smileth a naked boy :
It would you all in heart suffice
To see that lamp of joy.

So, Edmund Prestwich, in the reign of Charles I., in "A Remedy against Love" (Ellis' "Specimens of the Early English Poets," 1803, III. 329):

If thou'rt wounded by her eyes
Where thou thinkest Cupids lie,
Think thyself the sacrifice,
Those the priests that make thee die.

On the eyes serving for Cupid's darts, Hughes, in his poem "Greenwich Park," makes the god say to a nymph :

My loss of darts I quickly can supply,
Your looks shall triumph for Love's deity.

RED AND WHITE ROSES.

Read in these roses the sad story
Of my hard fate and your own glory
In the white you may discover
The paleness of a fainting lover ;

In the red, the flames still feeding
 On my heart with fresh wounds bleeding.
 The white will tell you how I languish,
 And the red express my anguish :
 The white my innocence displaying,
 The red my martyrdom betraying.
 The frowns that on your brow resided,
 Have those roses thus divided ;
 Oh ! let your smiles but clear the weather,
 And then they both shall grow together.

The original of this is doubtless the pretty epigram of the Latin poet Bonnefonius, born in Auvergne in 1554 ; thus translated in "Select Epigrams" :

In this little wreath unite
 Roses red and roses white ;
 Take it, beauteous maid, and trace
 In the white my love-sick face ;
 But the red's an emblem true
 Of my heart inflam'd by you.

WILLIAM BROWNE,

Was born at Tavistock, in Devonshire, in 1590. He became a student at Exeter College, Oxford, and from thence removed to the Inner Temple. In 1613 he published the first part of "Britannia's Pastorals," and in 1616 the second part. About 1624 he returned to Exeter College, as tutor to Robert Dormer, Earl of Caernarvon, and when he left the University with him, he found a liberal patron in William, Earl of Pembroke, who took him into his family, and employed him in such a manner that he was able to purchase an estate. He is supposed to have died in 1645. The following pieces are taken from a MS. volume of his poems, dated 1650, in the Lansdown Collection, No. 777, in the British Museum. The MS. was printed in 1815 by Sir Egerton Brydges, at the private press of Lee Priory.

TO CUPID (Leaf 8).

Love ! when I met her first whose slave I am,
 To make her mine why had I not thy flame ?
 Or else thy blindness not to see that day ;
 Or if I needs must look on her rare parts,
 Love ! why to wound her had I not thy darts ?
 Since I had not thy wings to fly away.

Browne's melancholy complaint may be answered by a stanza of Sir Philip Sidney (Ellis' "Specimens of the Early English Poets," 1803, II. 248):

Faint amorist! What, dost thou think
To taste love's honey, and not drink
One dram of gall? or to devour
A world of sweet, and taste no sour?
Dost thou ever think to enter
Th' Elysian fields, that dar'st not venture
In Charon's barge? A lover's mind
Must use to sail with every wind.

EPITAPH ON THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE (Leaf 43).

Underneath this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother;
Death, ere thou hast slain another
Fair and learn'd and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.

Marble piles let no man raise
To her name for after days;
Some kind woman born as she,
Reading this, like Niobe,
Shall turn marble and become
Both her mourner and her tomb.

This celebrated epitaph is extracted from the MS. volume mentioned in the biographical notice of Browne. The first stanza has for the last century been constantly ascribed to Ben Jonson. Sir Egerton Brydges, in the preface to his edition of Browne's poems, stated that it might fairly be appropriated to that poet, because found among his MS. pieces. This fact, however, would not be conclusive, if there were any good evidence in favour of Jonson's authorship; but none exists.

The epitaph does not appear in the earlier editions of Jonson's works. Had it been known to be his, when in 1640, nineteen years after the death of the countess, his works were collected, it would undoubtedly have been included. And considering how marked were all the persons named in the epitaph, and how high the reputation of Jonson, it could not fail to be *known* as his, if he were really the author. Even the tradition that it is his composition is of comparatively modern date, for in the 323rd No. of the "Spectator" it is quoted as "an epitaph written by an *uncertain author* on Sir Philip Sidney's sister."

On the other hand, the epitaph is found in a MS. volume of Browne's poems dated 1650, only five years after the date at which the author is

believed to have died. In the volume are several pieces which are not Browne's, but these are carefully marked with the name of the author, or as anonymous. Thus no attempt is made to pass as Browne's any poetry which was not his own; and therefore, as the epitaph is ascribed to him, it may be held that in 1650 it was known to be his composition. Moreover, there are two stanzas; the second is not equal to the first, but bears evidence of being by the same author. They fit the one to the other. Yet the second has never been claimed for Jonson. *Both* were in 1650 claimed for Browne.

It may be thought that Jonson's connection with the Pembroke family gives ground for the assumption, that he wrote an epitaph on the countess. But there is no evidence that the connection was ever personal, or other than arose from his dedicating, in 1616, his epigrams and earlier epitaphs to the earl.

On the other hand, Browne returned to Oxford about 1624 as tutor to the Earl of Caernarvon, who married a granddaughter of the countess; and when he left the university with that nobleman, probably about 1626, the Earl of Pembroke took him into his family, and treated him with the greatest kindness. From this it is reasonable to suppose that the earl had known Browne for some time, and that there may have been a connection between the poet and the Pembroke family at the time of the countess' death in 1621.

The evidence is altogether so strong in favour of Browne as the author of the epitaph, that it may without hesitation be ascribed to him.

The close of an "Elegy on the Death of Henry, Lord Hastings, 1650," by Sir John Denham, has much in common with the first stanza of the epitaph:

Tell them, whose stern decrees impose our laws,
The feasted grave may close her hollow jaws;
Though sin search nature, to provide her here
A second entertainment half so dear,
She'll never meet a plenty like this hearse,
Till Time present her with the universe.

As in the epitaph on the countess, it is said that none so good would be found ere *Time* should destroy *Death*, so in the following by Aaron Hill on his wife, who died in 1731, it is similarly prophesied that there would be no more perfect wife ere *Eternity* should destroy *Time* (Hill's Works, 1753, l. xv.):

Enough, cold stone! suffice her long-lov'd name;
Words are too weak to pay her virtue's claim.
Temples, and tombs, and tongues shall waste away,
And power's vain pomp in mould'ring dust decay:
But ere mankind a wife more perfect see,
Eternity, O Time! shall bury thee.

A similar thought to that in the second stanza of the epitaph, is found in Oldham's "Pindarique to the Memory of Mr. Charles Morwent" (1st Stanza) (Oldham's "Remains," 1694, 69):

Best friend! could my unbounded grief but rate
 With due proportion thy too cruel fate;

* * * *

The learned sisters all transform'd should be,
 No longer nine, but one Melpomene:
 Each should into a Niobe relent,
 At once the mourner and thy monument.

EPITAPH ON ANNE PRIDEAUX, DAUGHTER OF DR. PRIDEAUX, REGIUS PROFESSOR, WHO DIED AT THE AGE OF SIX YEARS (Leaf 60).

Nature in this small volume was about
 To perfect what in woman was left out.
 Yet fearful lest a piece so well begun
 Might want preservatives when she had done,
 Ere she could finish what she undertook
 Threw dust upon it and shut up the book.

In "Musarum Deliciæ, or the Muses' Recreation," the second edition of which was published in 1656, there is an "Epitaph upon Doctor Prideaux's Son," by either Sir John Mennis or Dr. James Smith, the joint authors of the volume. It is probable that this boy was the brother of the child upon whom Browne's beautiful epitaph was composed. Dr. John Prideaux, who died Bishop of Worcester in 1650, was made Regius Professor of Divinity in 1615. He lost three sons in infancy. A daughter may have died young, though no mention of such occurs in the memoir of him in Chalmers' Biographical Dictionary ("Musarum Deliciæ," ed. 1817, I. 92):

Here lies his parents' hopes and fears,
 Once all their joys, now all their tears,
 He's now past sense, past fear of pain,
 'Twere sin to wish him here again.
 Had he liv'd to have been a man,
 This inch had grown but to a span;
 But now he takes up the less room,
 Rock'd from his cradle to his tomb.
 'Tis better die a child at four,
 Than live and die so at fourscore.
 View but the way by which we come,
 Thou'lt say, he's best, that's first at home.

The quaint beauty of Browne's epitaph may be illustrated by some lines in a commendatory poem prefixed to Beaumont and Fletcher's plays, written after the death of the former by John Earle, afterwards bishop successively of Worcester and Salisbury:

Scarce in an age a poet, and yet he
 Scarce lives the third part of his age to see ;
 But quickly taken off, and only known,
 Is in a minute shut as soon as shewn.
 Why should weak Nature tire herself in vain
 In such a piece, to dash it straight again ?
 Why should she take such work beyond her skill,
 Which, when she cannot perfect, she must kill.

Of similar character is an "Epitaph composed on the Death of an Infant Lady," by Jordan ("Divinity and Morality in Robes of Poetry." By Thomas Jordan. No date):

Ladies that are young and wise,
 Shall I tell ye of a *prize* ?
 Here a *Box of Beauty* lies.
 A *jewel* hid from vulgar view,
 Whose excellency if you knew,
 Your eyes would drop like morning dew.
Dame Nature's Diamond, which when
 She saw it was too bright for men,
 Shew'd it, and shut it up agen.

EPITAPH ON HIS WIFE (Leaf 62).

Thou need'st no tomb, my wife, for thou hast one
 To which all marble is but pumice stone ;
 Thou art engrav'd so deeply in my heart
 It shall outlast the strongest hand of art.
 Death shall not blot thee thence, although I must
 In all my other parts dissolve to dust,
 For thy dear name, thy happy memory,
 May so embalm it for eternity,
 That when I rise, the name of my dear wife
 Shall there be seen as in the Book of Life.

The lady, thus fondly commemorated, can have had no fear of the "melancholy fate," so pathetically prayed against in the following lines, translated by Merivale from the Greek of Solon :

Oh let not death, unwept, unhonour'd, be
 The melancholy fate allotted me !
 But those who loved me living, when I die,
 Still fondly keep some cherish'd memory.

DR. HENRY KING,

Bishop of Chichester, was born in 1591. He was elected student of Christ Church from Westminster School; was installed in the Deanery of Rochester in 1638; and consecrated to the see of Chichester in 1641. By the revolutionary party he was deprived of his temporalities, and treated with great cruelty, but upon the restoration, he resumed his functions at Chichester, where he died in 1669.

MY MIDNIGHT MEDITATION.

Ill-busi'd man! why should'st thou take such care
 To lengthen out thy life's short kalendar?
 When ev'ry spectacle thou look'st upon
 Presents and acts thy execution.
 Each drooping season and each flower doth cry,
 Fool! as I fade and wither, thou must die.

The beating of thy pulse (when thou art well)
 Is just the tolling of thy passing bell:
 Night is thy hearse, whose sable canopy
 Covers alike deceased day and thee.
 And all those weeping dews which nightly fall,
 Are but the tears shed for thy funeral.

An epigram, entitled "Fatum Supremum," in "Wit Restored," ed. 1817, II. 61, may be compared with King's beautiful lines:

All buildings are but monuments of death,
 All clothes but winding-sheets for our last knell,
 All dainty fattings for the worms beneath,
 All curious music, but our passing bell;
 Thus death is nobly waited on, for why?
 All that we have is but death's livery.

But few pieces of poetry on the subject of man's mortality are equal to "The Passing Bell," by Shirley, the dramatist ("Shirley's Poems," 1646, 66):

Hark how chimes the passing bell,
 There's no music to a knell;
 All the other sounds we hear,
 Flatter and but cheat our ear.
 This doth put us still in mind
 That our flesh must be resign'd,
 And a general silence made.
 The world must be muffled in a shade;
 He that on his pillow lies
 Tear embalm'd before he dies,

Carries like a sheep his life,
To meet the sacrificer's knife,
And for eternity is prest,
Sad bell-wether to the rest.

ROBERT HERRICK,

Author of "Hesperides" and "Noble Numbers or his Pious Picces," was born in 1591, and educated at S. John's College, Cambridge; not, it is believed, at Oxford, as Wood asserts. In 1629 he was presented to the vicarage of Dean Prior in Devonshire, from which he was ejected by the Rebels, but regained the living at the Restoration. It is conjectured that his death took place in 1674.

THE ROCK OF RUBIES: AND THE QUARRIE OF PEARLS.

Some ask'd me where the *Rubies* grew?
And nothing I did say;
But with my finger pointed to
The lips of *Julia*.
Some ask'd how *Pearls* did grow, and where?
Then spoke I to my girle,
To part her lips, and show'd them there
The Quarelets of Pearl.

Herrick may have taken the idea of the home-growth of Rubies and Pearls from Spenser's fifteenth sonnet:

Ye tradefull merchants, that, with weary toyle,
Do seeke most pretious things to make your gain;
And both the Indias of their treasure spoile;
What needeth you to seeke so farre in vaine?
For loe, my love doth in her selfe containe
All this world's riches that may farre be found:
If saphyres, loe, her eies be saphyres plaine;
If rubies, loe, her lips be rubies sound;
If pearles, her teeth be pearles, both pure and round.

* * * * *

TO THE WATER NYMPHS, DRINKING AT THE FOUNTAIN.

Reach, with your whiter hands, to me,
Some Cristall of the spring;
And I, about the cup shall see
Fresh lillies flourishing.

Or else, sweet Nymphs, do you but this ;
 To th' glasse your lips encline ;
 And I shall see by that one kisse,
 The water turn'd to wine.

Very different as are the subjects of the two epigrams, it is not improbable that the conceit in the last stanza of Herrick's may have suggested to Crashaw the far-famed thought in his Latin epigram on the Marriage at Cana, which will be found under his name.

A pretty fragment by Sappho suits well with Herrick's lines. The translation is in the "Edinburgh Review," No. 109:

Come, Venus, come !
 Hither with thy golden cup,
 Where nectar-floated flow'rets swim,
 Fill, fill the goblet up !
 Thy laughing lips shall kiss the brim.
 Come, Venus, come !

LOVE LIGHTLY PLEASED.

Let faire or foule my mistress be,
 Or low or tall, she pleaseth me :
 Or let her walk, or stand, or sit,
 The posture her's, I'm pleas'd with it.
 Or let her tongue be still, or stir,
 Graceful is ev'ry thing from her.
 Or let her grant, or else deny,
 My love will fit each historie.

Thomas Stanley, whose poems were published only three years after the "Hesperides," from which the above is taken, has a stanza in his "Love's Heretic," of which the first two lines are singularly like Herrick's (Ellis' "Specimens of the Early English Poets," 1803, III. 316):

Black, or fair, or tall, or low,
 I alike with all can sport,
 The bold sprightly Thais woo,
 Or the frozen Vestal court.
 Every beauty takes my mind,
 Tied to all, to none confin'd.

The following curious simile is the close of an epigram by Abon Aly the mathematician, who flourished in Egypt about the year of the Hegira 530, translated, by Professor Carlyle, from the Arabic ("Specimens of Arabian Poetry," 1796, 167):

I never knew a sprightly fair
That was not dear to me.

* * *

The circle's bounding line are they,
Its centre is my heart,
My ready love the equal ray
That flows to every part.

THE MAIDEN-BLUSH.

So look the mornings when the sun
Paints them with fresh vermilion :
So cherries blush, and Kathern pears,
And apricots, in youthful yeares :
So corrolls looke more lovely red,
And rubies lately polished :
So purest diaper doth shine,
Stain'd by the beames of clarret wine :
As Julia looks when she doth dress
Her either cheek with bashfulness.

Spenser, in "The Faërie Queene," has another simile for a blushing cheek (Book II. Canto ix. 41):

And ever and anone with rosy red
The bashfull blood her snowy cheekes did dye,
That her became as polisht yvory
Which cunning craftsman hand hath overlayd
With fayre vermilion or pure castory.

Burns, in his song of "The Lass that made the Bed to Me," has another comparison :

Her cheeks like lilies dipt in wine.

HOW HIS SOUL CAME ENSNARED.

My soule would one day goe and seeke
For roses, and in *Julia's* cheek
A richness of those sweets she found,
As in another *Rosamond*.
But gathering roses as she was ;
Not knowing what would come to passe,

It chanst a ringlet of her haire,
 Caught my poor soule, as in a snare :
 Which ever since has been in thrall ;
 Yet freedome, she enjoyes withall.

So, Pope, in the "Rape of the Lock," says of Belinda's "shining ringlets":

Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
 And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.

* * * * *

Fair tresses man's imperial race insnare,
 And beauty draws us with a single hair.

Both Herrick's epigram and Pope's lines have, undoubtedly, a common origin in an epigram by Paul the Silentiary, which is thus translated by Merivale (Jacobs IV. 48, xxiii.):

In wanton sport, my Doris from her fair
 And glossy tresses tore a straggling hair,
 And bound my hands, as if of conquest vain,
 And I some royal captive in her chain.
 At first I laugh'd—"This fetter, lovely maid,
 Is lightly worn, and soon dissolv'd," I said.
 I said—but ah I had not learn'd to prove
 How strong the fetters that are forged by love.
 That little thread of gold I strove to sever
 Was bound like steel about my heart for ever;
 And, from that luckless hour, my tyrant fair
 Has led and turn'd me by a single hair.

COCK-CROW.

Bell-man of night, if I about shall go
 For to deny my Master, do thou crow.
 Thou stop'st S. Peter in the midst of sin ;
 Stay me, by crowing, ere I do begin ;
 Better it is, premonish'd for to shun
 A sin, than fall to weeping when 'tis done.

Wordsworth has some lines on hearing a cock crow, in a sonnet written near Rome, in sight of S. Peter's ("Memorials of a Tour in Italy in 1837," Sonnet VIII.):

Oft for a holy warning may it serve,
 Charged with remembrance of *his* sudden sting,
 His bitter tears, whose name the Papal Chair
 And yon resplendent Church are proud to bear.

UPON A CHILD THAT DIED.

Here she lies a pretty bud,
 Lately made of flesh and blood :
 Who, as soone, fell fast asleep,
 As her little eyes did peep.
 Give her strewings ; but not stir
 The earth, that lightly covers her.

This is a model of simplicity and elegance. It has all the pathos of the purest Greek epitaphs, and in its delicate gracefulness is perhaps unrivalled.

The pretty idea of the "Strewings" was originally expressed in Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," and it may, perhaps, be thought that the rejection of the stanza was a mistake on the part of the poet :

There scatter'd oft, the earliest of the year,
 By hands unseen, are show'rs of violets found,
 The redbreast loves to build and warble there,
 And little footsteps lightly print the ground.

*UPON A LADY THAT DIED IN GIVING BIRTH TO
 A DAUGHTER.*

As Gilly flowers do but stay
 To blow, and seed, and so away ;
 So you, sweet Lady, sweet as May,
 The gardens-glory liv'd awhile,
 To lend the world your scent and smile.
 But when your own faire print was set
 Once in a Virgin *Flosculet*,
 Sweet as yourselfe, and newly blown,
 To give that life, resign'd your own :
 But so, as still the mother's power
 Lives in the pretty Lady-flower.

In "Wit Restored," ed. 1817, II. 235, is the following epitaph on a lady, who died in giving birth to a child :

Born at the first to bring another forth,
 She leaves the world to leave the world her worth :
 Thus, Phoenix-like, as she was born to bleed,
 Dying herself, renews it in her seed.

TO LADY CREW, UPON THE DEATH OF HER CHILD.

Why, Madam, will ye longer weep,
 When as your baby's lull'd asleep?
 And, pretty child, feels now no more
 Those paines it lately felt before.
 All now is silent; groanes are fled:
 Your child lyes still, yet is not dead:
 But rather like a flower hid here
 To spring again another yeare.

Longfellow's exquisite lines, "The Reaper and the Flowers," in which he has carried out the thought of the dead, like the flowers, springing again, are well known:

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
 The flowers she most did love;
 She knew she should find them all again
 In the fields of light above.

Headley, in his "Select Beauties of Ancient English Poetry," preserves a striking epitaph, from Tewkesbury Church, Gloucestershire, on Eleanor Freeman, who died in 1650, aged 21, in which we find the metaphor of the flower, but with a variation:

A virgin blossom in her May,
 Of youth and virtues turn'd to clay;
 Rich earth accomplish'd with those graces
 That adorn saints in heavenly places.
 Let not death boast his conquering power,
 She'll rise a Star that fell a Flower.

Freeman, the epigrammatist, was a Gloucestershire man. If he were alive in 1650, he must have been about sixty years of age. Whether or not he had children is unknown; but it would be interesting if we might believe that this epitaph was written by him for the tomb of a daughter. Some of the epigrams in his "Rubbe and a Great Cast" give evidence of his having the power to write with elegance and simplicity.

THOMAS FREEMAN,

Was born near Moreton-in-the-Marsh, in Gloucestershire, about 1591. He took his degree at Oxford, and then set up as a poet in London, and was shortly after held in esteem by Daniel, Donne, Shakespeare, and others. The date of his death is unknown. In 1614 he published two books of epigrams, entitled "Rubbe and a Great Cast," and "Runne and a Great Cast, the Second Bowle." This volume, which is extremely scarce, has never been reprinted.

IN VIRTUTEM (Ep. 51).

Virtue we praise, but practise not her good,
(Athenian-like) we act not what we know;
So many men do talk of Robin Hood,
Who never yet shot arrow in his bow.

One Georgius Benedictus has a Latin epigram "On a Certain Encomiast of Virtue," which is thus translated by James Wright ("Delitiæ Delitiarum," 166):

No wonder virtue comes not near thy heart,
When from thy tongue it never doth depart.

CLOE'S PERJURY (The Second Bowle, Ep. 73).

'Tis one of Cloe's qualities,
That ever when she swears she lies:
Dost love me, Cloe? swear not so,
For when thou swear'st, thou liest I know:
Dost hate me, Cloe? prythee swear,
For then I know thou lov'st me dear.

Juliet is ready to take Romeo's word, but begs him not to swear that he loves her ("Romeo and Juliet," Act II. sc. 2):

Yet, if thou swear'st,
Thou may'st prove false; at lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs.

IN THUSCUM (The Second Bowle, Ep. 76).

Thuscus writes fair, without blur or blot
The rascal'st rhymes, were ever read, God wot.
No marvel: many with a swan's quill write,
That can but with a goose's wit endite.

It is supposed that Freeman alludes, in this epigram, to John Davies of Hereford, a poet to whom Southwell's "S. Peter's Complaint" has been wrongly ascribed by Wood. Not finding a subsistence by poetry, Davies set up as a writing-master, and became esteemed for his penmanship beyond all others in that age. John Heath, whose epigrams were published four years before Freeman's, has one which was probably also levelled against Davies (1st Century, 89):

There's none were fitter than thou to endite,
If thou could'st pen as well as thou can'st write.

Fair, as a hit against scribblers, is an anonymous epigram in "An Asylum for Fugitive Pieces," 1785, 57:

Scribbletonius, by volumes, whene'er we peruse,
This idea they always instil;—
That you pilfer'd, felonious, the *brains* of a goose,
When you robb'd the poor bird of a *quill*!

KINSMEN AND FRIENDS (The Second Bowle, Ep. 80).

I have some kinsfolk rich, but passing proud,
I have some friends, but poor and passing willing;
The first would gladly see me in my shroud,
Which in the last would cause the tears distilling:
Now which of these love I? so God me mend,
Not a rich *kinsman*, but a willing *friend*.

John Eliot, whose epigrams were published about forty years after Freeman's, is equally severe upon kinsmen (p. 18):

In kinsman friend, of old, was comprehended,
Give me one friend and hang up all my kindred.

HENRY CLIFFORD, EARL OF CUMBERLAND.

The 5th and last Earl of that family. Born 1591; died 1643.

ON S. STEPHEN'S MARTYRDOM.

(Wood's "Athenæ Oxonienses," ed. 1813, III. 83.)

Hail! thou first sacrifice in th' martyrs' roll,
Of cursed wrath and malice envious.
See heaven wide opens to receive thy soul,
And Christ proclaims thee now victorious.

Each stone they threw is made a gem to fit
Th' eternal crown that on thy head shall sit.

This epigram is considerably beyond the usual style of the period at which it was written. The thought in the last two lines is singularly beautiful. A similar idea occurs at a later period, in an ode on S. Stephen's Day, by Dr. Warmstrey; sometimes assigned to Dr. Waldren, of All Souls' College, Oxford, a Devonshire physician (Nichols' "Collection of Poems," V. 145, 1782):

Whilst the bright flames, which in his bosom burn,
The wounding pebbles into jewels turn;
And the rough rocks, which at his head are thrown,
Like diamonds shine, and melt into a crown.

FRANCIS QUARLES,

The author of the well-known "Emblema," was born in 1592. He was cup-bearer to the Princess Elizabeth, wife of the Elector Palatine; and afterwards secretary to Archbishop Usher, of Armagh. His loyalty caused him to be persecuted by the rebels, and he suffered greatly both in health and fortune. At the time of his death, in 1644, he held the office of chronologer to the City of London, a position very uncongenial to his habits, and which, probably, poverty alone induced him to accept.

CUPID'S TRADE.

What, Cupid, are thy shafts already made?
And seeking honey to set up thy trade,
True emblem of thy sweets! thy bees do bring
Honey in their mouths, but in their tails a sting.

The latter half of a piece by Herrick, "The Showre of Blossomes," may be compared:

But true it was as I rowl'd there,
Without a thought of hurt, or feare,
Love turn'd himselfe into a bee,
And with his javelin wounded me:
From which mishap this use I make,
Where most sweets are, there lyes a snake:
Kisses and favours are sweet things;
But those have thorns, and these have stings.

THE SOUL'S DANGER.

My soul, the seas are rough, and thou a stranger
 In these false coasts; O, keep aloof; there's danger;
 Cast forth thy plummet; see a rock appears;
 Thy ship wants sea-room; make it with thy tears.

Quarles' "Emblems" are full of such conceits as this. But quaint though he be, he never wants clearness. Unlike the love-poets of that age, whose conceits are often so extravagant as to hide sense beneath a load of unreality, Quarles always makes the conceit subservient to the main point of the passage, and thus causes it to add to, and not detract from, the nervous power of his lines.

EPITAPH ON MICHAEL DRAYTON.

Do, pious marble, let thy readers know
 What they, and what their children owe
 To Drayton's name, whose sacred dust
 We recommend unto thy trust.
 Protect his memory, and preserve his story,
 Remain a lasting monument of his glory;
 And when thy ruins shall disclaim
 'To be the treasurer of his name,
 His name, that cannot fade, shall be
 An everlasting monument to thee.

This is inscribed on Drayton's monument in Westminster Abbey. He died in 1631. In Chalmers' edition of the *British Poets*, the epitaph is printed among the poems of Francis Beaumont—an anachronism, as that poet died about fifteen years before Drayton. It is by some ascribed to Ben Jonson.

In a curious collection of epitaphs on physicians, entitled, "*Nugæ Canoræ*," 1827, by William Wadd, a celebrated London surgeon, is one on Drs. Heberden, Turton, and Baker, in which a similar thought is expressed to that in the latter part of the epitaph on Drayton (Epitaph I.):

He wrongs the dead who thinks this marble frame
 Was built to be the guardian of each name;
 Whereas, 'twas for their ashes only meant;
 Their *names* are set to guard the monument.

See also an epitaph by George Herbert on the Earl of Danby.

GEORGE HERBERT.

Born 1593. Died 1632.

*KING JAMES I.'s VISIT TO CAMBRIDGE.**Translated from the Latin in Amos' "Gems of Latin Poetry."*

While Prince to Spain and King to Cambridge goes,
 The question is, whose love the greater shows?
 Ours, like himself, o'ercomes, for his wit's more
 Remote from ours than Spain from Britain's shore.

Herbert was public orator when he presented this flattery to James. If his name were substituted for that of Bacon in the following epigram by Whaley, entitled, "Verses occasioned by reading Lord Bacon's Flattery to King James I.," the reproof would be most applicable (Whaley's Poems, 1745):

Ye, to whom heaven imparts its special fires,
 Whose breasts the wond'rous, quickening beam inspires,
 That sheds strong eloquence's melting rays,
 Or scatters forth the bright poetic blaze;
 Look here, and learn, those gifts how low and light
 If conscious dignity guides not their flight;
 How mean, when human pride their service claims,
 And Bacon condescends to flatter James.

But it was the fashion to flatter in those days, and King James had abundance of such incense offered to him, though according to Ben Jonson it was impossible to *flatter* so perfect a monarch. The dramatist addressed the following epigram "To the Ghost of Martial" (Ep. 36):

Martial, thou gav'st far nobler epigrams
 To thy Domitian, than I can my James:
 But in my royal subject I pass thee,
 Thou flattered'st thine, mine cannot flatter'd be.

GOOD AND EVIL ACTIONS.

If thou do ill, the joy fades, not the pains.
 If well, the pain doth fade, the joy remains.

In "Notes and Queries," 2nd S. VI. 87, are the following lines by Bishop Shuttleworth, of Chichester, whose "son thought he remembered his father saying, at the time, that the idea of them occurred in S. Chrysostom, or some of the early Fathers." The bishop probably referred to Herbert, unless there is a passage in one of the Fathers from which both took the thought:

Do right ; though pain and anguish be thy lot,
 Thy heart will cheer thee, when the pain's forgot ;
 Do wrong for pleasure's sake,—then count thy gains,—
 The pleasure soon departs, the sin remains !

EPITAPH ON HENRY DANVERS, EARL OF DANBY.

Sacred marble, safely keep
 His dust, who under thee must sleep,
 Until the years again restore
 Their dead, and time shall be no more.
 Mean while, if he (which all things wears)
 Does ruin thee, or if thy tears
 Are shed for him, dissolve thy frame,
 Thou art requited : for his fame,
 His virtue, and his worth shall be
 Another monument to thee.

Henry Danvers, second son of Sir John Danvers, was a warrior of some note in the Low Country wars during the reign of Elizabeth. By James I. he was created Baron Dauntsey, and by Charles I., Earl of Danby.

It will be observed how similar are the leading thoughts in this epitaph to those in the one on Drayton by Quarles ; but the idea of the name and virtues of the dead being a monument to the marble beneath which they rest, is not original in either of these poets, for a similar thought is found in an epitaph on Euripides, among the Greek epigrams by uncertain authors (Jacobs IV. 231. dxxxvi.). The translation is taken from the 551st No. of the "Spectator" :

Divine Euripides, this tomb we see,
 So fair, is not a monument for thee,
 So much as thou for it, since all will own
 Thy name and lasting praise adorn the stone.

JAMES SHIRLEY.

Born in London in 1594 ; educated at Merchant Taylors' School ; S. John's College, Oxford ; and subsequently at Catherine Hall, Cambridge. He was ordained, but changed his religion for that of Rome, and became a schoolmaster at S. Alban's. He afterwards went to London, and supported himself as a dramatic writer. Plays being prohibited during the Commonwealth, he returned to his old occupation

of teaching, which he carried on in Whitefriars. He and his wife were forced from their house near Fleet Street by the great fire in 1666, and in consequence of the shock they both died within twenty-four hours. Shirley published a volume of poems in 1646, from which the following pieces are taken :

FIE ON LOVE.

Now fie on foolish love, it not befits
 Or man or woman know it.
 Love was not meant for people in their wits,
 And they that fondly show it,
 Betray the straw and feathers in their brain,
 And shall have Bedlam for their pain :
 If single love be such a curse,
 To marry is to make it ten times worse.

Although this was published by Shirley himself in his volume of poems, 1646, Chalmers, in his edition of the poets, ascribes it to Francis Beaumont.

Very different was the view taken by Antiphanes, who in a fragment, translated by Cumberland ("Observer," No. 102), exclaimed :

The man who first laid down the pedant rule,
 That love is folly, was himself the fool ;
 For if to life that transport you deny,
 What privilege is left us—but to die ?

Shirley's view of matrimony is found in an amusing stanza in Ellis' "Specimens of the Early English Poets," 1083, II. 19, extracted from an anonymous satire against women, entitled, "The Scole-howse, wherein every Man may rede a Goodly Prayse of the Condycyons of Women," printed about 1542 :

Truly some men there be
 That live always in great horroùr,
 And say it goeth by destiny
 To hang or wed : both hath one hour.
 And whether it be, I am well sure,
 Hanging is better of the twain ;
 Sooner done and shorter pain.

In the "Festoon" is an anonymous epigram called "The Choice":

Lo ! here's the *bride*, and there's the *tree*,
 Take which of these best liketh thee.—
 "The bargain's bad on either part—
 But, hangman, come drive on the cart."

EPITAPH ON THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Here lies the best and worst of Fate,
 Two kings' delight, the people's hate ;
 The courtiers' star, the kingdom's eye,
 A man to draw an angel by.
 Fear's despiser, Villiers' glory,
 The great man's volume, all time's story.

Eliot, in his "Epigrams, &c.," 1658, has an epitaph on the Duke (p. 102):

Reader, stand still and look ; lo ! here I am,
 That was of late the mighty Buckingham.
 God gave me my being and my breath,
 Two kings their favour, and a slave my death.
 And for my fame I claim, and do not crave,
 That thou believ'st two kings before a slave.

On the occasion of the Duke's murder, the seditious poets among the disaffected party displayed their wit in satire on his character. The following anonymous lines are in the Lansdowne MSS., 198. Quoted in Lawson's "Life and Times of Archbp. Laud," 1829, I. 435 :

Some say the Duke was gracious, virtuous, good,
 And basely Felton did to spill his blood ;
 If that be true, what did he then amiss
 In sending him the sooner to his bliss ?
 Pale death is pleasing to a good man's eye,
 And none but bad men are afraid to die.
 Left he this kingdom to a passage better ?
 Why, then, Felton hath made the Duke his debtor.

THOMAS BANCROFT,

Was born about 1596. His father and mother were buried together in Swarston Church, Derbyshire, which may, therefore, probably have been his native place. He was of Catherine Hall, Cambridge, where Shirley, the dramatist, was his contemporary. Of his life afterwards nothing is known. In 1639 he published "Two Bookes of Epigrammes and Epitaphs. Dedicated to Two top-branches of Gentry : Sir Charles Shirley, Baronet, and William Davenport, Esquire."

THE LIFE OF MAN (Book I. 44).

Man's life is but a cheating game
 At cards, and Fortune plays the same,

Packing a queen up with a knave,
 Whilst all would win, yet none do save,
 And loose themselves: for Death is it
 That lastly cuts, and makes his hit.

The idea of life as a game at cards at which Fortune plays, seems from the last line, to have been in Boyse's mind when he wrote the following epigram:

The various ills below content I'll bear,
 Grant me, indulgent Heav'n! this sole request;
 Nor life to overprize, nor death to fear,
 Let Fortune shuffle as she please the rest!

ON SLEEP (Book I. 148).

Sleep binds the senses, but at liberty
 It sets the soul, and mocks the fantasy
 With strange illusions, playing (juggler-like)
 At fast and loose, till death in earnest strike.

Petronius Arbiter has a passage which well describes the fantasies of sleep ("Satyricon," Ed. Amstel., 1669, 369). The translation is by John Addison:

When in our dreams the forms of things arise,
 In mimic order plac'd before our eyes,
 Nor heav'n nor hell the airy vision sends,
 But every breast its own delusion lends.
 For when soft sleep the body lays at ease,
 And from the heavy mass the fancy frees:
 Whate'er it is in which we take delight,
 And think of most by day, we dream at night.

So, in "Romeo and Juliet" (Act I. sc. 4), Mercutio says:

True, I talk of dreams;
 Which are the children of an idle brain,
 Begot of nothing but vain fantasy;
 Which is as thin of substance as the air,
 And more inconstant than the wind.

But Shakespeare in other places shows dreams, not as "children of an idle brain," but as presaging future events. Such are those of Richard III., of the Duke of Clarence, and of Queen Katherine.

The subject of dreams, sent as warnings of death or misfortune, recalls an epigram in "The Foundling Hospital for Wit," No. 6, p. 69, 1749:

Dreams are monitions sent us from high Heav'n,
 But what avails the scanty prescience giv'n;
 Unless the same kind Power would reveal
 How man may shun the ruin they foretell?

TO SIR LANDLESS RAMKIN (Book I. 156).

Knighthood's come on thee (as a man should throw
 Gold on a dunghill), and thy lady so
 Suits with thy greatness, that her gown will be
 Instead of coat-of-arms and honour unto thee.

Owen has a Latin epigram on the rage for knighthood (Book II. 8). The quaintness of the following translation by Harvey suits well the style of the epigram:

Wert knighted, that thy wife should love thee more?
 She loves thee less, herself more than before:
 Her garb, her garments must new-fashion'd be,
 So that thy Dear will be more dear to thee.

A humorous epigram by Graves, is entitled, "The Mystery explained of a very trifling Fellow being Knighted" ("Euphrosyne," 1788, I. 267):

What! Dares made a knight! No; don't be frightened:
 He only lost his way, and was be-nighted.

ON THEOLOGICAL VIRTUE (Book II. 2).

Virtue's a bridge (near to the Cross whereby
 We pass to happiness beyond the spheres)
 Whose arches are faith, hope, and charity,
 And what's the water but repentant tears?

So, Young, in "Night Thoughts" (4th Night, 721):

Faith builds a bridge across the gulph of death.

ROBERT HEGGE,

Born in 1599, was a scholar of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and afterwards Probationer Fellow, but died soon after his election in 1629. He was author of "The Golden Legend of St. Cuthbert," and seems to have been held in much esteem as a writer.

ON LOVE (Wood's "Athenæ Oxonienses," ed. 1813, II. 459).

Love's like a landscape which doth stand
Smooth at a distance, rough at hand;
Or like a fire which from afar
Doth gently warm, consumes when near.

Yalden, in his verses "Against Enjoyment," has a passage remarkably like Hegge's first two lines, though the older poet perhaps refers to a natural landscape, whilst the later writes of a picture:

We're charm'd with distant views of happiness,
But near approaches make the prospect less.
Wishes, like painted landscapes, best delight,
Whilst distance recommends them to the sight;
Plac'd afar off, they beautiful appear;
But show their coarse and nauseous colours, near.

So, Garth, in "The Dispensary" (Canto III. 27):

As distant prospects please us, but when near
We find but desert rocks and fleeting air.

And Campbell, at the commencement of the "Pleasures of Hope":

'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.

DR. WILLIAM STRODE,

Was born about 1600. He was a Canon of Christ Church, and had the reputation of being a good preacher, and an eminent poet. He died in 1644. His poetical pieces are scattered in the MS. and printed collections of the period. The following pieces are taken from the "Gentleman's Magazine," XCIII. Part II. 8, extracted from an old MS. volume.

ON A GENTLEWOMAN WALKING IN THE SNOW.

I saw fair Cloris walk alone,
When feathered rain came softly down,
And Jove descended from his tower
To court her in a silver shower.
The wanton snow flew to her breast,
Like little birds into their nest,
And overcome with whiteness there,
For grief it thaw'd into a tear,

Thence falling on her garment's hem,
To deck her froze into a gem.

This pretty piece is found also in "Wit Restored," but without the author's name.

Exactly the same idea, of snow melting for grief, is found in an epigram in the Collection of 1735, I. Ep. 91. In a MS. note in the British Museum copy it is stated to be by Dodsley :

Those envious flakes came down in haste,
To prove her breast less fair :
Grieving to find themselves surpass'd,
Dissolv'd into a tear.

KISSING.

My love and I for kisses play'd,
She would keep stakes, I was content,
But when I won, she would be paid,
This made me ask her what she meant :
"Pray, since I see," quoth she, "your wrangling vain,
Take your own kisses, give me mine again."

The point is similar in a Greek epigram by Strato (Jacobs III. 75, xxx.), thus translated by Philip Smyth :

Whilst thus a few kisses I steal,
Dear Chloris, you gravely complain ;
If resentment you really do feel,
Pray give me my kisses again.

And also in an epigram by Owen (Book II. 75). The translation is by William Browne, author of "Britannia's Pastorals ;" and is taken from Sir Egerton Brydges' edition, 1815, of a MS. vol. of his poems, 1650, in the Lansdowne Collection, No. 777 :

Give me three kisses, Phillis ; if not three,
Give me as many as thy sweet lips be ;
You gave and took one, yet deny me twain,
Then take back yours, or give me mine again.

One of the prettiest epigrams on playing for kisses is by Lyly, which will be found under his name.

EDMUND WALLER.

Born 1605. Died 1687.

OF A LADY WHO WRIT IN PRAISE OF MYRA.

While she pretends to make the graces known
 Of matchless Myra, she reveals her own :
 And when she would another's praise indite,
 Is by her glass instructed how to write.

The thought of gaining, by giving, honour, is well expressed in an epigram on the erection of a bust in memory of Newton, by the Queen of George II. ("Poetical Farrago," II. 11):

While Caroline to learning just,
 Raises, to grace great Newton's dust,
 A monument of Parian stone,
 Of adamant she builds her own.

UNDER A LADY'S PICTURE.

Such Helen was! and who can blame the boy
 'That in so bright a flame consum'd his Troy?
 But, had like virtue shin'd in that fair Greek,
 The amorous shepherd had not dar'd to seek,
 Or hope for pity, but, with silent moan,
 And better fate, had perished alone.

In some respects similar, is the thought so beautifully expressed by Prior, at the close of his lines written in Lady Dursley's "Milton":

With virtue strong as yours had Eve been arm'd,
 In vain the fruit had blush'd, or serpent charm'd;
 Nor had our bliss by penitence been bought;
 Nor had frail Adam fall'n, nor Milton wrote.

ON THE STATUE OF KING CHARLES I. AT CHARING CROSS, IN THE YEAR 1674.

That the first Charles does here in triumph ride;
 See his son reign, where he a martyr died;
 And people pay that reverence as they pass,
 (Which then he wanted!) to the sacred brass;

Is not th' effect of gratitude alone,
 To which we owe the statue and the stone.
 But Heaven this lasting monument has wrought,
 That mortals may eternally be taught,
 Rebellion, though successful, is but vain ;
 And kings so kill'd rise conquerors again.
 This truth the royal image does proclaim,
 Loud as the trumpet of surviving Fame.

After the Restoration Waller's loyalty was very conspicuous in his writings ; and his verses to Charles II. and his Queen were full of gross flattery. But not less had he courted Cromwell during the Protectorate, and upon the death of that usurper he wrote an elegy, commencing :

We must resign ! Heaven his great soul doth claim
 In storms, as loud as his immortal fame.

Charles II., upon reading some complimentary verses presented to him by Waller, joked the poet upon his praises of Cromwell, receiving, of course, a flattering excuse ; which produced the following epigram (" Select Epigrams," II. 185) :

When Charles, at once a monarch and a wit,
 Some smooth, soft flattery read, by Waller writ ;
 Waller, who erst to sing was not asham'd,
That Heav'n in storms great Cromwell's soul had clatm'd,
 Turn'd to the bard, and, with a smile, said he,
 " Your strains for *Noll* excel your strains for *me*."
 The bard, his cheeks with conscious blushes red,
 Thus to the King return'd, and bow'd his head :
 " Poets, so Heav'n and all the nine decreed,
 In *fiction* better than in *truth* succeed."

DR. GERARD LANGBAINE.

Born in Westmoreland about 1608. He was Provost of Queen's College, Oxford ; a man of great learning and high reputation. An edition of Longinus with notes was his most important work. He died in 1657.

WRITTEN UNDER THE PORTRAIT OF SELDEN.

Translated from the Latin in " Selections from the French Anas," 1797.

Lo ! such was Selden, and his learned fame
 All polish'd nations would be proud to claim.
 The gods, nay, e'en the stones, their voice would raise,
 Should men by silence dare withhold their praise.

"The gods" refers to Selden's treatise on the Syrian gods, and "the stones" to his work on the Arundel marbles.

At ten years of age Selden wrote a Latin distich, which was placed over the door of his father's house at Salvington, in Sussex; thus translated by William Hamper in the "Gentleman's Magazine," XCIV. Part II. 601:

Thou'rt welcome, *honest* friend; walk in, make free:
Thief, get thee gone; my doors are closed to thee.

This recalls an inscription written over the door of the priory of Ramessa by a very liberal prior (Kett's "Flowers of Wit," II. 111):

Be open evermore, O thou my door,
To none be shut—to honest, or to poor.

The next prior, who was as covetous as his predecessor had been liberal, retained the lines, changing nothing but the pointing:

Be open evermore, O thou my door,
To none, — be shut to honest, or to poor.

JAMES GRAHAM, MARQUIS OF MONTROSE.

Born 1612. Died 1650.

ON THE DEATH OF KING CHARLES I.

Written with the point of his sword.

(John Cleveland's "Revived Poems, Orations, &c.," 1687, 199.)

Great! Good! and Just! Could I but rate
My griefs, and thy too rigid fate,
I'd weep the world to such a strain,
As it should deluge once again.
But since thy loud-tongu'd blood demands supplies
More from *Briareus*' hands than *Argus*' eyes,
I'll sing thy obsequies with trumpet sounds,
And write thy epitaph with *blood* and *wounds*.

In the ballad of "The Gallant Grahams," in Sir Walter Scott's "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," are the following stanzas:

Our false commander sold our king
Unto his deadlyemie,
Who was the traitor, Cromwelh, then;
So I care not what they do with me.

They have betray'd our noble prince,
 And banish'd him from his royal crown;
 But the gallant Grahams have ta'en in hand
 For to command those traitors down.

*WRITTEN ON THE WINDOW OF HIS PRISON THE
 NIGHT BEFORE HIS EXECUTION.*

(Aytoun's "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers, and other Poems.")

Let them bestow on every airth a limb,
 Then open all my veins, that I may swim
 To Thee, my Maker! in that crimson lake;
 Then place my parboiled head upon a stake—
 Scatter my ashes—strew them in the air:
 Lord! since thou know'st where all these atoms are,
 I'm hopeful thou'lt recover once my dust,
 And confident thou'lt raise me with the just.

It was decreed that the head of this gallant soldier should be placed on the top of the prison, and his severed limbs sent to the principal towns of the kingdom; but he declared that he was prouder to have his head affixed to the prison walls than to have his picture placed in the king's bedchamber; and, far from being troubled that his limbs were to be sent to the different cities, he wished he had flesh enough to be dispersed through Christendom, to attest his dying attachment to his king. After the Restoration his dust *was* recovered; his scattered remains were collected, and buried with great solemnity in the Cathedral of S. Giles, Edinburgh. The late Mr. Aytoun's fine ballad on "The Execution of Montrose" contains some stanzas, which express the very spirit of chivalrous loyalty, and conscious rectitude. In the 11th stanza Montrose speaks:

Now by my faith as belted knight,
 And by the name I bear,
 And by the bright Saint Andrew's cross
 That waves above us there—
 Yea, by a greater, mightier oath—
 And oh, that such should be!—
 By that dark stream of royal blood
 That lies 'twixt you and me—
 I have not sought in battle-field
 A wreath of such renown,
 Nor dared I hope, on my dying day,
 To win the martyr's crown!

In the 15th stanza his advance to the scaffold is described:

He is coming ! he is coming !
 Like a bridegroom from his room,
 Came the hero from his prison
 To the scaffold and the doom.
 There was glory on his forehead,
 There was lustre in his eye,
 And he never walked to battle
 More proudly than to die :
 There was colour in his visage,
 Though the cheeks of all were wan,
 And they marvelled as they saw him pass,
 That great and goodly man !

Wordsworth, in "Lines on the Expected Invasion, 1803," writes :

Come ye—who, if (which Heaven avert !) the Land
 Were with herself at strife, would take your stand,
 Like gallant Falkland, by the Monarch's side,
 And, like Montrose, make loyalty your pride.

ISAAC DE BENSERADE.

A French poet and wit, born in 1612. He was patronized by Cardinal de Richelieu, who granted him a pension, which, however, ceased at that minister's death ; and he, at the same time, lost the protection of the Duchess d'Aiguillon by an epitaph on his deceased patron, which has been thus translated from the French :

Here lies, aye, here doth lie, *mort-bleu*,
 The Cardinal de Richelieu,
 And, what is worse, my pension too.

In his old age Benserade retired to Gentilly (where he died in 1691), and there displayed his poetical genius in inscriptions cut on the bark of his trees. One of these has been translated from the French by Dr. Johnson :

In bed we laugh, in bed we cry,
 And born in bed, in bed we die ;
 The near approach a bed may show
 Of human bliss to human woe.

GILES MENAGE,

An accomplished scholar, was born at Angers in 1613. He was brought up to the Bar, but, disliking the profession, became an ecclesiastic, and obtained valuable preferment. He resided almost constantly in Paris, where his talents were fully appreciated. He died in 1692.

*PRAYER TO VENUS.**Translated from the Greek in Dryden's "Miscellany Poems."*

While here for the fair Amaryllis I die,
 She o'er rocks, and o'er streams from my passion does fly ;
 O bring her, kind Venus! bring her here back again,
 And the best of my heifers on thy altar lies slain :
 But if she's appeas'd, if to love she incline,
 Take all my whole herd, my little herd is all thine.

Ambrose Philips has some pretty pastoral lines on "The Stray Nymph," which may be compared with Menage's epigram :

Cease your music, gentle swains ;
 Saw ye Delia cross the plains ?
 Every thicket, every grove,
 Have I rang'd, to find my love :
 A kid, a lamb, my flock I give,
 Tell me only, doth she live ?

*WRITTEN UNDER THE PORTRAIT OF SCARRON.**Translated from the Latin in "Scarron's Letters," London, 1677.*

I am the man who made a prey to grief,
 Do in her very jaws find out relief.
 The cynic and the stoic could receive,
 Th' unkindnesses of Fortune and not grieve.
 Rejoice and sport with misery there's none
 Could ever yet but comical Scarron.

Paul Scarron, a burlesque French writer, born in 1610, was deformed, and, while still a young man, lost the use of his limbs ; but, notwithstanding his melancholy condition, his humour never forsook him, and his house became the rendezvous of all the men of wit. He married Mademoiselle d'Aubigné, afterwards the celebrated Madame de Maintenon. His life of uninterrupted suffering is alluded to in the following affecting epitaph, which he wrote for himself :

Tread softly ; make no noise
 To break his slumbers deep ;
 Poor Scarron here enjoys
 His first calm night of sleep.

CHARLES DE S. EVREMOND,

Was born at S. Denis le Guast, in Lower Normandy, in 1613. He entered the army, and was patronized by Cardinal Mazarin; but a rupture occurring with that politician, he retired to Holland to avoid the Bastille, and afterwards to England, where he lived, with a short interval, for the remainder of his life. Charles II. gave him a pension, and his talents and powers of conversation gained him a distinguished position among the political and literary men of the day. He died in 1703, at 90 years of age.

ON WALLER.

*Translated from the French by Thomas Rymer, in Dryden's
"Miscellany Poems."*

Vain gallants, look on Waller, and despair :
He, only he, may boast the grand receipt ;
Of fourscore years he never feels the weight ;
Still in his element, when with the fair ;
There gay, and fresh, drinks in the rosy air ;
There happy, he enjoys his leisure hours ;
Nor thinks of *Winter*, whilst amidst the *Flowers*.

A far less happy picture of an amorous old man, given in an epigram by Mallet, may make S. Evremond's more pleasing by the contrast :

Still hovering round the fair at sixty-four,
Unfit to love, unable to give o'er ;
A flesh-fly, that just flutters on the wing,
Awake to buzz, but not alive to sting ;
Brisk where he cannot, backward where he can ;
The teasing ghost of the departed man.

TO NINON DE L'ENCLOS, ON REMEMBERING HER IN
ABSENCE.

*Translated from the French by Bland, in "Collections from the Greek
Anthology," 1813.*

No, no—the season to inspire
A lover's flame is past ;
But that of glowing with the fire
As long as life will last.

S. Evremond was one of the oldest admirers of Ninon de l'Enclos, celebrated for her beauty, her elegance, and her voluptuousness. They

were about the same age, and were both passing into the vale of years when S. Evremond wrote these tender lines. Moore, in one of his Irish Melodies ("Love's Young Dream") gives expression to the same thought:

No,—that hallow'd form is ne'er forgot
Which first love trac'd ;
Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot
On memory's waste.

Ninon de l'Enclos affected to live as "a jolly companion." A French distich, intended for her epitaph, shows her success. Bland thus translates :

Here Ninon lies buried, who always aspired
A good fellow to be ; and was—what she desired.

SAMUEL SHEPPARD,

Was the son of Dr. Harmon Sheppard, a physician. The date of his birth is unknown. He is supposed to have been a clergyman, and was imprisoned, as we learn by one of his epigrams, for writing "Mercurius Elencticus," a newspaper, the first number of which was published April 11th, 1649. Watt, in his "Bibliotheca Britannica," says that his "loyalty is more commendable than his poetry," but the latter is above the average of the epigrammatists of the day. He published, "Epigrams, Theological, Philosophical, and Romantic in Six Books," with some other pieces attached, in 1651.

ON HOMER (Book I. 8).

Homer, though blind, yet saw with his soul's eye
The secrets hid in deep'st philosophy,
Who while he sang the gods, deserv'd to be
Himself adored as a deity.

In the 551st No. of the "Spectator," a translation of a Greek epigram is given, in which the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" are represented as the work of a deity :

Who first transcribed the famous Trojan war,
And wise Ulysses' acts, O Jove, make known ;
For since 'tis certain thine those poems are,
No more let Homer boast they are his own.

Milton, in "Paradise Regained," Book IV. 259, says :

Blind Melesigenes thence Homer call'd,
Whose poem Phœbus challeng'd for his own.

AFFLICTIONS BENEFICIAL (Book I. 16).

It is not for our good in ease to rest ;
 Man, like to Cassia, when bruis'd is best.

This is a favourite simile with the poets. Goldsmith, in "The Captivity," says :

The good man suffers but to gain,
 And every virtue springs from pain :
 As aromatic plants bestow
 No spicy fragrance while they grow,
 But crush'd or trodden to the ground,
 Diffuse their balmy sweets around.

Rogers, in "Jacqueline" :

The Good are better made by Ill,
 As odours crushed are sweeter still.

And Wordsworth, in "The Prelude," Book IX. :

Injuries
 Made him more gracious, and his nature then
 Did breathe its sweetness out most sensibly,
 As aromatic flowers on Alpine turf,
 When foot hath crushed them.

*ON THE TWO ADMIRABLE WITS, BEAUMONT AND
 FLETCHER* (Book II. 13).

Cease, Greece, to boast of Aristophanes,
 Or of Menander, or Euripides,
 The comic sock, and tragic buskin we
 Wear neatest here in foreign Brittany :
 Or if you list to struggle for the bays,
 We'll fight with Beaumont's and with Fletcher's plays.

Equally extravagant is the boast of an epigram, "Written in Pope's Works," found in "A Collection of Miscellany Poems, never before Published," 1737, 17 :

Greece justly boasts her Homer's mighty name,
 And Rome resounds majestic Virgil's fame ;
 France shows her Boileau, we with all can cope,
 For Homer, Virgil, Boileau, we have Pope.

TO MY FRIEND LUCIUS VARRUS (Book IIL 10).

How can I choose but like Mount Etna glow,
 Though I Carussa make my drink each day,
 Or feed on frigid lettuce, and lay low
 Upon the humble earth, Love to allay?
 Her skin for whiteness passeth Atlas snow,
 Her cheeks the roses that in Jury grow:
 Her crisped locks do out-shine Lybian gold,
 Her teeth the pearls in stately Ormus sold;
 Her lips as cherries, breath as incense flow,
 Her eyes as to pure crystal heavens show;
 Her tongue, like Lydian music, doth delight.
 Then how can I (friend Varrus) want her sight?
 Her presence can alone preserve my breath,
 Her loss to me is famine, war, and death.

This catalogue of a lady's beauties may have been suggested to Sheppard by one of Spenser's sonnets (LXIV.):

Her lips did smell lyke unto gilly flowers;
 Her ruddy cheekes, lyke unto roses red;
 Her snowy browes, lyke budded bellamoures;
 Her lovely eyes, lyke pincks but newly spred;
 Her goodly bosome, lyke a strawberry bed;
 Her neck, lyke to a bounch of cullambynes;
 Her breast, lyke lillyes ere their leaves be shed.

 SIR JOHN DENHAM.

Born 1615. Died 1668.

COWLEY AND KILLIGREW.

The witty Thomas Killigrew, page of honour to Charles I., and groom of the bedchamber to Charles II., appeared to little advantage in his writings, whilst his conversation was unusually brilliant. Cowley, the poet, on the other hand, shone but very moderately in company, though he excelled so much with his pen. Denham, who knew them both, thus characterizes in a distich the merit and defect of each (Chalmers' "Biog. Dict." under Thomas Killigrew):

Had Cowley ne'er spoke, Killigrew ne'er writ,
 Combin'd in one, they'd made a matchless wit.

RICHARD CRASHAW,

Born about 1616, was a Fellow of Peterhouse, Cambridge. He was driven from the University by the Parliamentary forces, and retired to France, where he joined the Church of Rome. The poet Cowley introduced him to the patronage of the Queen of Charles I., who gave him letters of recommendation to Italy. Dr. John Bargrave, Canon of Canterbury, saw him in Rome, as an attendant on Cardinal Palotto; and states in a MS., entitled "Pope Alexander the Seventh, and the College of Cardinals," lately edited for the Camden Society by Canon Robertson, that Crashaw had offended Palotto's retinue; upon which the Cardinal "to secure his life was fain to put him from his service, and procuring him some small imploy at the Lady's of Loretto; whither he went in pilgrimage in summer time, and, overheating himself, died in four weeks after he came thither, and it was doubtful whether he were not poisoned." The biographers of Crashaw give no hint that his death in 1650 was by foul means, but from this account it is evident that such was the impression in Rome at the time.

TO PONTIUS PILATE, WASHING HIS HANDS.

Thy hands are wash'd, but oh, the water's spilt,
 That labour'd to have wash'd thy guilt:
 The flood, if any can that can suffice,
 Must have its fountain in thine eyes.

In Elsum's "Epigrams on Paintings," 1700, is one on a picture by Andræa Sacchi, of Pilate washing his hands, translated from Michael Silos, "De Romana Pictura et Sculptura" (Ep. 17):

O cursed Pilate! Villain dyed in grain,
 A little water cannot purge thy stain;
 No, Tanais can't do 't, nor yet the main. }
 Dost thou condemn a Deity to death,
 Him whose mere love gave and preserv'd thy breath?

ON THE BLESSED VIRGIN'S BASHFULNESS.

That on her lap she casts her humble eye,
 'Tis the sweet pride of her humility.
 The fair star is well fix'd, for where, O where
 Could she have fix'd it on a fairer sphere?
 'Tis Heaven, 'tis Heaven she sees, Heaven's God there lies,
 She can see Heaven, and ne'er lift up her eyes:
 This new Guest to her eyes new laws hath given,
 'Twas once *look up*, 'tis now *look down* to Heaven.

Some lines, "To the Blessed Virgin at her Purification," by the old epigrammatist Bancroft, are almost as beautiful in sentiment as this exquisite piece (Book II. 86):

Why, favourite of Heaven, most fair,
Dost thou bring fowls for sacrifice?
Will not the armful thou dost bear,
That lovely Lamb of thine, suffice?

THE WATER TURNED TO WINE.

Translated from the Latin by Aaron Hill.

When Christ, at Cana's feast, by pow'r divine,
Inspir'd cold water with the warmth of wine,
See! cried they, while, in red'ning tide, it gush'd,
The bashful stream hath seen its God, and *blush'd*.

This is a masterly translation of Crashaw's celebrated and beautiful epigram. It may be satisfactory to some to see the Latin (Crashaw's "Poemata et Epigrammata," 1670, p. 29):

Unde rubor vestris, et non sua purpura, lymphis?
Quæ rosa mirantes tam nova mutat aquas?
Numen (convivæ) præsens agnoscite Numen:
Nympha pudica Deum vidit, et erubuit.

Crashaw has an English epigram on the same subject, "To Our Lord upon the Water made Wine":

Thou water turn'st to wine (fair Friend of life)
Thy foe, to cross the sweet arts of thy reign,
Distils from thence the tears of wrath and strife,
And so turns wine to water back again.

*EPITAPH ON A HUSBAND AND WIFE, WHO DIED AND
WERE BURIED TOGETHER.*

To these, whom Death again did wed,
This grave's the second marriage-bed.
For though the hand of Fate could force
'Twixt soul and body a divorce,
It could not sever man and wife,
Because they both liv'd but one life.
Peace, good reader, do not weep!
Peace! the lovers are asleep.

They, sweet turtles, folded lie
 In the last knot that Love could tie.
 And though they lie as they were dead,
 Their pillow stone, their sheets of lead;
 Pillow hard, and sheets not warm,
 Love made the bed, they'll take no harm.
 Let them sleep, let them sleep on,
 'Till this stormy night be gone,
 And th' eternal morrow dawn;
 Then the curtains will be drawn,
 And they waken with that light
 Whose day shall never sleep in night.

The line, "And though they lie as they were dead," with the three following, are placed by Mr. Ellis in his "Specimens of the Early English Poets" between brackets, with a note stating that they "are in no printed edition," but "were found in a MS. copy, and are perhaps not Crashaw's" (Ellis, ed. 1803, III. 228). Mr. Ellis is mistaken. The lines are in the edition of Crashaw's poems, published in 1648, in the lifetime of the author. They are not in the edition of 1646, nor in that of 1670.

After reading this beautiful epitaph, all others on the same subject must suffer by comparison. Yet there is much to be admired in the following by Bishop Hall, on Sir Edward and Lady Lewkenor. It is translated from the Latin by the Bishop's descendant and editor, the Rev. Peter Hall (Bp. Hall's Works, 1837-9, XII. 331):

In bonds of love united, man and wife,
 Long, yet too short, they spent a happy life:
 United still, too soon, however late,
 Both man and wife receiv'd the stroke of fate:
 And now, in glory clad, enraptur'd pair,
 The same bright cup, the same sweet draught they share.
 Thus, first and last, a married couple see,
 In life, in death, in immortality!

There is much beauty also in an anonymous epitaph in the "Festoon," 143, "On a Man and his Wife":

Here sleep, whom neither life, nor love,
 Nor friendship's strictest tie,
 Could in such close embrace as thou,
 Thou faithful grave, ally.—

Preserve them, each dissolv'd in each,
 For bands of love divine:
 For union only more complete,
 Thou faithful grave, than thine.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

Born 1618. Died 1667.

PROMETHEUS ILL-PAINTED.

How wretched does Prometheus' state appear,
 Whilst he his second misery suffers here!
 Draw him no more; lest, as he tortur'd stands,
 He blame great Jove's less than the painter's hands.
 It would the vulture's cruelty outgo,
 If once again his liver thus should grow.
 Pity him, Jove! and his bold theft allow;
 The flames he once stole from thee grant him now!

The original of this may be a Greek epigram by Glaucus, on a picture of Philoctetes, drawn by Parrhasius, though upon the point of the painter's merits the epigrams widely differ (Jacobs III. 57, v.). The translation is in the "Festoon":

Drawn by Parrhasius, as in person view'd,
 Sad Philoctetes feels his pains renew'd.
 In his parch'd eyes the deep sunk tears express
 His endless misery, his dire distress.
 We blame thee, painter! though thy skill commend;
 'Twas time his sufferings with himself should end!

*UPON THE CHAIR MADE OUT OF SIR FRANCIS DRAKE'S
 SHIP;*

Which was presented to the University Library of Oxford by John Davis, Esq.

To this great ship, which round the globe has run,
 And match'd in race the chariot of the sun,
 This Pythagorean ship (for it may claim
 Without presumption so deserv'd a name,
 By knowledge once, and transformation now)
 In her new shape, this sacred port allow.
 Drake and his ship could not have wish'd from Fate
 A more blest station, or more blest estate;
 For lo! a seat of endless rest is given
 To her in Oxford, and to him in Heaven.

Cowley has also an ode upon this chair, in which the following distich occurs:

Let not the Pope's itself with this compare,
This is the only universal chair.

Cowley, who was well acquainted with Martial, may have remembered an epigram by him "On a Fragment of the Argo" (Book VII. 19), thus translated by Elphinston :

The bit of wood, you so disdain,
Was the first keel that plough'd the main.
Her not conflicting rocks could crash ;
She mock'd the hyperborean lash.
Regardless thus of ev'ry rage,
She yielded to all-conqu'ring age ;
And the small remnant of a slip,
Became more sacred than the ship.

In Camden's "Britannia" (Devonshire), a Latin epigram is preserved on Drake's return, after his celebrated voyage round the world. The translation is taken from "Selections from the French Anas." 1797 :

Where'er old Ocean's boundless waters roll,
Have borne, great Drake, thy bark from pole to pole.
Should envious mortals o'er thy labours sleep,
The stars, which led thee through the vent'rous deep,
Shall tell thy praises ; and thy well-earn'd fame,
The sun, thy fellow-traveller, proclaim.

The following was composed "On Sir Francis Drake, drowned," taken from "Recreation for Ingenious Head-pieces: or, A Pleasant Grove for their Wits to Walk in," 1654, Epitaph 182:

Where Drake first found, there last he lost his fame .
And for tomb left nothing but his name.
His body's buried under some great wave,
The sea, that was his glory, is his grave:
Of him no man true epitaph can make,
For who can say, *Here lies Sir Francis Drake ?*

LOVE INCURABLE.

Sol Daphne sees, and seeing her admires,
Which adds new flames to his celestial fires :
Had any remedy for love been known,
The god of physic, sure, had cur'd his own.

Apollo, the god of physic and other arts, and Sol, the sun, are generally represented as the same deity.

This epigram is by tradition ascribed to Cowley, and is said to have been spoken by him at the Westminster School election. The thought

is taken from Ovid (*Metamorph.* Book I. 521). Thus Dryden translates the passage:

Medicine is mine, what herbs and simples grow }
 In fields and forests, all their powers I know ; }
 And am the great physician call'd below.
 Alas, that fields and forests can afford
 No remedies to heal their love-sick lord !
 To cure the pains of love, no plant avails ;
 And his own physio the physician fails.

Or perhaps Cowley remembered a passage in Spenser, the favourite poet of his youth ("The Shepheards Calender—December"):

But, ah ! unwise and witlesse Colin Cloute,
 That kydst the hidden kindes of many a weede,
 Yet kydst not ene to cure thy sore heart-roots,
 Whose ranckling wound as yet does rifely bleede.

EPITAPH.

Underneath this marble stone,
 Lie two beauties join'd in one.
 Two, whose loves death could not sever ;
 For both liv'd, both died together.
 Two, whose souls, being too divine
 For earth, in their own sphere now shine.
 Who have left their loves to fame,
 And their earth to earth again.

Hughes, in "The Friendship of Phœbe and Asteria," has a passage which may be compared with this :

So strict's the union of the tender pair,
 What Heaven decrees for one, they both must share.
 Like meeting rivers, in one stream they flow,
 And no divided joys or sorrows know.
 Not the bright twins, preferr'd in heaven to shine,
 Fair Leda's sons in such a league could join.
 One soul, as fables tell, by turns supplied
 That heavenly pair, by turns they liv'd and died :
 But these have sworn a matchless sympathy,
 They'll live together, or together die.

RICHARD LOVELACE,

Born about 1618, was a soldier under Lord Goring. He had a considerable estate, but was reduced to poverty by his loyalty. In 1646 he formed a regiment for the service of the French King, and was wounded at Dunkirk. On his return to England, he lived in penury until his death in 1658. His poems under the title of "Lucasta" were addressed to Lucy Sacheverel, whom he called "Lux casta," and to whom he was engaged to be married; but, on the report of his death at Dunkirk, she gave her hand to another.

TO LUCASTA. HER RESERVED LOOKS.

Lucasta, frown, and let me die,
 But smile, and see, I live;
 The sad indifference of your eye
 Both kills and doth relieve.
 You hide our fate within its screen;
 We feel our judgment, ere we hear.
 So in one picture I have seen
 An angel here, the devil there.

The close of the epigram refers to the double-faced pictures, which have been common in both ancient and modern times. Gibbon, referring to Caracalla's anxiety to be thought the equal of Alexander the Great, states: "Herodian had seen very ridiculous pictures, in which a figure was drawn, with one side of the face like Alexander, and the other like Caracalla." ("Decline and Fall," ed. 1846, I. 147, note, chap. vi.) Burton, in the Preface ("Democritus to the Reader") to his "Anatomy of Melancholy," says: "They are like these double or turning pictures; stand before which, you see a fair maid, on the one side an ape, on the other an owl" (ed. 1800, I. 106). In the present day such pictures are often seen, and the contrivance by which they are produced is sometimes very ingenious.

GEORGE DE BREBEUF,

A French poet, born in 1618, who gained his laurels by a translation of Lucan. He published some epigrams, among which are one hundred on a lady who painted, written for a wager. The follies which Prior perpetrated on this subject, sink into insignificance when compared with those of the Frenchman. He died in 1661.

ON A FATHER AND SON EQUALLY VICIOUS.

Translated from the French by Bland, in "Collections from the Greek Anthology," 1813.

How little grief thy father's ashes claim !
 How just was Death to hurry him from hence !
 A ceaseless labourer in the work of shame,
 You thought him born, his Maker to incense.
 The self-avow'd support of impudence,
 With Modesty he waged insatiate strife,
 And lived the eternal foe of Innocence ;
 Thus having made Sin's empire all his own,
 Still, fearing to be bad by halves alone,
 He gave thee life.

This is sufficiently severe, but a Greek epigram by Demodocus is, if possible, still more so (Jacobs II. 56. ii.). It is pointed against the Cappadocians, whose name was considered by the ancients synonymous with infamy and vice. The following paraphrase, taken from "Fables and Epigrams from the German of Lessing," 1825, gives the sting of the original, perhaps more forcibly to modern readers than an exact translation :

While Fell was reposing himself on the hay,
 A reptile conceal'd bit his leg as he lay ;
 But, all venom himself, of the wound he made light,
 And got well, while the scorpion died of the bite.

Gibbon, in the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," ed. 1846, V. 232, note, says of the epigram of Demodocus: "The sting is precisely the same with the French epigram against Freron: Un serpent mordit Jean Freron—Eh bien? Le serpent en mourut. But, as the Paris wits are seldom read in the Anthology, I should be curious to learn through what channel it was conveyed for their imitation."

The last stanza of Goldsmith's "Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog," is very similar :

But soon a wonder came to light,
 That show'd the rogues they lied,
 The man recover'd of the bite,
 The dog it was that died.

With the latter part of Brebeuf's epigram, the giving birth to a wicked son, may be compared an epitaph by another Frenchman, Nicolas Selis, born at Paris in 1737; thus translated by R. A. Davenport ("Poetical Register" for 1802):

Within this grave a bachelor lies,
 By follies and by vices only known !
 Ah ! when in death his father clos'd his eyes,
 Why could there not be written on his stone—
 Within this grave a bachelor lies !

This is similar to the thought in Suetonius, on Nero's pretended marriage with Sporus (Nero Claud. C. xxviii.):

Utinam pater talem habuisset uxorem.

SHAMEFACEDNESS.

Translated from the French by Merivale, in "Collections from the Greek Anthology," 1813.

The poets sing, but faith they're wrong,
That Modesty which shuns the throng,
Is but a rural grace.
Sometimes in town she holds resort,
Whenever Iris goes to court
She hides behind her face.

This is one of the epigrams mentioned in the account of Brebeuf. That, for a joke, he should have written such rubbish, only shows that he wasted his time. That he should have published it, shows to what a poet will sometimes descend.

The last line recalls an amusing Arabian epigram, by Isaac Ben Khalif, translated by Professor Carlyle, "On a Little Man with a Very Large Beard," of which the closing stanza is ("Specimens of Arabian Poetry," 1796, 148):

A man like thee scarce e'er appear'd—
A beard like thine—where shall we find it?
Surely thou cherishest thy beard
In hopes to hide thyself behind it.

It was such a man that Bishop Corbet singled out, when at a confirmation in his cathedral, the crowd pressed upon the altar-rails, and addressed as "You, Sir, behind the beard."

SIR EDWARD SHERBURNE,

Born in 1618, was Clerk of the Ordnance, but was ejected from his office at the commencement of the Rebellion. He followed the fortunes of the King, and was made Commissary-General of Artillery. From 1654 to 1659, he travelled abroad as tutor to Sir John Coventry. At the Restoration, he was re-established in his place at the Ordnance, but at the Revolution he was removed, as he refused to take the oaths to William and Mary. In his old age he suffered from poverty, and lived in retirement. His death took place in 1702.

ICE AND FIRE.

Naked Love did to thine eye,
 Chloris, once, to warm him, fly :
 But its subtle flame and light
 Scorch'd his wings, and spoil'd his sight.
 Forc'd from thence, he went to rest
 In the soft couch of thy breast :
 But there met a frost so great
 As his torch extinguish'd straight.
 When poor Cupid thus (constrain'd
 His cold bed to leave) complain'd,
 " Alas ! what lodging's here for me,
 If all ice and fire she be ?"

We may compare the latter part of the Earl of Roscommon's imitation of the 22nd Ode of the 1st Book of Horace :

Set me in the remotest place
 That Neptune's frozen arms embrace ;
 Where angry Jove did never spare
 One breath of kind and temperate air.
 Set me where on some pathless plain
 The swarthy Africans complain,
 To see the chariot of the sun
 So near their scorching country run.
 The burning zone, the frozen isles,
 Shall hear me sing of Cælia's smiles :
 All cold but in her breast I will despise,
 And dare all heat but that in Cælia's eyes.

CELIA'S EYES. A DIALOGUE.

- Loner.* Love ! tell me ; may we Celia's eyes esteem
 Or eyes or stars ? for stars they seem.
- Love.* Fond, stupid man ! know stars they are,
 Nor can heaven boast more bright or fair.
- Lover.* Are they or erring lights, or fixed ? say.
- Love.* Fix'd ; yet lead many a heart astray.

No comparison is more common among the old English poets, than that of ladies' eyes to stars. One example will suffice. Romeo says of Juliet (Act II. sc. 2) :

Her eye in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright,
That birds would sing, and think it were not night.

It is not usual for ladies to liken their own eyes to stars, but William Browne, in "The Inner Temple Mask," makes the Siren sing to the sailors :

Be awhile our guests,
For stars, gaze on our eyes.

THOMAS JORDAN,

An Actor and Dramatist. He was poet to the City of London from 1671 to 1684, at which latter date he is supposed to have died.

INGRATITUDE.

(Nichols' "Select Collection of Poems," VII. 64, 1781.)

Our God and soldier we alike adore,
Just at the brink of ruin, not before :
The danger past, both are alike requited ;
God is forgotten, and the soldier slighted.

There is another version of this epigram, which Mr. Budworth, an officer in the army, who had been engaged in the defence of Gibraltar, in 1782-3, told Dr. Hurd, Bishop of Worcester, he had seen chalked upon a sentry-box on Europa Guard (Nichols' "Literary Anecdotes," III. 339) :

God and a soldier all people adore
In time of war, but not before :
And when war is over and all things are righted,
God is neglected, and an old soldier is slighted.

In the "Foundling Hospital for Wit," No. 6, 87, 1749, there is an epigram on the national forgetfulness of God, which seems to have been occasioned by the rejoicings for the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. It is headed "On seeing the Workmen employed upon the preparations for the Fire-works in the Green Park on Sunday last—Dies Solis, non Sabbati " :

Freed from the toils of war, and long distress,
Her bliss increasing, tho' her merit less,
Ungrateful Britain ! scarce the tempest o'er,
But of the hand that still'd it thinks no more.
From her once fav'rite Isle Religion's fled,
And we again in heathen footsteps tread ;
Like the poor Persians, we no more aspire,
Sunk from the God of Heav'n to serve the god of Fire.

HENRY DELAUNE.

Of this writer nothing is known, except that in 1651 he published a volume of moral and religious epigrams, entitled, "*Πατρικὸν Δωρον*, or a Legacy to his Sons; being a Miscellany of Precepts, Theological, Moral, Political, and Economical, digested into seven books of Quadrins." It was reprinted in 1657.

THOUGHT AND SPEECH (1st Century, 64).

Think all you speak ; but speak not all you think :
Thoughts are your own ; your words are so no more.
Where Wisdom steers, wind cannot make you sink :
Lips never err, when she does keep the door.

John Hoskins, a lawyer and poet, born in 1566, addressed the following epigram to his little child Benjamin from the Tower, to which he was committed for having made in a speech in Parliament, what Wood calls "a desperate allusion to the Sicilian Vesper" (Sir Henry Wotton's Poems, 1843, 3) :

Sweet Benjamin, since thou art young,
And hast not yet the use of tongue,
Make it thy slave while thou art free,
Imprison it lest it do thee.

BEGINNING OF SIN (3rd Century, 4).

Motions to ill resist in their first grass ;
Lest gaining growth, they shoot into the ear :
Custom to sin, at length will make you pass
That for a bat, which was before a bear.

The ground-work of this epigram, and of many similar passages in the poets, is the "*Nemo repente fuit turpissimus*," of Juvenal, Sat. II. 83. So, Beaumont and Fletcher, in "*A King and No King*," Act V., have :

There is a method in man's wickedness ;
It grows up by degrees.

The same thought is expressed by Aaron Hill, in the last lines of his tragedy of "*Athelwold*" :

Oh ! Leolyn, be obstinately just ;
Indulge no passion and deceive no trust :
Let never man be bold enough to say,
Thus, and no farther, shall my passion stray .
The first crime past, compels us into more,
And guilt grows fate, that was but choice before.

LEARNING AND DRESS (3rd Century, 20).

Adorn not more your body than your brain ;
 Lest that this emblem in your teeth be flung,
 That you resemble houses, which remain
 With empty garrets though the rooms be hung.

The idea is similar in Parnell's epigram on the Castle of Dublin in the year 1715 :

This house and inhabitants both well agree,
 And resemble each other as near as can be ;
 One half is decay'd, and in want of a prop,
 The other new-built, but not finish'd at top.

DANGER OF DELAYED REPENTANCE (7th Century, 53).

Cheat not yourselves as most ; who then prepare
 For death, when life is almost turn'd to fume.
 One thief was sav'd, that no man might despair :
 And but one thief that no man might presume.

There is a remarkable epitaph in Camden's " Discourse on Epitaphs " (" Curious Discourses," edited by Hearne, 1771, I. 345), on a man who delayed repentance not only to the last hour, but the last moment, of his life: " A gentleman falling off his horse broke his neck, which sudden hap gave occasion to much speech of his former life, and some in this judging world judged the worst ; in which respect a good friend made this good epitaph, remembering that of S. Augustine, *misericordia Domini inter pontem et fontem* " :

My friend judge not me,
 Thou seest I judge not thee :
 Betwixt the stirrup and the ground,
 Mercy I ask'd, mercy I found.

INSTABILITY OF EARTHLY POSSESSIONS (7th Century, 62).

Wealth, honour, friends, wife, children, kindred, all,
 We so much dote on, and wherein we trust :
 Are with'ring gourds ; blossoms that fade and fall ;
 Landscapes in water ; and deeds drawn in dust.

A similar sentiment is expressed in the following lines by an old

English poet (quoted in Bland's "Collections from the Greek Anthology," 1813):

Your fond preferments are but children's toys,
And as a shadow all your pleasures pass :
As years increase, so waning are your joys ;
Your bliss is brittle like a broken glass.
Death is the salve that ceaseth all annoy ;
Death is the port by which we sail to joy.

The last line is almost word for word the same as one in an "Elegy wrote in the Tower, by John Harynton, confined with the Princess Elizabeth, 1554" ("Nugæ Antiquæ," 1804, II. 333):

Death is a porte whereby we pass to joye.

JOHN ELIOT.

Of this author no particulars can be discovered. He published "Poems or Epigrams, Satyrs, Elegies, Songs and Sonnets upon several Persons and Occasions, London, 1658." His name is not on the title-page. The authority for the statement that he is the author is the British Museum Catalogue.

UPON A FELLOW THAT FEARED HE SHOULD RUN MAD FOR HIS MISTRESS (P. 17).

Ralph is love sick, and thinks he shall run mad,
And lose his wits, a thing Ralph never had.
Take comfort, man, if that be all thou fearest,
A groat will pay the loss when wit's at dearest.

On a witless person, the following, by Thomas Jordan, is fairly good of its kind (Nichols' "Collection of Poems," VII. 64, 1781):

Rant is, they say, indicted for a wit,
To which he pleads—"not guilty,"—and is quit.

ENGRAVED ON A SILVER SCREEN, PRESENTED BY A GREAT LADY TO THE EARL OF PORTLAND, LORD TREASURER (P. 32).

Your virtues, like this silver screen,
Are known to interpose between
The flaming eyes of envious fools
"Till your clear flame their fire cools

Sit then securely, take your rest,
 And with this motto dare their test ;
 Detraction's sparks no more dare fly,
 But like these coals shall waste and die.

The virtues of great men are always subject to the detractions of "envious fools." No man suffered from this more than Wellington. and no man, notwithstanding, was able to sit more securely or to take his rest more calmly. The eloquent language of the late Lord Brougham at a banquet given to the Duke at Dover in 1839, is a fitting illustration of Eliot's epigram (Alison's Essays—Wellington) : "Despising all who thwarted him with ill-considered advice ; neglecting all hostility, so he knew it to be groundless ; laughing to scorn reviling enemies, jealous competitors, lukewarm friends, ay, hardest of all, to neglect despising even a fickle public, he cast his eyes forward as a man might—else he deserved not to command men—cast forward his eye to observe when that momentary fickleness of the people would pass away, knowing that, in the end, the people are ever just to merit."

THOMAS PECKE.

Of this author nothing is known beyond the facts that he was of Spixford, in Norfolk, and a member of the Inner Temple ; and that in 1659 he published "*Parnassi Puerperium*," consisting of translations from Martial, Owen, and Sir Thomas More ; and a century of heroic epigrams.

TO THE RIGHT HON. THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE GLYN
 (Ep. 2).

One of your predecessors pleas'd to tell
 Posterity that the law is a well.
 Men are the thirsty buckets which receive
 More or less water, as reason gives leave :
 There's an eternal spring, or else no doubt,
 You had long since drawn all the water out.

The law is a well which suitors generally find very deep. The unfortunate client in Martial's epigram (Book VI. 19), thought his counsel took a long time to get the bucket to the top. The following translation, by Hay, gives to modern ears the force of the original perhaps better than a more exact rendering :

My cause concerns nor battery, nor treason ;
 I sue my neighbour for this only reason,
 That late three sheep of mine to pound he drove ;
 This is the point the court would have you prove :

Concerning Magna Charta you run on,
 And all the perjuries of old King John ;
 Then of the Edwards and Black Prince you rant,
 And talk of John o' Stiles, and John o' Gaunt ;
 With voice and hand a mighty pother keep :
 — Now, pray, dear sir, one word about the sheep.

TO SIR EDMUND PRIDEAUX, ATTORNEY GENERAL (Ep. 5).

If law, if rhetoric, my muse avow,
 In you enthron'd, I sing what all men know :
 Of your great virtue most are ignorant,
 How charitable unto those that want !
 You have found out the untrack'd path to bliss,—
 To sue for Heaven, *in formâ pauperis*.

If the subject were not a serious one, the witty conceit of the point might be said to be very amusing. In the "Church-Porch" of George Herbert, are two lines which may be compared with Pecke's subject :

Let thy alms go before, and keep heaven's gate
 Open for thee ; or both may come too late.

CHARLES COTTON,

Born at Beresford, in Staffordshire, in 1630, was a voluminous writer ; he translated much from the Latin and French, and published some original poems. He was an intimate friend of Isaac Walton, and wrote instructions on angling. He died in 1687.

TO SOME GREAT ONES.

Poets are great men's trumpets, poets feign,
 Create them virtues, but dare hint no stain :
 This makes the fiction constant, and doth show
 You make the poets, not the poets you.

In "Directions for Making a Birth-day Song," Swift is satirical on Court poets :

— You some white-lead ink must get,
 And write on paper black as jet ;
 Your interest lies to learn the knack
 Of whitening what before was black.
 Thus your encomium to be strong,
 Must be applied directly wrong.

A tyrant for his mercy praise,
And crown a royal dunce with bays.

* * * *

For princes love you should descant
On virtues which they know they want.

Pope, in the "Dunciad," shows the position of poets with respect to their patrons (Book II. 191):

But now for authors nobler palms remain ;
Room for my lord ! three jockies in his train ;
Six huntsmen with a shout precede his chair :
He grins, and looks broad nonsense with a stare.
His honour's meaning Dulness thus exprest,
" He wins this patron who can tickle best."

JOHN DRYDEN.

Born 1631. Died 1701.

MILTON COMPARED WITH HOMER AND VIRGIL ;

Under a Picture of Milton in the 4th Edition of "Paradise Lost."

Three Poets, in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
The first, in loftiness of thought surpass'd
The next, in majesty ; in both the last.
The force of nature could no further go ;
To make a third, she join'd the former two.

The original of these fine lines was probably a Latin distich written by Selvaggi at Rome (Amos' "Gems of Latin Poetry," 101), which has been thus translated :

Greece boasts her Homer, Rome her Virgil's name,
But England's Milton vies with both in fame.

Cowper's lines on Milton may be compared with Dryden's :

Ages elapsed ere Homer's lamp appear'd,
And ages ere the Mantuan Swan was heard
To carry Nature lengths unknown before,
To give a Milton birth, ask'd ages more.
Thus Genius rose and set at order'd times,
And shot a day-spring into distant climes,
Ennobling every region that he chose ;
He sunk in Greece, in Italy he rose ;

And, tedious years of gothic darkness pass'd,
 Emerged all splendour in our isle at last.
 Thus lovely halcyons dive into the main,
 Then show far off their shining plumes again.

In Bishop Gibson's edition of Camden's "*Britannia*," there is a very free translation of some old monkish verses on S. Oswald by Basil Kennet, brother of Bishop White Kennet. The last line, to which there is nothing corresponding in the Latin, seems to have been copied from the last line of Dryden's epigram (Camden's "*Britannia*," 1695, 853, Northumberland):

Cæsar and *Hercules* applaud thy fame,
 And *Alexander* owns thy greater name,
 Tho' one himself, oue foes, and one the world o'ercame: }
 Great conquests all! but bounteous Heav'n in thee,
 To make a greater, join'd the former three.

ON JACOB TONSON.

With leering look, bull-fac'd, and freckled fair,
 With two left legs, with Judas-colour'd hair,
 And frouzy pores that taint the ambient air.

These most unpleasant lines are only interesting from their effect. Tonson, the bookseller, having refused to advance Dryden a sum of money for a work on which he was employed, the poet sent them to him with a message: "Tell the dog, that he who wrote them can write more." The money was paid. The triplet by some means got abroad in manuscript, and after Dryden's death was inserted in "*Faction Displayed*," a satirical poem against the Whigs (supposed to have been written by William Shippen, the great leader of the Tories in the reigns of George I. and II.), among whom Tonson was a marked character, being the secretary of the Kit-Cat Club, which was entirely composed of the most distinguished members of that party. (See Nichols' "*Literary Anecdotes*," I. 293.)

The description of Tonson "with two left legs" arose from an awkwardness in his gait. Pope applies a similar epithet to him in the "*Dunciad*" (Book II. 67):

With arms expanded, Bernard rows his state,
 And left-legg'd Jacob seems to emulate.

Tonson was very anxious that Dryden should dedicate his *Virgil* to King William, and anticipated such a compliment by giving Æneas a hooked nose, William's marked feature, in all the plates, which produced the following epigram ("*Gentleman's Magazine*," XCI. Part II. 533):

Oh! Jacob by deep judgment swayed,
 To please the wise beholders,
 Has placed old Nassau's hook-nosed head
 On poor Æneas' shoulders.
 To make the parallel hold tack,
 Methinks there's little lacking;—
 One took his father pick-a-back,
 And t'other sent his packing.

Dryden's message to Tonson recalls a different alternative proposed by Lord Byron to the late Mr. Murray on a similar occasion, preserved in Moore's "Life of Byron":

For Orford and for Waldegrave,
 You give much more than me you gave,
 Which is not fairly to behave,
 My Murray.

* * * *

But now this sheet is nearly cramm'd,
 So, if you will, I shan't be flamm'd,
 And, if you won't, you may be d——d,
 My Murray.

The allusion is to Walpole's *Memoirs of the Reign of George II.*, and the *Memoirs of Earl Waldegrave*, Governor of George III., when Prince of Wales.

THOMAS BROWN,

"Of facetious memory," was the son of a large farmer at Shiffnal, in Shropshire. His irregularities obliged him to leave Christ Church, Oxford, and, after being for a short time a schoolmaster at Kingston-on-Thames, he went to London, and made literature his profession. His writings display some learning and exuberant humour; but "he seems," says Dr. Johnson in his "Life of Dryden," "to have thought it the pinnacle of excellence to be a *merry fellow*; and therefore laid out his powers upon small jests or gross buffoonery; so that his performances have little intrinsic value." His epigrams partake of this character, and few are worthy of preservation. The date of his birth is unknown. He died in 1704. In 1760 an edition of his works, in four volumes, was published by Dr. Drake, where the following epigrams are found.

UPON THE FORTUNATE AND AUSPICIOUS REIGNS OF QUEEN ELIZABETH AND QUEEN ANNE.

Sure Heav'n's unerring voice decreed of old
 The fairest sex should Europe's balance hold;

As great *Eliza's* forces humbled *Spain*,
 So *France* now stoops to *Anne's* superior reign.
 Thus tho' proud *Jove* with thunder fills the sky,
 Yet in *Astræa's* hands the fatal scale does lie.

Astræa, it will be remembered, is the virgin with the scales in her hand, who personifies Justice as goddess of that virtue.

Sir Samuel Garth has an epigram "On the King of Spain," which may be compared with Brown's, the subject being the same :

Pallas, destructive to the Trojan line,
 Raz'd their proud walls, though built by hands divine :
 But Love's bright goddess, with propitious grace.
 Preserv'd a hero, and restor'd the race.
 Thus the fam'd empire where the Iber flows,
 Fell by *Eliza*, and by *Anna* rose.

Prior has some lines on the victories in Queen Anne's reign, which were intended for a fountain, having statues of the Queen and the Duke of Marlborough, with allegorical figures of the chief rivers of the world :

Ye active streams, where'er your waters flow,
 Let distant climes and farthest nations know
 What ye from Thames and Danube have been taught,
 How *Anne* commanded and how *Marlborough* fought.

ON DR. SHERLOCK.

The same allegiance to two kings he pays,
 Swears the same faith to both, and both betrays.
 No wonder if to swear he's always free,
 Who has two Gods to swear by more than we.

Dr. William Sherlock, Dean of S. Paul's and Master of the Temple, was sadly perplexed how to act at the Revolution, but at length decided to take the oaths. The epigram refers to some peculiar views which he broached on the doctrine of the Holy Trinity, in which the unity of the Godhead appeared to be to some extent explained away.

Before the Revolution, Dr. Sherlock had been a zealous advocate for the divine right of kings by consecration, and only, therefore, by changing his views could he take the oaths to William and Mary. His son, Master of the Temple and afterwards Bishop of London, in like manner, long hesitated respecting certain doctrinal tenets, but was converted to the winning side when James II.'s cause became hopeless, and he even preached a revolutionary sermon on the very Sunday following the fatal battle in Lancashire. The following epigram was probably by a Bencher of the Temple, where it was remarked that it was unfortunate the sermon had not been preached *at least* the Sunday before (Noble's "Continuation of Granger," 1806, I. 91):

RICHARD PARSONS, VISCOUNT ROSSE—FRANCIS REGNIER. 271

As Sherlock the elder with his jure divine,
Did not comply 'till the battle of Boyne;
So Sherlock the younger still made it a question,
Which side he would take, 'till the battle of Preston.

The following anonymous epigram was probably made on the elder Sherlock, but it may serve for either father or son ("Collection of Epigrams," 1735, II. Ep. 114):

As Sherlock at Temple was taking a boat,
The waterman ask'd him which way he would float;
Which way, says the Doctor, why, fool, with the stream,
To Paul's, or to Lambeth,—'twas all one to him.

RICHARD PARSONS, VISCOUNT ROSSE.

Died 1702.

TO LORD MONTAGU.

When Elizabeth, Duchess of Albemarle, lost her husband Christopher, second duke, she declared she would never take another of lower rank than a sovereign prince. As she possessed immense estates, Ralph, Lord Montagu, afterwards Duke of Montagu, paid his addresses to her as the Emperor of China, and married her in 1691. This strange courtship and marriage formed the subject of the well-known comedy of "The Double Gallant," by Colley Cibber; and it also occasioned the following epigram by Lord Rosse, who had been Montagu's rival (Granger's "Biog. Hist.," 1779, IV. 158. See also Noble's "Continuation," 1806, II. 37):

Insulting rival! never boast
Thy conquest lately won;
No wonder that her heart was lost,
Her senses first were gone.
From one who's under Bedlam's laws
What conquest can be had?
For, love of thee was not the cause,
It proves that she was mad.

The duchess long survived her second husband, and gave evidence of a disordered mind by being always served on the knee as a sovereign.

FRANCIS REGNIER,

A French writer, born in Paris in 1632. He was secretary of the Academy, and a dignitary of the Church. He died in 1713.

*THE PETITION OF THE VIOLET.**Translated from the French in Disraeli's "Curiosities of Literature."*

Modest my colour, modest is my place,
 Pleased in the grass my lowly form to hide;
 But mid your tresses might I wind with grace,
 The humblest flower would feel the loftiest pride.

These lines were written for the Duc de Montausier, and inserted in a MS. volume, containing flowers painted in miniature, with verses appropriate to each, which he sent as a New-year's gift to the beautiful Julia d'Angennes, whom he afterwards married. Disraeli tells us ("Curiosities of Literature," 1st Series, Art. "Garland of Julia"), that at the sale of the library of the Duc de la Vallière, this volume fetched the extraordinary sum of 14,510 livres.

It is very likely that John Cunningham was acquainted with this epigram, either in the original or a translation, so similar are his lines entitled "The Violet." The following are the first and the last stanzas:

Shelter'd from the blight ambition,
 Fatal to the pride of rank,
 See me in my low condition
 Laughing on the tufted bank.
 Modest though the maids declare me,
 May in her fantastic train,
 When Pastora deigns to wear me,
 Ha'n't a flow'ret half so vain.

 NICHOLAS DESPREAUX BOILEAU,

Was born in 1636. He was intended for the Bar, but was thought such a dunce that he would not succeed. He then applied himself to scholastic divinity, which he abhorred; and, at length, realised his earnest wish of becoming a poet. He died in 1711. The following translations are taken from "The Works of Monsieur Boileau. Made English by Several Hands," 1712.

*UPON A PALTRY SATIRE WHICH THE ABBÉ COTIN
 HANDED ABOUT UNDER BOILEAU'S NAME (Ep. 5).*

Of all the pens which my poor rhymes molest,
 Cotin's is sharpest, and succeeds the best.
 Others outrageous scold and rail downright,
 With hearty rancour, and true Christian spite.

But he, a readier method does design,
Writes scoundrel verses, and then says they're mine.

Had Horace and Milton been alive, they might perhaps have made a complaint of similar character against Bentley. It has been made for them by Mallet in his "Verbal Criticism":

While Bentley, long to wrangling schools confin'd,
And, but by books, acquainted with mankind,
* * * *

To Milton lending sense, to Horace wit,
He makes them write what never poet writ.

*TO MONSIEUR PERRAULT, ON HIS BOOKS AGAINST THE
ANCIENTS (Ep. 23).*

How comes it, Perrault, I would gladly know
That authors of two thousand years ago,
Whom in their native dress all times revere,
In your translations should so flat appear?
'Tis you divest them of their own sublime,
By your vile crudities, and humble rhyme.
They're thine, when suffering thy wretched phrase,
And then no wonder, if they meet no praise.

With this may be compared the "Verses sent to Dean Swift on his birthday, with Pine's Horace finely bound," by Dr. J. Sican (in Swift's Works), in which the following lines occur, Horace speaking:

Attack'd by slow-devouring moths,
By rage of barbarous Huns and Goths;
By Bentley's notes, my deadliest foes,
By Creech's rhymes and Dunster's prose;
I found my boasted wit and fire
In their rude hands almost expire.

There is an anonymous epigram in "The London Medley," on Perrault's "Parallel between the Ancients and Moderns," which may be inserted here:

Perrault, the Frenchman, needs would prove
The Ancients knew not how to love:
Yet spite of all that he has said,
'Tis sure they woo'd, they won and wed.
The case beyond dispute is clear;
Or else how came the Moderns here.

The following very complimentary distich, "On the celebrated dispute between the Ancients and Moderns," is by Mrs. Barber ("Poems on Several Occasions," 1735, 170):

Swift for the Ancients has argu'd so well,
'Tis apparent, from thence, that the Moderns excel.

The celebrated Boyle and Bentley controversy on the Epistles of Phalaris, originated in Sir W. Temple's essay on the comparative excellence of ancient and modern writers, in which he gives the preference to the former.

*VERSES TO BE PUT UNDER THE PICTURE OF MONSIEUR
DE LA BRUYÈRE, BEFORE HIS BOOK ENTITLED "THE
MANNERS OF THE AGE" (Poésies Diverses).*

The Author speaks.

Let the self-lover these strict lessons learn,
And here himself, within himself discern;
My book, which scorns his vanity to hide,
Will cure his passion, and correct his pride.

Dr. Gloster Ridley severely condemns love of self, in the moral to one of his fables (Nichols' "Collection of Poems," VIII. 132, 1782):—

Self spoils the sense of all mankind,
And casts a mist before the mind;
Whate'er's th' intrinsic of the coin,
Yours always will be worse than mine.
Each grovelling despicable elf
Damns all the world besides, and deifies himself.

JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF ROCHESTER.

Born 1647. Died 1680.

ON A PARISH CLERK WITH A BAD VOICE.

Sternhold and Hopkins had great qualms,
When they translated David' Psalms,
To make the heart full glad:
But had it been poor David's fate
To hear thee sing and them translate,
By Jove, 'twould have drove him mad.

Lord Rochester's residence was at Adderbury in Oxfordshire. The epigram is said to have been made on the clerk, or sexton, of Bodicot, a chapelry attached to Adderbury ("Notes and Queries," 2nd S. IV. 441).

The witty Tom Brown, who was contemporary with Lord Rochester, has the following lines in a long piece "On Sternhold and Hopkins and the New Version of David's Psalms" (Brown's Works, 1760, IV. 63):

Poor Psalmist! he frets, and he storms, and he stares,
Bemoans his composures, and renounces his pray'rs:
Blushes more at the dress which his *penitence* hath on,
Than when told of his faults by the prophet old *Nathan*.

NAHUM TATE,

Was born in Dublin in 1652. He succeeded Shadwell as poet laureate. He wrote a considerable portion of the "Second Part of Absalom and Achitophel," and several dramas, but he is chiefly known as the author, in conjunction with Dr. Brady, of the "New Version of the Psalms in Metre." He died in 1715.

ON THE SPECTATOR ("Spectator," No. 488).

When first the Tatler to a mute was turn'd,
Great Britain for her censor's silence mourn'd;
Robbed of his sprightly beams she wept the night,
'Till the Spectator rose, and blaz'd as bright.
So the first man the sun's first setting view'd,
And sigh'd till circling day his joys renew'd,
Yet, doubtful how that second sun to name,
Whether a bright successor or the same,
So we: but now from this suspense are freed,
Since all agree, who both with judgment read,
'Tis the same sun, and does himself succeed.

The thought is taken from Horace (Carin. Sæc. 9):

Alme Sol, curru nitido diem qui
Promis et celas, aliusque et idem
Nasceris.

DR. ARCHIBALD PITCAIRNE,

An eminent Scotch physician, was born in 1652. He published several medical treatises, and employed his leisure in writing Latin verses of considerable merit. He died in 1713.

UPON THE DEATH OF THE EARL OF DUNDEE.

Translated from the Latin by Rev. John Graham.

'Thy death, Dundee! has crush'd thy country's cause,
New 's her religion now, and new her laws;
As thou disdain'd her ruin to survive,
Without thee now, in turn, she scorns to live.
Farewell, then, Caledonia! empty name!
Adieu, thou last of Scots, and last bold Græme!

A beautiful paraphrase of the Latin by Dryden may be found in his works.

Aytoun, in "The Burial-march of Dundee," calls his hero:

Last of Scots, and last of freemen—
Last of all that dauntless race
Who would rather die unsullied
Than outlive the land's disgrace!

And in the introduction to the poem, he says: "It would be difficult to point out another instance in which the maintenance of a great cause depended solely upon the life of a single man. Whilst Dundee survived, Scotland at least was not lost to the Stuarts But with his fall the enterprise was over."

ANNE KILLIGREW,

Daughter of Henry Killigrew, Master of the Savoy and a Prebendary of Westminster, was born a short time before the Restoration. She was Maid of Honour to the Duchess of York. Her death took place at the age of twenty-five years.

EXTEMPORE COUNSEL TO A YOUNG GALLANT IN A FROLIC.

("Poems by Eminent Ladies," 1755, II. 14.)

As you are young, if you'll be also wise,
Danger with honour court, but broils despise;

Believe you then are truly brave and bold,
To beauty when no slave, and less to gold ;
When virtue you dare own, nor think it odd,
Or ungentleel to say, " I fear a God."

The point of the following epigram by Graves is similar, the reason given by an officer for avoiding a duel (" Euphrosyne," 1783, I. 303) :

" What! you're afraid, then?" " Yes, I am; you're right :
I am afraid to *sin*, but not to fight.
My country claims my service; but no law
Bids me in folly's cause my sword to draw.
I fear not man nor devil; but tho' odd,
I'm not ashamed to own, I fear my God."

CHARLES MONTAGUE, EARL OF HALIFAX.

Born 1661. Died 1715.

*VERSES WRITTEN FOR THE TOASTING-GLASSES OF THE
KIT-CAT CLUB, 1703.*

DUCHESS OF S. ALBANS.

The line of Vere, so long renown'd in arms,
Concludes with lustre in S. Albans' charms.
Her conquering eyes have made their race complete :
They rose in valour, and in beauty set.

Charles Beauclerk first Duke of S. Albans, married Diana de Vere, eldest daughter and co-heiress of Aubrey de Vere, the last Earl of Oxford.

LADY MARY CHURCHILL.

Fairest and latest of the beauteous race,
Blest with your parent's wit and her first blooming face ;
Born with our liberties in William's reign,
Your eyes alone that liberty restrain.

Lady Mary Churchill was the youngest daughter of the celebrated Duke of Marlborough. She married the Duke of Montagu.

LADY SUNDERLAND.

All Nature's charms in Sunderland appear,
 Bright as her eyes, and as her reason clear :
 Yet still their force to men not safely known,
 Seems undiscover'd to herself alone.

This was Anne, second daughter of the celebrated Duke of Marlborough, and second wife of the third Earl of Sunderland.

The Kit-Cat Club, whose members toasted and commemorated in verse the reigning beauties, was founded about the year 1700, and consisted of the most distinguished wits and statesmen among the Whigs. The place of meeting was a house in Shire Lane, from the owner of which, Christopher Cat, it is generally believed the club took its name. He was a pastry-cook, who excelled in making mutton pies, which always formed part of the entertainment. It is the opinion of some, however, that the club derived its name from Christopher and the sign of his house, "The Cat and Fiddle;" hence the allusion in the first stanza of the following epigram, the second stanza of which, in its joking derivation of the title of the club, is far from polite to the ladies who were toasted :

Whence deathless Kit-Cat took its name,
 Few critics can unriddle ;
 Some say from *pastry-cook* it came,
 And some from *cat* and fiddle.

From no trim beaux its name it boasts,
 Grey statesmen, or green wits ;
 But from this pell-mell pack of toasts
 Of old *cats* and young *kits*.

This is found in Swift's Works, but in the "Gentleman's Magazine," XCI. Part II. 435, it is stated to be from the pen of Dr. Arbuthnot, several of whose pieces are included in Swift's Works.

In Noble's "Continuation of Granger," 1806, III. 431, the following lines are given on Cat's mutton pies :

Eat mutton once, and you need eat no more,
 All other meats appear so mean, so poor ;
 Eat it again, nay oft'ner of-it eat,
 And you will find you need no other meat.

This is a parody of some lines by Sheffield, Duke of Buckinghamshire, in his "Essay on Poetry," which Pope said contained the finest praise of Homer which had ever been given to that poet :

Read Homer once, and you can read no more,
 For all books else appear so mean, so poor.
 Verse will seem prose ; but still persist to read,
 And Homer will be all the books you need.

WILLIAM WALSH.

Born 1663. Died 1709.

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S TABLE-BOOK.

With what strange raptures would my soul be blest,
 Were but her book an emblem of her breast !
 As I from that all former marks efface,
 And uncontroll'd put new ones in their place ;
 So might I chace all others from her heart,
 And my own image in the stead impart.
 But, ah ! how short the bliss would prove, if he
 Who seiz'd it next, might do the same by me !

The close of Swift's lines, " Written in a Lady's Ivory Table-Book, 1699," may be compared :

Who that had wit would place it here,
 For every peeping fop to jeer ;
 In power of spittle and a clout,
 Whene'er he please, to blot it out ;
 And then, to heighten the disgrace,
 Clap his own nonsense in the place ?
 Whoe'er expects to hold his part
 In such a book, and such a heart,
 If he be wealthy, and a fool,
 Is in all points the fittest tool ;
 Of whom it may be justly said,
 He's a gold pencil tipp'd with lead.

LOVE AND JEALOUSY.

How much are they deceiv'd who vainly strive
 By jealous fears to keep our flames alive !
 Love's like a torch, which if secur'd from blasts,
 Will faintlier burn, but then it longer lasts :
 Expos'd to storms of jealousy and doubt,
 The blaze grows greater, but 'tis sooner out.

Herrick took the same view of violent love not being lasting, in " Love Me Little, Love Me Long " :

You say, to me-wards your affection's strong ;
 Pray love me little, so you love me long.
 Slowly goes farre : The meane is best : Desire
 Grown violent, do's either die, or tire.

THRASO.

Thraso picks quarrels when he's drunk at night ;
 When sober in the morning dares not fight.
 Thraso, to shun those ills that may ensue,
 Drink not at night, or drink at morning too.

Martial recommends a morning dram to those who drink at night (Book XII. 12); thus translated by Hay:

In midnight cups you grant all we propose :
 Next morn neglect : pray, take a morning dose.

Among the epigrams of Thomas Bancroft, 1639, there is a good one on the subject of drunken courage (Book I. 11):

Who only in his cups will fight, is like
 A clock that must be oil'd well, ere it strike.

DR. FRANCIS ATTERBURY,

Born in 1663, was a man of much learning and elegant accomplishments. Attached to the Stuarts, and the High Church school, his life was a continual struggle with political and literary opponents, while his imperious temper made him many personal enemies. He was successively Dean of Carlisle and of Christ Church, and Bishop of Rochester. In 1716, on suspicion of being concerned in a plan in favour of the Stuarts, he was committed to the Tower, and afterwards banished the country. He died in Paris in 1731.

*WRITTEN ON A WHITE FAN BELONGING TO MISS
 OSBORNE, AFTERWARDS HIS WIFE.*

("Biographia Britannica.")

Flavia the least and slightest toy
 Can with resistless art employ :
 This fan in meaner hands would prove
 An engine of small force in love ;
 Yet she, with graceful air and mien,
 Not to be told or safely seen,
 Directs its wanton motions so,
 That it wounds more than Cupid's bow ;
 Gives coolness to the matchless dame,
 To every other breast a flame.

It has been thought that Atterbury, when writing this, had in his mind the 7th Ode of Anacreon, on the power of Love, which commences:

Love, waving awful in his hand
His magic hyacinthine wand,
Forc'd me, averse, with him to run.
In vain I strove the task to shun.

The general object of the ode being to show the irresistible force of Love, in whose hands a flower is as powerful as his bow and arrows.

Lloyd may have remembered Atterbury's epigram, when he wrote the lines on a fan in the "Capricious Lovers." The last stanza is:

'Tis folly's sceptre first design'd
By love's capricious boy,
Who knows how lightly all mankind
Are govern'd by a toy.

EPITAPH FOR DRYDEN'S MONUMENT.

In a letter to Pope the Bishop says (Pope's Works, 1770, VIII. 93):
"If your design holds of fixing Dryden's name only below, and his Busto above, may not lines like these be grav'd just under the name?"

"This Sheffield rais'd to Dryden's ashes just,
Here fix'd his name, and there his laurel'd Bust.
What else the Muse in marble might express,
Is known already; Praise would make him less."

Dryden's monument was erected in Westminster Abbey by Sheffield, Duke of Buckinghamshire, but the only inscription he placed was the poet's name.

MATTHEW PRIOR.

Born 1664. Died 1721.

*ON JOURDAIN'S PICTURE OF SENECA DYING IN
A BATH.*

While cruel Nero only drains
The moral Spaniard's ebbing veins,
By study worn, and slack with age,
How dull, how thoughtless, is his rage!
Heighten'd revenge would he have took,
He should have burnt his tutor's book,

And long have reign'd supreme in vice :
 One nobler wretch can only rise,
 'Tis he whose fury shall deface
 The stoic's image in this piece ;
 For while unhurt, divine Jourdain,
 Thy work and Seneca's remain,
 He still has body, still has soul,
 And lives and speaks, restor'd and whole.

Seneca, the philosopher, a native of Corduba in Spain, was for four years tutor to Nero. When the emperor gave rein to his odious vices, the virtuous Seneca became so distasteful to him that he ordered him to destroy himself. The philosopher died by opening his veins in a hot bath, a common mode of death at that period.

Elsam, in his "Epigrams on Paintings," 1700, has one on "Seneca teaching Nero, by Titian," the first few lines of which are (Ep. 39) :

His countenance does not betray much evil,
 At present he's a young and harmless devil :
 But when this infant tyrant comes of age,
 O how his wrath and cruelty will rage !
 His villanies and murders will be rife,
 He will not spare his rev'rend master's life.

Marini, an Italian poet of the 16th century, has an epigram on Nero's cruelty, which has been translated by Sir Edward Sherburne. The subject is "A Marble Statue of Nero, which, falling, killed a Child" :

This statue, bloody Nero, does present
 To tyrants a sad document.
 Though marble, on his basis yet so fast
 He stood not, but he fell at last :
 And seems as when he liv'd, as cruel still,
 He could not fall, but he must kill.

Marini probably took this thought, a very singular one, from a Greek epigram usually ascribed to Callimachus, but by Jacobs to an uncertain author (Jacobs IV. 210, ccccxix.). Translated by C. :

As on a stepdam's tomb, a young child laid
 A wreath of votive flowers, t' appease her shade,
 It fell, and crush'd him ! Fly, sad offspring, fly
 A stepdam's roof, e'en tho' entomb'd she lie.

TO FORTUNE.

Whilst I in prison or in court look down,
 Nor beg thy favour, nor deserve thy frown,

In vain, malicious Fortune, hast thou tried
 By taking from my state, to quell my pride :
 Insulting girl ! thy present rage abate,
 And, would'st thou have me humbled, make me great.

So, Keble, in the "Christian Year" (SS. Philip and James' Day) :

Thankful for all God takes away,
 Humbled by all He gives.

It is related of the late Lord Seaton that, when at the close of the great war he and another officer were addressed by a lady, "How proud you gentlemen must feel at the recollection that you had a share in those great events," he replied, "Proud ! no, rather humbled I think" (Leeke's "Lord Seaton's Regiment at Waterloo," 1867, I. 103).

A REASONABLE AFFLICTION.

In a dark corner of the house
 Poor Helen sits, and sobs, and cries ;
 She will not see her loving spouse,
 Nor her more dear picquet allies :
 Unless she find her eye-brows,
 She'll e'en weep out her eyes.

Prior delighted in epigrams on ladies who wore false hair and teeth, and who attempted to retain the beauty of youth by means of paint and dye. They are generally imitated from Martial or from the worst productions of the later Greek epigrammatists. Perhaps no English poet was guilty of plagiarism to such an extent as Prior, and unfortunately he had not generally the good taste to steal from the best sources. One specimen of such worthless wit as the above is quite enough.

THE POETS' DINNER.

In Chaucer's style.

Full oft doth Mat. with Topaz dine,
 Eateth baked meats, drinketh Greek wine ;
 But Topaz his own werke rehearseth,
 And Mat. mote praise what Topaz verseth.
 Now sure as priest did e'er shrive sinner,
 Full hardly earneth Mat. his dinner.

Topaz, whom Mat. Prior here satirizes, was Sir Richard Blackmore, physician and poet. His virtues roused against him the enmity of the wits, who would not allow any merit in his poetry. Dryden and Pope

persistently persecuted him. The latter holds him up to ridicule in the "Dunciad" (Book II. 259):

But far o'er all, sonorous Blackmore's strain;
Walls, steeples, skies, bray back to him again.
In Tot'nam Fields the brethren with amaze,
Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze!
Long Chancery Lane retentive rolls the sound,
And courts to courts return it round and round;
Thames wafts it thence to Rufus' roaring hall,
And Hungerford re-echos bawl for bawl.
All hail him victor in both gifts of song,
Who sings so loudly, and who sings so long.

Prior probably took the idea of his epigram from a Greek one by Lucilius, thus translated by Merivale (Jacobs III. 43, lxxiii.):

When Narva asks a friend to dine,
He gives a pint of tavern wine,
A musty loaf and stinking ham,
Then overwhelms with epigram.
A kinder fate Apollo gave,
Who whelm'd beneath the Tyrrhene wave
The impious rogues that stole his kine.
Oh Narva, let their lot be mine!
Or if no river's near your cell,
Show me at least your deepest well.

ON A FLOWER PAINTED BY SIMON VARELST.

When fam'd Varelst this little wonder drew,
Flora vouchsaf'd the growing work to view;
Finding the painter's science at a stand,
The goddess snatch'd the pencil from his hand;
And finishing the piece, she smiling said,
Behold one work of mine, that ne'er shall fade.

Varelst was a man of great eccentricity. Horace Walpole says of him: "His lunacy was self-admiration; he called himself the God of Flowers; and went to Whitehall, saying he wanted to converse with the king (Charles II.) for two or three hours. Being repulsed, he said 'He is king of England, I am king of painting: why should we not converse together familiarly?'" (Walpole's Works, 1798, III. 303.)

Prior's most elegant compliment to this painter, is only equalled by Sir Samuel Garth's Epigram on a poet—Gay:

When Fame did o'er the spacious plain
The lays she once had learn'd repeat;
Or listen'd to the tuneful strain,
And wonder'd who could sing so sweet.

'Twas thus. The Graces held the lyre,
 Th' harmonious frame the Muses strung,
 The Loves and Smiles compos'd the choir,
 And Gay transcrib'd what Phoebus sung.

Tennyson, in the "Gardener's Daughter," has the same thought as Prior. The subject is Eustace's picture of Juliet:

'Tis not your work, but Love's. Love unperceived,
 A more ideal artist he than all,
 Came, drew your pencil from you, made those eyes
 Darker than darkest pansies, and that hair
 More black than ashbuds in the front of March.

EPITAPH FOR HIMSELF.

Nobles and Heralds by your leave,
 Here lies what once was Matthew Prior,
 The son of Adam and of Eve;
 Can Bourbon or Nassau claim higher?

Mr. Singer remarked in "Notes and Queries," 1st S. I. 482: "Prior's epitaph on himself has its prototype in one long previously written by or for one John Carnegie":

Johnnie Carnegie lais heer,
 Descendit of Adam and Eve,
 Gif ony can gang hieher,
 I'se willing gie him leve.

The same, without name, but with only slight verbal variations, is given in "Sharpe's London Journal," XIV. 348, stated to be "taken from a monument erected in 1703, in the New Church burying-ground of Dundee, to the memory of J. R."

Prior had, or affected to have, a contempt for hereditary honours. In his lines on "The Old Gentry," he says:

But coronets we owe to crowns,
 And favour to a court's affection;
 By nature we are Adam's sons,
 And sons of Anstis by election.

John Anstis was then Garter King-at-arms.

But Prior, though perhaps indifferent to rank or noble birth, was certainly very anxious for posthumous honours, for he had the vanity to leave by will £500 for his monument, which was placed in Westminster Abbey. Gibbs, the architect of the church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, the Radcliffe Library at Oxford, and other public buildings erected at that time, was employed to design it. Those who remember the monument can judge whether the following complimentary epigram, preserved

in Walpole's "Anecdotes of Painting," was deserved by the architect. It is signed T. W. :

While Gibbs displays his elegant design,
And Rysbrach's art does in the sculpture shine,
With due composure and proportion just,
Adding new lustre to the finished bust,
Each artist here perpetuates his name,
And shares with Prior an immortal fame.

Cowper has an extremely fine thought on the subject of hereditary honours in his poem, "On the Receipt of my Mother's Picture":

My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
The son of parents passed into the skies.

TO THE MASTER OF S. JOHN'S COLLEGE.

I *stood*, sir, patient at your feet,
Before your elbow-chair;
But make a Bishop's throne your seat,
I'll *kneel* before you there.
One only thing can keep you down;
For your great soul too mean;
You'd not, to mount a Bishop's throne,
Pay homage to the Queen.

In 1712 Prior, who had lately been plenipotentiary at the court of France, went to Cambridge, and, being a Fellow of S. John's, called on the master, Dr. Jenkin, who had been elected to that dignity the previous year. The master "loved Mr. Prior's principles, had a great opinion of his abilities, and a respect for his character in the world, but then he had much greater respect for himself," and consequently kept the ex-ambassador standing. Prior struck off the epigram as he was walking from the college to the Rose Hotel. This account is chiefly taken from the "Gentleman's Magazine," XLIV. 16. The writer was Prior's companion on the visit to Cambridge; but as he says of the master of S. John's, "whether Dr. Gower or Dr. Jenkin I cannot now recollect," it is very probable that he was thinking of the former, as one who "loved Mr. Prior's principles." The real cause of the indignity which Prior suffered, may have been the master's *objection to his principles*, for Dr. Jenkin had resigned his preferments rather than take the oaths to William and Mary, whom Prior had served as a statesman, and courted as a poet; and had only the year before satisfied his conscience that he could take them to Anne.

BISHOP ATTERBURY'S GRAVE.

Meek Francis lies here, friend : without stop or stay,
 As you value your peace, make the best of your way.
 Though at present arrested by Death's caitiff paw,
 If he stirs, he may still have recourse to the law :
 And in the King's-bench should a verdict be found,
 That by livery and seisin his grave is his ground,
 He will claim to himself what is strictly his due ;
 And an action of trespass will straightway ensue,
 That you without right on his premises tread,
 On a simple surmise that the owner is dead.

Bishop Atterbury, who was alive and well when this severe epigram was written, refers to it in a forgiving spirit in a letter to Pope, dated Sept. 27, 1721 : " I had not strength enough to attend Mr. Prior to his grave, else I would have done it, to have shew'd his friends that I had forgot and forgiven what he wrote on me."

Leonidas of Tarentum has a Greek epigram on Hipponax the satirist, similar in spirit, and which may perhaps have suggested to Prior his witty severity on the litigiousness of Atterbury. The translation is by Merivale (Jacobs I. 180, xcvi.) :

Pass gently by this tomb—lest, while he dozes,
 Ye wake the hornet that beneath reposes ;
 Whose sting, that would not his own parents spare,
 Who will may risk—and touch it those who dare !
 Take heed then—for his words, like fiery darts,
 Have ev'n in hell the power to pierce our hearts.

Another epigram on Atterbury's grave was made when he was really dead. He died in exile, and his body was brought over to England and privately interred in Westminster Abbey. There were some thoughts of a public funeral, which was refused. This occasioned the epigram, which is found in the " Poetical Calendar," 1763, VIII. 79 :

His foes, when dead great Atterbury lay,
 Shrunk at his name, and trembled at his clay :
 Ten thousand dangers to their eyes appear,
 Great as their guilt, and certain as their fear ;
 T' insult a deathless corse, alas ! is vain :
 Well for themselves, and well employ'd their pain, }
 Could they secure him—not to rise again.

A public funeral, for a man who had died in banishment, could hardly have been seriously contemplated. Moreover, the same difficulty would have arisen as afterwards prevented a monument being erected to his memory—his rank and title. His friends held that he died Bishop of Rochester. But the government had declared his see vacant when he was banished, and caused it to be filled by another prelate.

DR. JONATHAN SWIFT.

Born 1667. Died 1744.

ON MISS BIDDY FLOYD;

Or, the Receipt to Form a Beauty.

When Cupid did his grandsire Jove entreat
 To form some Beauty by a new receipt,
 Jove sent, and found far in a country-scene
 Truth, innocence, good-nature, look serene :
 From which ingredients first the dexterous boy
 Pick'd the demure, the awkward, and the coy.
 The Graces from the court did next provide
 Breeding, and wit, and air, and decent pride :
 These Venus cleans from every spurious grain
 Of nice, coquet, affected, pert, and vain.
 Jove mix'd up all, and his best clay employ'd ;
 Then called the happy composition *Floyd*.

Miss Floyd is said to have been connected with the Berkeley family. She resided with Lady Betty Germaine, daughter of the 2nd Earl of Berkeley, and wife of Sir John Germaine of Drayton, Northamptonshire. In 1712 her beauty was impaired by the small-pox. She was alive and unmarried in 1736, as she is mentioned in a letter from Lady Betty to Swift of that date (Pope's Works, Supplemental Vol. 1825, 107).

*LINES SENT TO THE PHYSICIAN WHO ATTENDED
 HARLEY (AFTERWARDS EARL OF OXFORD), WHEN
 STABBED BY THE MARQUIS OF GUISCARD.*

On Britain Europe's safety lies;
 Britain is lost if Harley dies :
 Harley depends upon your skill ;
 Think what you save, or what you kill.

In "The Poetical Register" for 1806-1807, there is a translation by Davenport, of an epigram by the French poet Montreuil (born 1611) addressed to a Physician, with an object the contrary to that which Swift had in view, but in general character so similar, that the Dean may possibly have been indebted to the Frenchman for the idea of his lines :

Raymond, thou hast beneath thy care
 Sylvia, the fairest of the fair!
 Who treats with cruel scorn each lover:
 Her rigour daily to the grave
 Dooms thousands whom her eyes enslave;
 And thou may'st half the nation save,
 If Sylvia thou wilt not recover.

SUNT QUI SERVARI NOLUNT.

As Thomas was cudgell'd one day by his wife,
 He took to the street, and he fled for his life.
 Tom's three dearest friends came by in the squabble,
 And sav'd him at once from the shrew and the rabble;
 Then ventur'd to give him some sober advice—
 But Tom is a person of honour so nice,
 Too wise to take counsel, too proud to take warning,
 That he sent to all three a challenge next morning.
 Three duels he fought, thrice ventur'd his life,
 Went home—and was cudgell'd again by his wife.

This well illustrates the proverbial danger of interfering in matrimonial quarrels, especially in the case of such a chivalrous husband as Thomas. His connubial infelicity recalls an epigram which is often quoted, found in "Wit Restored," 1658 (Ed. 1817, II. 111):

Ill thrives the hapless family that shows
 A cock that's silent, and a hen that crows:
 I know not which live more unnatural lives,
 Obeying husbands, or commanding wives.

In "The History of Man," 1704, the first two lines are said to be the translation of a French proverb:

La maison est misérable et méchante
 Où la poule plus haut que le coq chante.

*TO MRS. HOUGHTON OF BORMOUNT, UPON PRAISING
 HER HUSBAND TO DR. SWIFT.*

You always are making a god of your spouse;
 But this neither reason nor conscience allows:
 Perhaps you will say, 'tis in gratitude due,
 And you adore him, because he adores you.
 Your argument's weak, and so you will find;
 For you, by this rule, must adore all mankind.

This is, perhaps, one of the finest compliments to be met with in epigrammatic form. It will be observed how much is contained in these few lines. The charming character of the lady—her fondness for her husband, and his love for her, and the consequent happiness of their married life. The epigrammatists so constantly depict the misery of marriage, that it is quite a treat to meet with an epigram in which the bright side is shown. Martial writes in his best taste, when he addresses an epigram to Nigrina on her goodness as a wife (Book IV. 74); thus translated by Hay :

Blest in thy spirit, in thy husband blest,
O thou of wives most honour'd, and the best ;
Who your whole fortune to your consort spare ;
And know no joy, in which he bears no share :
Evadne died in her lord's funeral flame ;
Nor less immortal is Alceste's name ;
Yet less did they, when they resign'd their breath :
Late is the proof of love when after death.

The happiness of marriage is well displayed in a complimentary epigram 'presented to Dr. Zachary Pearce, Bishop of Rochester, on the celebration of his Wedding Jubilee (Nichols' "Literary Anecdotes," III. 107) :

No more let calumny complain
That Hymen binds in cruel chain,
And makes his subjects slaves :
Supported by the good and wise,
Her keenest slander he defies,
Her utmost malice braves.
To-day—he triumphs o'er his foes,
And to the world a pair he shows
Tho' long his subjects—free :
Who happy in his bands appear,
And joyful call the fiftieth year
A year of jubilee.

*WRITTEN ON ONE OF THE WINDOWS OF DELVILLE, THE
RESIDENCE OF DR. DELANY, DEAN OF DOWN.*

A bard grown desirous of saving his pelf,
Built a house he was sure would hold none but himself.
This enrag'd god Apollo, who Mercury sent,
And bid him go ask what his votary meant.
"Some foe to my empire has been his adviser ;
'Tis of dreadful portent when a poet turns miser !
Tell him, Hermes, from me, tell that subject of mine,
I have sworn by the Styx to defeat his design ;

For wherever he lives the Muses shall reign ;
And the Muses, he knows, have a numerous train."

Swift seems to have been fond of rallying Dr. Delany upon the smallness of Delville, which, however, from the account which Mrs. Delany, in her correspondence, has given of it, must have been a very pretty residence. The Dean closes an ode, entitled "Dr. Delany's Villa," with a compliment to the owner even more pointed than that in the epigram :

In short, in all your boasted seat,
There's nothing but yourself that's great.

There is a famous saying of Socrates with regard to a small house, which Phædrus has made the subject of one of his fables. The latter half gives the story. The translation is by Smart ("Phædrus," Book III. Fable 8) :

Socrates * * *
Was building of a little cot,
When some one standing on the spot,
Ask'd, as the folks are apt to do,
"How comes so great a man as you
Content with such a little hole?"—
"I wish," says he, "with all my soul,
That this same little house I build
Was with true friends entirely fill'd."

ON WOOD'S BRASS MONEY.

Carteret was welcom'd to the shore
First with the brazen cannon's roar ;
To meet him next the soldier comes,
With brazen trumps, and brazen drums ;
Approaching near the town he hears
The brazen bells salute his ears :
But, when Wood's brass began to sound,
Guns, trumpets, drums, and bells were drown'd.

In 1724, a speculator named Wood obtained a patent authorizing him to coin £180,000 in copper for the use of Ireland. Swift discovered that the metal was debased with brass to an immense extent, and wrote a series of letters, under the title of the "Drapier," to expose the conduct of the Government and their patentee. The greatest excitement was created: the Government offered a large sum for the discovery of the writer, but in vain; and it was found necessary to withdraw the patent. The popularity of the "Drapier" was at its height, when Lord Carteret arrived in Dublin as Lord-Lieutenant, and the epigram wittily alludes to the brazen din which greeted the unfortunate Viceroy on all sides.

EPITAPH ON DR. THOMAS SHERIDAN.

Beneath this marble stone here lies
 Poor Tom, more merry much than wise;
 Who only liv'd for two great ends,
 To spend his cash and lose his friends:
 His darling wife of him bereft,
 Is only griev'd—there's nothing left.

This is not found in Swift's Works. It is taken from Watkins' "Memoir of the Public and Private Life of R. B. Sheridan," 1817, Part I. 33.

The hero was the grandfather of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. He was an Irish clergyman, and had some prospect of rising in his profession through Government patronage, but irretrievably offended the Lord-Lieutenant, by inadvertently preaching a sermon at Cork on the King's birthday, on the text: "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." He was an improvident man, and that at his death there was "nothing left" is probably true.

THE POWER OF TIME.

If neither brass nor marble can withstand
 The mortal force of Time's destructive hand;
 If mountains sink to vales, if cities die,
 And lessening rivers mourn their fountains dry:
 When my old cassock (said a Welch divine)
 Is out at elbows; why should I repine?

There are several examples of this class of epigram, in which the trifling and the grand are brought into juxta-position. A Greek one by Lucilius (Jacobs III. 41, lxiii.) is well known in the version of Bishop Sprat:

Bestride an ant, a pigmy great and tall
 Was thrown, alas! and got a dreadful fall
 Under th' unruly beast's proud feet he lies,
 All torn; but yet with generous ardour cries,
 "Behold, base envious world, now, now laugh on,
 For thus I fall, and thus fell Phaëton."

The following anonymous epigram is amusing, and to the point ("Select Epigrams," 1797, II. 184):

Myrtle unsheath'd his shining blade,
 And fix'd its point against his breast:
 Then gaz'd upon the wond'ring maid,
 And thus his dire resolve exprest:

"Since, cruel fair, with cold disdain,
 You still return my raging love,
 Thought is but madness, life but pain,
 And thus—at once—I both remove!"

"O, stay one moment!"—Chloe said,
 And, trembling, hasten'd to the door:
 "Here, Betty!—quick!—a pail, dear maid!—
 This madman else will stain the floor."

ON HIS OWN DEAFNESS.

Deaf, giddy, helpless, left alone,
 To all my friends a burden grown;
 No more I hear my church's bell,
 Than if it rang out for my knell;
 At thunder now no more I start,
 Than at the rumbling of a cart;
 And what's incredible, alack!
 No more I hear a woman's clack.

Swift wrote this epigram in Latin as well as English. The first line of the Latin version is:

Vertiginosus, inops, surdus, male gratus amicis.

Upon the false quantity of the first word it has been happily said, that it adds expression to the line, showing how the poor old man had, by his deafness, lost all power of detecting error by the ear.

In the "Poetical Farrago," 1794, II. 19, there is an epigram upon Swift's:

What though the Dean hears not the knell
 Of the next church's passing-bell;
 What though the thunder from a cloud,
 Or that from female tongue more loud,
 Alarm not: at the Drapier's ear
 Chink but Wood's halfpence, and he'll hear.

*ON THE NEW MAGAZINE FOR ARMS AND POWDER
 IN DUBLIN.*

Behold! a proof of Irish sense!
 Here Irish wit is seen!
 When nothing's left, that's worth defence,
 We build a magazine.

During the lunacy of his latter years, Swift had lucid intervals, and was then taken out for a drive. On one of these occasions he observed a new building, and enquired its object; being told that it was a magazine, he expressed surprise, and afterwards made the above epigram; which is interesting as his last known composition.

GEORGE GRANVILLE, VISCOUNT LANSDOWNE.

Born 1667. Died 1735.

TO MYRA.

Lost in a labyrinth of doubts and joys,
Whom now her smiles reviv'd, her scorn destroys :
She will, and she will not, she grants, denies,
Consents, retracts, advances, and then flies,
Approving, and rejecting in a breath,
Now proff'ring mercy, now presenting death.
Thus hoping, thus despairing, never sure,
How various are the torments I endure !
Cruel estate of doubt! ah. Myra, try
Once to resolve—or let me live, or die.

A song by Sidney Godolphin, who was born in 1610, might be thought the original of this, if Granville were likely to have ever seen it; but Mr. Ellis knew of no printed copy, and in his "Specimens of the Early English Poets," from which the following stanza is taken, he gives it extracted from a MS. (Ed. 1803, III. 229):

Or love me less, or love me more ;
And play not with my liberty :
Either take all or all restore ;
Bind me at least or set me free !
Let me some nobler torture find
Than of a doubtful wavering mind :
Take all my peace ! but you betray
Mine honour too, this cruel way.

SENT TO CLARINDA WITH A NOVEL ENTITLED "*LES MALHEURS DE L'AMOUR*."

Haste to Clarinda, and reveal
Whatever pains poor lovers feel ;
When that is done, then tell the fair
That I endure much more for her :

Who'd truly know love's pow'r or smart,
Must view her eyes and read my heart.

Lord Lyttelton's address to Miss Fortescue, with a copy of Hammond's elegies, has a similar point :

All that of love can be express'd
In these soft numbers see ;
But, Lucy, would you know the rest,
It must be read in me.

FORTUNE.

When Fortune seems to smile, 'tis then I fear
Some lurking ill, and hidden mischief near ;
Us'd to her frowns, I stand upon my guard,
And arm'd in virtue, keep my soul prepared.
Fickle and false to others she may be,
I can complain but of her constancy.

The noble endurance here expressed may remind us of a passage in Shakespeare's "Coriolanus" (Act IV. sc. 1), where Coriolanus, addressing his mother, says :

You were us'd
To say, extremities was the trier of spirits ;
That common chances common men could bear ;
That, when the sea was calm, all boats alike
Show'd mastership in floating : fortune's blows,
When most struck home, being gentle wounded, craves
A noble cunning.

Johnson thus comments upon the latter part : "The sense is, 'When Fortune strikes her hardest blows, to be wounded, and yet continue calm, requires a generous policy.' He calls this calmness, *cunning*, because it is the effect of reflection and philosophy. Perhaps the first emotions of nature are nearly uniform, and one man differs from another in the power of endurance, as he is better regulated by precept and instruction."

A stanza (last but one) in a poem, entitled "Content and Rich," by Robert Southwell, the Jesuit, time of Queen Elizabeth, is so similar to the first part of Granville's epigram, that we may be disposed to believe it the original from which the latter obtained the thought :

No change of Fortune's calm
Can cast my comforts down :
When Fortune smiles, I smile to think
How quickly she will frown.

BEVIL HIGGONS,

A younger son of Sir Thomas Higgons, and of Bridget, his second wife, daughter of Sir Bevil Grenville, of Stow, was born in 1670. He became a commoner of S. John's College, Oxford; went afterwards to Cambridge; and then to the Middle Temple. Being a firm adherent of James II., he followed that monarch to France, where he continued to reside, delighting all his acquaintance by his wit and humour. He wrote a few poems, a tragedy, and one or two prose works of some merit. He died in 1735. The following epigrams are taken from Nichols' "Select Collection of Poems," Vol. III. 1780.

*TO SIR GODFREY KNELLER, WHEN PAINTING LADY
HYDE'S PORTRAIT.*

The Cyprian Queen, drawn by Apelles' hand,
Of perfect beauty did the pattern stand.
But then bright nymphs from every part of Greece
Did all contribute to adorn the piece;
From each a several charm the painter took
(For no one mortal so divine could look).
But, happier Kneller, fate presents to you
In one that finish'd beauty which he drew.
But oh, take heed, for vast is the design,
And madness 'twere for any hand but thine.
For mocking thunder bold Salmoneus dies;
And 'tis as rash to imitate her eyes.

This lady, afterwards Countess of Clarendon and Rochester, is celebrated in the writings of many of the poets of the day for her great beauty, and was a reigning toast at the meetings of the Kit-Cat Club. One of the best of the club verses on her is by Garth:

The god of wine grows jealous of his art,
He only fires the head, but Hyde the heart.
The queen of love looks on, and smiles to see
A nymph more mighty than a deity.

Hughes, in lines "To a Painter," who was taking the likeness of a "beauteous and victorious fair," asks:

Canst thou Love's brightest lightning draw,
Which none e'er yet unwounded saw?
To what then wilt thou next aspire,
Unless to imitate Jove's fire?
Which is a less adventurous pride,
Though 'twas for that Salmoneus died.

TO MR. POPE.

Thy wit in vain the feeble critic gnaws ;
 While the hard metal breaks the serpent's jaws.
 Grieve not, my friend, that spite and brutal rage
 At once thy person and thy muse engage :
 Our virtues only from ourselves can flow,
 Health, strength and beauty, to blind chance we owe.
 But Heaven, indulgent to thy nobler part,
 In thy fair mind express'd the nicest art :
 Nature too busy to regard the whole,
 Forgets the body to adorn the soul.

Pope, it will be remembered, was deformed. Shakespeare, in "Twelfth Night" (Act III. sc. 4), shows of how little importance is personal appearance in comparison with a "fair mind" :

In nature there's no blemish, but the mind ;
 None can be call'd deform'd, but the unkind ;
 Virtue is beauty ; but the beauteous-evil
 Are empty trunks, o'erflourish'd by the devil.

FRANCIS FULLER,

Of S. John's College, Cambridge. He took his B.A. degree in 1691.

ON A LEFT-HANDED WRITING-MASTER.

(Nichols' "Literary Anecdotes," I. 371.)

Though Nature thee of thy right hand bereft ;
 Right well thou writest with the hand that's left.

Epigrams which depend for their wit on play upon words, rank very low in this class of composition. The above is a good specimen of its kind ; and there are many of the same character which are amusing, though higher praise cannot be given them. One of the most ingenious is a translation, by Thomas Warton, of a distich by Martial (Book III. 57). It is necessary to see the original in order to understand the play of the translation :

Callidus imposuit nuper mihi capo Ravennæ ;
 Cum peterem mixtum, vendidit ille merum.
 A landlord of Bath put upon me a queer hum ;
 I ask'd him for punch, and the dog gave me *mere rum*.

Another good one is by Dr. Donne, on a Lame Beggar :

"I am unable," yonder beggar cries,
"To stand or move;" if he says true, he lies.

The following punning epitaph in S. Michael's Church, Lewes, is a curious specimen of this style. It is on Sir Nicholas Pelham, an ancestor of Lord Chichester, who repulsed the French forces which attacked Seaford, compelling them to escape to their ships. He died in 1559 :

His valour's prooffe, his manlie virtue's prayse
Cannot be marshall'd in this narrow roome ;
His brave exploit in great King Henry's dayes
Among the worthye hath a worthier tombe :
What time the French sought to have sack't Sea-Ford
This Pelham did Re-Pel'em back abroad.

The play upon a name sometimes rises into extreme elegance, as in the following epitaph, by Crashaw, on Dr. Brook, a celebrated Master of the Charter-house ("Steps to the Temple, &c." 1670, 95) :

A Brook, whose stream so great, so good,
Was lov'd, was honour'd as a flood,
Whose banks the Muses dwelt upon,
More than their own Helicon,
Here at length hath gladly found
A quiet passage under ground ;
Meanwhile his loved banks, now dry,
The Muses with their tears supply.

And, as in an extempore addressed to Lady Brown, and ascribed to Lord Lyttelton in "An Asylum for Fugitive Pieces," 1786, II. 191 :

When I was young and débonnaire,
The *brownest* nymph to me was *fair* ;
But now I'm old, and wiser grown,
The *fairest* nymph to me is *Brown*.

Luttrell wrote a punning distich on Miss Tree, afterwards Mrs. Bradshaw, the celebrated singer, of which Rogers said : "It is quite a little fairy tale" (Rogers' "Table Talk," 1856, 276) :

On this *tree* when a nightingale settles and sings,
The *tree* will return her as good as she brings.

Another specimen of the punning style, is an anonymous epigram "On the Masters of Clare Hall, and Caius (Keys) College, Cambridge" ("Select Epigrams," II. 113) :

Says Gooch to old Wilcox, Come take t'other bout !
"Tis late, says the Master, I'll not be lock'd out.
Mere stuff ! cries the Bishop, stay as long as you please,
What signify *gates* ? arn't I Master of *Keys* ?

Sir Thomas Gooch was Bishop of Norwich, and afterwards of Ely, and also Master of Caius College.

"The Superiority of Machinery," by Hood, may be cited as an amusing modern example of this class of epigram :

A mechanic his labour will often discard,
If the rate of his pay he dislikes ;
But a clock—and its case is uncommonly hard—
Will continue to work, tho' it strikes !

WILLIAM CONGREVE.

Born about 1670. Died 1729.

ABSENCE.

Alas ! what pains, what racking thoughts he proves,
Who lives remov'd from her he dearest loves !
In cruel absence doom'd past joys to mourn,
And think on hours that will no more return !
Oh, let me ne'er the pangs of absence try,
Save me from absence, Love, or let me die.

Shakespeare, in the "Two Gentlemen of Verona" (Act III. sc. 1), puts a similar sentiment in the mouth of Valentine, when banished by the Duke on pain of death :

And why not death, rather than living torment ?
To die, is to be banish'd from myself ;
And Silvia is myself : banish'd from her,
Is self from self ; a deadly banishment !
What light is light, if Silvia be not seen ?
What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by ?
Unless it be, to think that she is by,
And feed upon the shadow of perfection.

So also, Spenser in one of his sonnets (lxxxviii.) says :

Dark is my day whyles her fayre light I mis,
And dead my life that wants such lively blis.

LESBIA.

When Lesbia first I saw so heavenly fair,
With eyes so bright, and with that awful air,
I thought my heart, which durst so high aspire,
As bold as his who snatch'd celestial fire.
But soon as e'er the beauteous idiot spoke,
Forth from her coral lips such folly broke,

Like balm the trickling nonsense heal'd my wound,
And what her eyes enthrall'd her tongue unbound.

The third stanza of a ballad by Smart, "The Talkative Fair," bears much resemblance to this :

Your tongue's a traitor to your face,
Your fame's by your own noise obscur'd,
All are distracted while they gaze ;
But if they listen, they are cur'd.

Martial has an epigram on a lady who was no longer young, which is very similar in idea, the senses of hearing and seeing being transposed (Book VII. 101). The translation is by Steele, but it is rather a happy imitation than a literal rendering :

Whilst in the dark on thy soft hand I hung,
And heard the tempting siren in thy tongue,
What flames, what darts, what anguish I endur'd !
—But, when the candle enter'd, I was cur'd.

In the following, taken from "Select Epigrams," the lady had no defect either of feature or voice. It is entitled an "Impromptu ; after reading the story of Ulysses' escape from the Sirens" :

When Emily, sweet maid, appears,
More dangerous charms surprise ;
What then avails to stop our ears,
Unless we shut our eyes ?

RICHARD GWINNETT,

Born probably about 1670, was of Christ Church, Oxford, whence he removed to the Middle Temple ; but the air of London disagreeing with his delicate health, he gave up the law and retired into the country, where he died in 1717. He was in love with the poetess, Elizabeth Thomas, the Corinna of Dryden, whose death was hastened by the cruel malediction of Pope in the "Dunciad." The marriage was prevented by the bad health and early death of Gwinnett. The letters which passed between them, under the names of Pylades and Corinna, were afterwards published.

ON READ AND HANNES BEING KNIGHTED BY QUEEN ANNE.

(Noble's Continuation of Granger's "Biographical History,"
1806, II. 233.)

The queen like Heav'n shines equally on all,
Her favours now without distinction fall :
Great Read and slender Hannes, both knighted, show,
That none their honours shall to merit owe.

That popish doctrine is exploded quite,
 Or Ralph had been no duke, and Read no knight.
 That none may *virtue* or their *learning* plead,
 This has no *grace*, and that can hardly *read*.

Sir William Read, originally a tailor, or a cobbler, became progressively a mountebank, and a quack doctor, and, though he could not read, he could ride in his own chariot. He professed to cure all blindness, and even Queen Anne and George I. entrusted the care of their eyes to him, "from which," amusingly remarks Noble, "one would have thought the rulers, like the ruled, wished to be as dark as Taylor, his brother quack's coach-horses, five of which were blind, because he exercised his skill upon animals that could not complain."

Sir Edward Hannes was a very different character, having been educated at Westminster, and Christ Church, Oxford, where he was Professor of Chemistry. He was the author of several poems in the "*Musæ Anglicanæ*"; and left £1000 towards completing the quadrangle at Christ Church. He was, however, satirized as a quack by the wits of the day.

The Ralph of the epigram was the first Duke of Montagu, who was raised from an earldom to that rank in 1705. His chief characteristic was fondness for magnificence, and desire of wealth for the display of pomp. He married the mad widow of Christopher, Duke of Albemarle, for the sake of her riches. An epigram by Lord Rosse, on this marriage, will be found under his name. It was this nobleman, who, when complimented by the Duke of Marlborough on some Waterworks which he had completed at Boughton, gave the well-turned answer, "What are they to your grace's Fireworks!"

JOSEPH ADDISON.

Born 1672. Died 1719.

WRITTEN ON A TOASTING-GLASS OF THE KIT-CAT CLUB ON THE DUCHESS OF MANCHESTER.

While haughty Gallia's dames, who spread
 O'er their pale cheeks an artful red,
 Beheld this beauteous stranger there
 In native charms, divinely fair,
 Confusion in their looks they show'd,
 And with unborrow'd blushes glow'd.

The lady upon whom this beautiful epigram was written, was the Lady Dodington Grenville, married to Charles, Duke of Manchester. She accompanied her husband (then Lord Montagu), when he went as ambassador to the court of Louis XIV. in 1699.

NICHOLAS ROWE.

Born 1673. Died 1718.

TO THE TWO NEW MEMBERS FOR BRAMBER, 1708.

Though in the Commons' House you did prevail,
 Good Sir Cleeve Moore, and gentle Master Hale;
 Yet on good luck be cautious of relying,
 Burgess for Bramber is no place to die in.
 Your predecessors have been oddly fated;
 Asgill and Shippen have been both *translated*.

John Asgill published a treatise entitled, "An argument proving that according to the covenant of eternal life, revealed in the Scriptures, men may be translated hence into that eternal life without passing through death," &c., 1700. He was elected member for Bramber, but a committee being appointed to examine his book, and reporting that his views with regard to men being *translated* without death were blasphemous, he was expelled the House—*translated* from public to private life.

William Shippen, a strong Jacobite, succeeded Asgill as member for Bramber, in 1707. As Rowe's epigram is dated 1708, he can have sat a very short time for that borough, but the cause of his translation to another constituency does not appear.

TO THE PRINCE OF WALES (AFTERWARDS GEORGE II.).

In 1726, the king, George I., was in Hanover, when a fire broke out in Spring Gardens, which the Prince of Wales assisted in extinguishing. Upon which Rowe composed this epigram:

Thy guardian, blest Britannia, scorns to sleep,
 When the sad subjects of his father weep;
 Weak princes by their fears increase distress;
 He faces danger, and so makes it less:
 Tyrants on blazing towers may smile with joy;
 He knows, to *save*, is greater than *destroy*.

In the "Poetical Farrago," are "Verses written under the statue of Edward VI. at S. Thomas's Hospital":

On Edward's brow no laurels cast a shade,
 Nor at his feet are warlike spoils display'd:
 Yet here, since first his bounty rais'd the pile,
 The lame grow active, and the languid smile:
 See this, ye chiefs, and, struck with envy, pine;
 To *kill* is *brutal*, but to *save*, *divine*.

The last two lines of Rowe's epigram recall a fine passage in Pope's "Essay on Man," Epistle II. 195 :

Thus Nature gives us (let it check our pride)
The virtue nearest to our vice allied :
Reason the bias turns to good from ill,
And Nero reigns a Titus if he will.
The fiery soul abhorr'd in Catiline,
In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine :
The same ambition can destroy or save,
And makes a patriot as it makes a knave.

JOHN HUGHES.

Born 1677. Died 1720.

WRITTEN UNDER THE PRINT OF TOM BRITTON, THE MUSICAL SMALL-COAL MAN.

Though mean thy rank, yet in thy humble cell
Did gentle peace and arts unpurchas'd dwell.
Well pleas'd Apollo thither led his train,
And music warbled in her sweetest strain :
Cyllenius so, as fables tell, and Jove,
Came willing guests to poor Philemon's grove.
Let useless pomp behold, and blush to find
So low a station, such a liberal mind.

The singular character commemorated in this epigram was born in Northamptonshire, about the middle of the 17th century, and, going to London, set up as a small-coal man. The business was not congenial either to chemistry or music, yet he became an adept in both, and was also a collector of curious books of various kinds. In a miserable house, the ground floor of which was a repository for his small-coal, he had regular concerts, at which he played the viol da gamba, and which persons of all ranks attended. He seems to have been a modest, un-presuming man, of real genius, but practical habits. He died in 1714.

Prior has an epigram, "Written under the Print of Tom Britton, Painted by Mr. Woolaston" :

Though doom'd to small-coal, yet to arts allied,
Rich without wealth, and famous without pride ;
Music's best patron, judge of books and men,
Belov'd and honour'd by Apollo's train :
In Greece or Rome sure never did appear
So bright a genius, in so dark a sphere :
More of the man had artfully been sav'd,
Had Kneller painted, and had Vertue grav'd.

*ADVICE TO MR. POPE, ON HIS INTENDED TRANSLATION
OF HOMER.*

O thou, who, with a happy genius born,
Canst tuneful verse in flowing numbers turn,
Crown'd on thy Windsor's plains with early bays,
Be early wise, nor trust to barren praise.
Blind was the bard that sung Achilles' rage,
He sung, and begg'd, and curs'd th' ungiving age:
If Britain his translated song would hear,
First take the gold—then charm the listening ear;
So shall thy father Homer smile to see
His pension paid—though late, and paid to thee.

Dr. Johnson took this hint in the publication of his edition of Shakespeare. He obtained subscribers, expecting to be able to issue his volumes speedily; yet nine years elapsed before the publication, which was at length hastened, Boswell supposes, by Churchill's upbraiding satire in "The Ghost," Book III.:

He for subscribers baits his hook,
And takes their cash—but where's the book?
No matter where; wise fear, we know,
Forbids the robbing of a foe;
But what, to serve our private ends,
Forbids the cheating of our friends?

Cowper, by his epigram on Oxford, seems to have thought the moderns had as little sympathy for Homer as the ancients:

Could Homer come himself, distress'd and poor,
And tune his harp at Rhedicina's door,
The rich old vixen would exclaim (I fear),
"Begone! no tramper gets a farthing here."

*WRITTEN ON A WINDOW AT WALLINGTON HOUSE,
THEN THE SEAT OF MRS. ELIZABETH BRIDGES, 1719.*

Envy, if thy searching eye
Through this window chance to pry,
To thy sorrow thou shalt find,
All that's generous, friendly, kind,
Goodness, virtue, every grace,
Dwelling in this happy place:
Then, if thou would'st shun this sight,
Hence for ever take thy flight.

In the fourth book of "Paradise Lost," Milton paints Satan's sight of the happiness of Adam and Eve:

Aside the devil turn'd
For envy; yet with jealous leer malign
Eyed them askance, and to himself thus 'plain'd :
"Sight hateful, sight tormenting ! thus these two,
* * * * *
* * * * *

DR. ABEL EVANS,

A man of great genius, the friend of Pope and of other writers of the period, was of S. John's College, Oxford, and took his degree of M.A. in 1699. He is generally styled "Dr. Evans, the Epigrammatist," and it is, therefore, probable that he wrote much in that style, but very few of his epigrams are now extant. When Bursar of S. John's, he caused some very fine trees belonging to the college to be cut down, which produced the following epigram, ascribed in the "Additions to Pope" to Dr. Tadlow; in the "Poetical Calendar" and in Nichols' "Collection" to Dr. Conyers, with some variations:

Indulgent Nature to each kind bestows
A secret instinct to discern its foes.
The goose, a silly bird, yet knows the fox ;
Hares fly from dogs, and sailors steer from rocks :
This rogue the gallows for his fate foresees,
And bears a like antipathy to trees.

The following, with the exception of the third (which is in "Select Epigrams"), and other pieces by Evans, are preserved in Nichols' "Select Collection of Poems," Vol. III. 1780.

*ON A LEARNED DEVICE ON BLENHEIM GREAT GATE;
A HUGE LION TEARING A COCK IN PIECES.*

Had Marlborough's troops in Gaul no better fought,
Than Van, to grace his fame, in marble wrought,
No more in arms, than he in emblems, skill'd,
The cock had drove the lion from the field.

In a longer epigram on the same subject, Evans describes the absurdity of the device:

See ! the fell lion does with vengeance glow,
To fix his talons in the prostrate foe,
Arm'd with dire wrath, the coward cock to maul ;
Where is the builder's joke ? go, ask the Gaul.

AN EPITAPH ON SIR JOHN VANBRUGH.

Under this stone, reader, survey
 Dead Sir John Vanbrugh's house of clay.
 Lie heavy on him, earth! for he
 Laid many heavy loads on thee!

Sir John Vanbrugh, the dramatic writer and architect, has never been denied the honours of a wit, but has been severely censured for his heavy and tasteless buildings. Blenheim was especially the object of ridicule, and is thus humorously condemned by Swift:

. . . If his Grace were no more skill'd in
 The art of battering walls than building,
 We might expect to see next year
 A mouse-trap-man chief engineer.

Though he knew nothing of heraldry, Sir John was in 1704 appointed Clarenceux King-at-Arms. Swift admitted that he could now *build houses!*

ON THE BRIDGE AT BLENHEIM.

The lofty arch his high ambition shows,
 The stream, apt emblem of his bounty, flows.

The Duke of Marlborough built a fine bridge over a paltry rivulet, which produced this epigram in reference to his well-known meanness. When afterwards a large body of water was collected, and the tiny brook became a wide and full-flowing stream, Boswell remarked to Dr. Johnson, as they drove together through the park: "They have drowned the epigram." The duke's bridge was an object of general ridicule. The following distich, found in the "Festoon," is said to be by Pope:

The minnows, as through this vast arch they pass,
 Cry—How like whales we look! Thanks to your Grace!

Camden, in his "Britannia," gives a Latin epigram on a handsome bridge at Tadcaster, over the Warfe, a stream reduced in summer to very small dimensions; translated by Basil Kennet, in Gibson's edition, 1695, 715:

Nothing in Tadcaster deserves a name
 But the fair bridge that's built without a stream.

ON DR. TADLOW.

Ten thousand tailors, with their length of line,
Strove, though in vain, his compass to confine ;
At length, bewailing their exhausted store,
Their packthread ceas'd, and parchment was no more.

Dr. Tadlow was of S. John's College, and was remarkable for his stoutness. His contemporary at Oxford, Mr. Paule, son of Dr. William Paule, bishop of that see, was also a very stout man, but not so corpulent as Dr. Tadlow. Dr. Evans said he had some thoughts of writing a poem upon them, but of which he had only composed one line (Granger's "Biog. Hist." 1779, IV. 173):

Tadloides musæ Paulo majora canamus.

The following distich was also probably written by Evans :

When Tadlow walks the streets, the paviours cry,
"God bless you, sir!" and lay their rammers by.

When this was first made public, a blank was left for the name, and consequently every gentleman of large bulk and some note was, by one or other of the anecdote-writers and wits of the day, conjectured to be the particular subject of the epigrammatist's facetiousness.

Perhaps a similar joke in "Epigrams in Distich," 1740, 7, may also refer to Dr. Tadlow :

The paviours bless his steps where'er they come :
Chairmen dismay'd fly the approaching doom.

GEORGE JEFFREYS,

Born in 1678, was of Trinity College, Cambridge, and was called to the Bar, but did not practise. He was for some time secretary to Dr. Hartstronge, Bishop of Derry ; and afterwards lived in the families of two Dukes of Chandos, who were his relations. In 1754 he published a volume of "Miscellanies in Verse and Prose" (including the following epigrams), and died the next year.

EXTEMPORE ON THE SIGHT OF A DANCE.

How ill the motion with the music suits !
So once play'd Orpheus, but so danc'd the brutes.

This epigram has been given to Welsted, Budgell, and Ambrose Philips, and is printed (with a slight variation) in the works of the last.

The same author takes a very different view of a dance in the following epigram, addressed "To a Lady":

Your hand and voice the judging ear delight,
And in the dance you doubly charm the sight:
Where shall we meet, but in the spheres and you,
So smooth a motion, and such music too!

*ON A GENTLEMAN WHO RAN MAD WITH LOVE OF A
PHYSICIAN'S DAUGHTER.*

Employ'd to cure a love-distracted swain,
The boasted aid of *hellebore* is vain;
None but the Fair the storm she rais'd can calm;
Her smiles the cordial, and her tears the balm:
In Cynthia's bosom dwells the magic pow'r,
Sov'reign to heal, and vital to restore:
But, oh! what medicine e'er could reach the heart?
'The daughter's eyes have foil'd the father's art;
For, matchless were the learn'd physician's skill,
If he could save as fast as she can kill.

Spenser's fiftieth sonnet describes the vain effort of a leech to cure a love-distracted swain:

Long languishing in double malady
Of my harts wound, and of my bodies griefe;
There came to me a leach, that would apply
Fit medicines for my bodies best reliefe.
Vayne man, quoth I, that hast but little priefe
In deep discovery of the mynds disease;
Is not the hart of all the body chiefe,
And rules the members as it selfe doth please?
Then, with some cordialls, seeke for to appease
The inward languor of my wounded hart;
And then my body shall have shortly ease:
But such sweet cordialls passe physicians art.
Then, my lyfes leach! doe your skill reveale;
And, with one salve, both hart and body heale.

ON A LADY'S HANDWRITING.

In characters so fair, we trace
 Eliza's charming hand,
 That Heaven alone, who form'd her face,
 Could sweeter strokes command.
 The beauties there by Nature wrought
 Excel the writer's art;
 For here the wondering eye is caught,
 But there the wounded heart.

An epigram in the "Poetical Register" for 1810-11, by Dr. Russell (author of the "History of Modern Europe"), "On Miss W——'s Drawings," gives the reason why, in her case, none "could sweeter strokes command":

Beneath a myrtle Cupid lay,
 His eyelids drown'd in sleep's soft dew,
 When Dora, passing by that way,
 His quiver seiz'd and straight withdrew.
 Hence the fair artist's drawing charms,
 Her slightest sketches fire our hearts:
 The nymph possess'd of Cupid's arms,
 Sports with our fate, and draws with darts.

 DR. JOSEPH TRAPP,

Born in 1679, was the first Professor of Poetry at Oxford, and in later life Vicar of Christ Church, Newgate Street, and of Harlington, Middlesex. He was a voluminous writer, and a most learned person. Bishop Pearce said of him, that he studied harder than any man in England. In translations only he failed, his "Virgil" being strongly condemned. He died in 1747.

*ON A REGIMENT BEING SENT TO OXFORD, AND A
 PRESENT OF BOOKS TO CAMBRIDGE, BY GEORGE I.,
 IN 1715.*

(Nichols' "Literary Anecdotes," III. 330, and VIII. 439.)

The king, observing with judicious eyes,
 The state of both his universities,
 To Oxford sent a troop of horse; and why?
 That learned body wanted loyalty:

To Cambridge books he sent, as well discerning
How much that loyal body wanted learning.

This epigram being repeated in the presence of Sir William Browne, a physician of Lynn, in Norfolk, whose learning and eccentricity brought him into great notoriety, he stood up for the honour of Cambridge, of which he was a graduate, and answered, impromptu (Nichols, as above) :

The king to Oxford sent a troop of horse,
For Tories own no argument but force ;
With equal skill to Cambridge books he sent,
For Whigs admit no force but argument.

Dr. Johnson's opinion of this answer is given in Mrs. Piozzi's "Anecdotes" : "Mr. Johnson did him the justice to say, it was one of the happiest extemporaneous productions he ever met with ; though he once comically confessed, that he hated to repeat the wit of a Whig urged in support of Whiggism."

The books sent to Cambridge composed the valuable library of Dr. Moore, Bishop of Ely, which George I. purchased for 6000 guineas, and presented to the university.

DR. EDWARD YOUNG.

Born 1681. Died 1765.

ON MICHAEL ANGELO'S FAMOUS PICTURE OF THE CRUCIFIXION.

Whilst his Redeemer on his canvass dies,
Stabb'd at his feet his brother weltering lies :
The daring artist, cruelly serene,
Views the pale cheek and the distorted mien ;
He drains off life by drops, and deaf to cries,
Examines every spirit as it flies :
He studies torment, dives in mortal woe,
To rouse up every pang repeats his blow ;
Each rising agony, each dreadful grace,
Yet warm transplanting to his Saviour's Face.
Oh glorious theft ! Oh nobly wicked draught !
With its full charge of death each feature fraught :
Such wondrous force the magic colours boast,
From his own skill he starts in horror lost.

To account for the wonderful perfection of the picture, it seems to have been thought necessary to invent the fiction upon which the epigram is founded. The tradition is this: "Michael Angelo, being engaged in painting a picture of the Crucifixion, obtained permission to superintend the execution of a malefactor, who was condemned to be broken upon the wheel. The man being stretched out upon his back, perfectly naked, the artist, eagerly scrutinizing each nerve and fibre of his frame, directed that the blows should be inflicted on those parts of his limbs and trunk, which might occasion the most lively and lingering torment, in order that, in representing the agonies of death, he might rival Nature herself!" Mr. White, from whose "Fragments of Italy and the Rhineland" this circumstantial statement of the well-known tradition has been taken, says that he was shown the picture in reference to which it is told, and which was stated to be the work of Michael Angelo, in the church of San Lorenzo in Lucina, at Rome, but that the famous altar-piece of the Crucifixion in that church is in reality the work of Nicholas Poussin.

TO VOLTAIRE.

When Voltaire was in England he ridiculed, in Young's presence, Milton's "Allegory of Sin and Death," which produced this extempore epigram:

You are so witty, profligate, and thin,
At once we think thee Milton, Death, and Sin.

Sir Herbert Croft, who wrote the "Life of Young" for Dr. Johnson, says, in reference to the epigram: "From the following passage in the poetical dedication of his 'Sea-piece' to Voltaire, it seems that this extemporaneous reproof, if it must be extemporaneous (for what few will now affirm Voltaire to have deserved any reproof), was something longer than a distich, and something more gentle than the distich just quoted":

"Tell me, say'st thou, who courts my smile?
What stranger stray'd from yonder isle?"—
No stranger, sir! though born in foreign climes;
On Dorset Downs, when Milton's page,
With *Sin* and *Death*, provok'd thy rage,
Thy rage provok'd, *who* sooth'd with gentle rhymes?

Who kindly couch'd thy censure's eye,
And gave thee clearly to descry
Sound judgment giving law to fancy strong?
Who half inclin'd thee to confess,
Nor could thy modesty do less,
That Milton's blindness lay not in his song?

WIT.

As in smooth oil the razor best is whet,
 So wit is by politeness sharpest set;
 Their want of edge from their offence is seen,
 Both pain us least when exquisitely keen.

There is an epigram in Hackett's "Collection of Select Epigrams," 1757, Ep. 144, which has some affinity with this very beautiful one of Young's:

True wit is like the brilliant stone
 Dug from the Indian mine;
 Which boasts two various powers in one,
 To cut as well as shine.
 Genius, like that, if polish'd right,
 With the same gifts abounds;
 Appears at once both keen and bright,
 And sparkles while it wounds.

'That a "blunt will," which cannot combine true politeness with "sharp wit," is injurious, is shown in the character given of Longaville in "Love's Labour's Lost" (Act II. sc. 1):

The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss,
 (If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil,)
 Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a will;
 Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still wills
 It should none spare that come within his power.

WRITTEN WITH LORD STANHOPE'S DIAMOND PENCIL.

Accept a miracle instead of wit;
 See two dull lines with Stanhope's pencil writ.

This elegant compliment has been generally ascribed to Pope: it is here given to Young on the authority of Spence, who, being the intimate friend of the former poet, would gladly have allowed him the merit of it, had there been even a doubt of the authorship at the time he collected his anecdotes. The account which Spence gives (apparently communicated by Young) of the occasion of the distich is very circumstantial: "There was a club held at the King's Head in Pall Mall, that arrogantly called itself 'The World.' Lord Stanhope, then (now Lord Chesterfield) Lord Herbert, &c., &c., were members. Epigrams were proposed to be written on the glasses by each member, after dinner: once, when Dr. Young was invited thither, the Doctor would have declined writing, because he had no diamond: Lord Stanhope lent him his, and he wrote immediately" the distich given above (Spence's "Anecdotes," 1820, 377).

AARON HILL,

A poet and dramatic writer of some celebrity in his day, was born in London, in 1685. He was of good family, but small fortune. At one time he was manager of the King's Theatre, in the Haymarket, and endeavoured to make money by various speculative schemes, in which he generally failed. He was, however, more successful in matrimony, as he obtained a wife with a considerable fortune. He died in the very minute of the shock of an earthquake, February 8th, 1750. His poetry was much esteemed by Richardson, who wrote the following complimentary epigram ("Select Epigrams," 1797, I. 59):

When noble thoughts with language pure unite,
To give to kindred excellence its right,
Though unencumber'd with the clogs of rhyme,
Where tinkling sounds for want of meaning chime,
Which, like the rocks in Shannon's midway course,
Divide the sense, and interrupt its force ;
Well may we judge so strong and clear a rill
Flows higher from the Muses' sacred *Hill*.

Hill's Works, where the following epigrams are found, were published in four volumes, in 1753.

MODESTY.

As lamps burn silent, with unconscious light,
So modest ease in beauty shines most bright:
Unaiming charms with edge resistless fall,
And she, who means no mischief, does it all.

The same thought is expressed by Matthew Green, in his poem, the "Spleen":

In love the artless catch the game,
And they scarce miss who never aim.

And Robert Craggs, Earl Nugent, in his ode to "Clarissa," shows her:

. . . . Soft reclin'd in careless ease,
More pleasing, less intent to please.

The last stanza of Shenstone's "Inscription on a statue of Venus de Medicis," is to the same effect:

'Tis bashful beauty ever twines
The most coercive chain ;
'Tis she, that sovereign rule declines
Who best deserves to reign.

ON TWO LOVELY AND LOVING SISTERS.

When equal charms, in different colours dress'd,
 Have two sweet sisters' rival persons bless'd,
 How kind is Heaven, their minds with love to strike,
 And teach them both to look, and think, alike.

In Beaumont and Fletcher's "Maid in the Mill," Antonio says (Act II. sc. 2):

But is it possible that two faces
 Should be so twinn'd in form, complexion,
 Figure, aspect, that neither wen nor mole,
 The table of the brow, the eyes' lustre,
 The lips' cherry, neither the blush nor smile,
 Should give the one distinction from the other?
 Does Nature work in moulds?

In the "Festoon," 1767, 143, is given one of the most beautiful of anonymous epitaphs, "On Two Twin-Sisters":

Fair marble, tell to future days,
 That here two virgin-sisters lie,
 Whose life employ'd each tongue in praise,
 Whose death gave tears to ev'ry eye.
 In stature, beauty, years, and fame,
 Together as they grew, they shone;
 So much alike, so much the same,
 That Death mistook them both for one.

LETTERS.

Letters from absent friends, extinguish fear,
 Unite division, and draw distance near;
 Their magic force each silent wish conveys,
 And wafts embodied thought a thousand ways.
 Could souls to bodies write, death's pow'r were mean,
 For minds could then meet minds with heav'n between.

Perhaps Hill had the thought from Pope, who, in "Eloïsa to Abelard," says:

Heav'n first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
 Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid:
 They live, they speak, they breathe what love inspires,
 Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires;
 The virgin's wish without her fears impart,
 Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart,
 Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
 And waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole.

Possibly both Pope and Hill may have gained the idea from the Greek epigrammatist, Palladas, who has an epigram on the subject; thus translated by the late Dr. Wellesley in his "Anthologia Polyglotta" (Jacobs III. 140, cxxv.):

Ingenious Nature's zeal for friendship's laws
A means for distant friends to meet could find,
Lines which the hand with ink on paper draws,
Betokening from afar the anxious mind.

The last two lines of Hill's epigram, on communion between the dead and the living, may be compared with some lines by the old English poet Daniel in his "Musophilus":

O blessed Letters! that combine in one
All ages past, and make one live with all:
By you we do confer with who are gone,
And the Dead-living unto council call!
By you the unborn shall have communion
Of what we feel and what doth us befall.

A French epigram by Brebeuf, translated by the Hon. Mary Monk, deserves insertion ("Poems by Eminent Ladies," 1755, II. 188):

The noble art from Cadmus took its rise
Of painting words and speaking to the eyes;
He first in wond'rous magic-fetters bound
The airy voice, and stopp'd the flying sound;
The various figures by his pencil wrought
Gave colour, and a body to the thought.

THE NETTLE'S LESSON.

Tender-handed stroke a nettle,
And it stings you for your pains:
Grasp it like a man of mettle,
And it soft as silk remains.
'Tis the same with common natures;
Use them kindly, they rebel:
But be rough as nutmeg-graters,
And the rogues obey you well.

If the epigram refer to inferiors in mind and station, the advice which Lord Chesterfield gave to his son is more agreeable to the dictates of humanity than Hill's (Letter 36): "You must treat all your inferiors with affability and good manners, and not speak to them in a surly tone, nor with harsh expressions, as if they were of a different species. A good heart never reminds people of their misfortune, but endeavours to alleviate, or, if possible, to make them forget it."

NAMES ON GLASS.

Were women wise, their names on glass,
 Like froth of empty fashion !
 Would, to their lovers' sorrow, pass
 For proofs of brittle passion.
 Love should, in secret, like the sun,
 Burn, though a world should shade it ;
 But show its source of heat to none,
 Except that God who made it.

There are some lines, which may be compared with this epigram, in the "Collection of Epigrams," 1735, I. Ep. 145, "To a Lady, on seeing some Verses in praise of her on a Pane of Glass":

Let others, brittle beauties of a year,
 See their frail names, and lovers' vows writ here :
 Who sings thy solid worth, and spotless fame,
 On purest adamant should cut thy name :
 Then would thy fame be from oblivion sav'd ;
 On thy own heart my vows must be engrav'd.

LONG COURTSHIP.

Whisp'ring close a maid long courted,
 Thus cried Drone, by touch transported ;
 Prithee, tell me, gentle Dolly !
 Is not loving long a folly ?
 Yes, said she, with smile reproving,
 Loving long, and *only* loving.

More serious, but very similar, is the first stanza of "The Maid's Remonstrance," by Campbell :

Never wedding, ever wooing,
 Still a love-lorn heart pursuing,
 Read you not the wrong you're doing
 In my cheek's pale hue ?
 All my life with sorrow strewing,
 Wed, or cease to woo.

*PROPOSED EPITAPH FOR SIR ISAAC NEWTON'S
MONUMENT.*

More than his Name were less : 'Twould seem to fear,
He, who increas'd Heav'n's fame, could want it here.
Yet, when the Suns he lighted up shall fade,
And all the Worlds he found are first decay'd ;
Then, void and waste, Eternity shall lie,
And 'Time and Newton's Name, together die.

Bevil Higgons, in an ode on the death of Waller, has the same thought as that with which this noble epitaph closes (Nichols' "Collection of Poems," I. 130, 1780) :

Thou only shalt with Nature's self expire,
And all the world in the supremest fire ;
When Horace and fam'd Virgil die, when all
That's great or noble shall together fall.

So also, Broome, in his address "To Mr. Pope on His Works, 1726" :

Nor till the volumes of th' expanded sky
Blaze in one flame, shalt thou and Homer die ;
Then sink together in the world's last fires
What Heaven created, and what Heaven inspires.

EPITAPH ON A YOUNG LADY, WHO DIED UNMARRIED.

Ripe in virtue, green in years,
Here a matchless maid lies low :
None could read, and spare their tears,
Did they but her sweetness know.
Humbly wise, and meekly good,
No earthly lover's arms she blest ;
But, full of grace, her Saviour woo'd,
And hides her blushes in his breast !

ALLAN RAMSAY,

One of the most popular of the poets of Scotland, was born in 1685, of humble parentage. He had few educational advantages, but his genius shone through, and his perseverance overcame, the defects of early training. He was apprenticed to a wig-maker in Edinburgh, but, disliking the trade, turned bookseller. About twenty years before his death, which took place in 1758, he retired from business.

*ON RECEIVING AN ORANGE FROM MRS. G. L.,
NOW COUNTESS OF ABOYNE.*

Now, Priam's son, thou may'st be mute,
For I can blithly boast with thee;
Thou to the fairest gave the fruit,
The fairest gave the fruit to me.

The lady to whom this pretty compliment was paid was Grace Lockhart, daughter of George Lockhart of Carnwath, who married John, third Earl of Aboyne, and secondly, James, ninth Earl of Moray, and died in 1738.

On the subject of giving and receiving the fruit, Moore has a complimentary epigram, imitated from the French :

With women and apples both Paris and Adam
Made mischief enough in their day:
God be prais'd that the fate of mankind, my dear madam,
Depends not on us the same way.
For, weak as I am with temptation to grapple,
The world would have doubly to rue thee;
Like Adam, I'd gladly take *from* thee the apple,
Like Paris at once give it *to* thee.

ON MARY SLEIGH.

Minerva, wand'ring in a myrtle grove,
Accosted thus the smiling Queen of Love:
Revenge yourself, you've cause to be afraid,
Your boasted pow'r yields to a British maid:
She seems a goddess, all her graces shine;
Love lends her beauty, which eclipses thine.
Each youth, I know (says Venus), thinks she's me;
Immediately she speaks, they think she's thee;
Good Pallas, thus you're foil'd as well as I,
Ha, ha! cries Cupid, that's my Mally Sleigh.

The Molly Scot in the following epigram by William Thompson, may be the same accomplished beauty:

Minerva last week (pray let nobody doubt it)
Went an airing from Oxford, six miles or about it:
When she spied a young virgin so blooming and fair,
That, "O Venus," she cried, "is your ladyship there?
Pray is not that Oxford? and lately you swore
Neither you, nor one like you, should trouble us more.

Do you thus keep your promise? and am I defied?"
 The virgin came nearer and smiling replied:
 "My goddess! what, have you your pupil forgot?"—
 —"Your pardon, my dear, is it you, Molly Scot?"

TO CALISTA.

Ance Wisdom, Majesty, an' Beauty,
 Contended to allure the swain,
 Wha fain wad pay'd to ilk his duty,
 But only ane the prize cou'd gain.
 Were Jove again to redd debate
 Between his spouse an' daughters twa,
 An' were it dear Calista's fate
 To bid among them for the ba';
 When gi'en to her, the shepherd might
 Then wi' the single apple serve a';
 Since she's possest o' a' that's bright
 In Juno, Venus, an' Minerva.

Angerianus, the Italian poet of the 16th century, has a Latin epigram on the charms of the three goddesses being united in one mortal ("Delitiæ Delitiarum," 60):

Tres quondam nudas vidit Priameius heros
 Luce deas, video tres quoque luce deas;
 Hoc majus, tres uno in corpore: Cælia ridens
 Est Venus, incedens Juno, Minerva loquens.

Dr. Farmer, in his "Essay on the Learning of Shakespeare," tells a curious story in connection with this epigram: "A few years ago (the essay was first published in 1767) at a great court on the Continent, a countryman of ours, of high rank and character, exhibited with many other candidates his complimentary epigram on the birthday, and carried the prize in triumph:

"O Regina orbis prima et pulcherrima: ridens
 Es Venus, incedens Juno, Minerva loquens."

Literally stolen from Angerianus."

The "countryman of ours" was Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, in whose works the epigram is given, with this statement: "In 1753 he was sent to Vienna, . . . and in his triple capacity of minister, courtier, and poet, he composed the distich on the Empress Queen" (Works, 1822, II. 210).

Very similar, and perhaps also taken from Angerianus, was Lord Lansdowne's flattery of Queen Caroline and her daughter, written in a leaf of his Poems, presented to Anne, the Princess Royal, in 1732:

When we'd exalt some heavenly fair,
 To some bright goddess we compare :
 Minerva, wisdom ; Juno, grace ;
 And Venus furnishes the face :
 In royal Anne's bright form is seen,
 What comprehends them all—the Queen.

An older piece in "England's Helicon," 1600, ed. 1812, 67, is of the same character, the conclusion of a poem by Robert Greene, "Doron's Description of his fair Shepherdess Samela" :

Her tresses gold, her eyes like glassy streams,
 Her teeth are pearl, the breasts are ivory,
 Of fair Samela.
 Her cheeks like rose and lily yield forth gleams,
 Her brows bright arches fram'd of ebony :
 Thus fair Samela
 Passeth fair Venus in her brightest hue,
 And Juno, in the show of majesty :
 For she's Samela.
 Pallas in wit, all three if well you view,
 For beauty, wit, and matchless dignity,
 Yield to Samela.

But there is a much earlier example than any of the above of this form of compliment, in a Greek epigram by an uncertain author (Jacobs IV. 128, li.), which Swift freely but prettily translated in praise of Stella :

Two goddesses now must Cyprus adore ;
 The muses are ten, the graces are four :
 Stella's wit is so charming, so sweet her fair face,
 She shines a new Venus, a Muse, and a Grace.

*TO DR. J. C., TO WHOM THE AUTHOR GAVE "A BALLAD
 ON BONNY KATE," TO PRESENT TO THAT LADY.*

Here, happy Doctor, take this sonnet,
 Bear to the Fair the faithful strains :
 Bow, make a leg, and doff your bonnet ;
 And get a kiss for Allan's pains.
 For such a ravishing reward,
 'The cloud-compeller's self would try
 To imitate a British bard,
 And bear his ballads from the sky.

DR. PATRICK DELANY,

An Irish clergyman, born of humble parentage about 1686, is chiefly known as the husband of the celebrated Mrs. Delany. He was one of Swift's most intimate friends; a man of considerable learning, and some popularity as a preacher. In 1744 he was appointed Dean of Down, and died in 1768.

ON A LOOKING-GLASS.

(Swift's Works.)

When musing on this evanescent state,
So fleeting in its form, so short its date;
My being and my stay dependent still
Not on my own, but on another's will,
I ask myself, as I my image view,
Which is the real shadow of the two.

In the "Collection of Epigrams," 1735, II. Ep. 239, there is an epigram "On Beauty," which may be compared with Dr. Delany's:

While Sylvia at her glass her charms unfolds,
And Phaon's eye a double form beholds,
What has the am'rous youth, alas! survey'd?
A shadow one—one soon to be a shade.
A real likeness the kind mirror shows,
Herself that fleeting phantom which she views.

ALEXANDER POPE.

Born 1688. Died 1744.

ON A CERTAIN LADY AT COURT.

I know the thing that's most uncommon;
(Envy be silent, and attend!)

I know a reasonable woman,
Handsome and witty, yet a friend.

Not warp'd by passion, aw'd by rumour;
Not grave through pride, nor gay through folly;
An equal mixture of good-humour,
And sensible soft melancholy.

“Has she no faults then (Envy says), sir?”
 Yes she has one, I must aver:
 When all the world conspires to praise her,
 The woman’s deaf and does not hear.

The lady thus highly praised was Henrietta, wife of Charles Howard, afterwards 9th Earl of Suffolk. She was a lady of the bedchamber to Queen Caroline, and one of the mistresses of George II. Horace Walpole sums up her character by saying that she “was sensible, artful, and agreeable, but had neither sense nor art enough to make the king think her so agreeable as his wife.” She seems, however, to have been a general favourite, women as well as men concurring in praising and loving her. One of Mrs. Howard’s lovers was the old Earl of Peterborough, to answer whose tender letters she called in the help of the poet Gay, who ranks her among the celebrities of the age, in his “Epistle to Mr. Pope”:

Now to my heart the glance of Howard flies.

ON MRS. TOFTS,

A Handsome Woman with a Fine Voice, but very Covetous and Proud.
 So bright is thy beauty, so charming thy song,
 As had drawn both the beasts and their Orpheus along;
 But such is thy avarice, and such is thy pride,
 That the beasts must have starv’d, and the poet have died.

This epigram has been ascribed to both Swift and Pope. It is given to the latter by Sir John Hawkins in his “History of Music.” Mrs. Tofts was so celebrated as a singer, that she vied with the Italians, who were then first introducing the modern opera into England. She acquired a large fortune, and, according to Steele’s account in the 20th No. of the “Tatler,” where she is described under the name of Camilla, she showed her pride by entering “so thoroughly into the great characters she acted,” that she “would appear in her own lodgings with the same magnificence that she did upon the stage.” But this was, perhaps, the commencement of the derangement of mind, with which, during all the latter part of her life, she was afflicted.

ON ONE WHO MADE LONG EPITAPHS.

Freind, for your epitaphs I’m griev’d,
 Where still so much is said;
 One half will never be believ’d,
 The other never read.

Dr. Robert Freind was Head Master of Westminster School, Prebendary of Westminster, and Canon of Christ Church. He was celebrated as a writer of Latin epitaphs, which Pope, who was equally noted for English ones and could not bear a rival, affected to think too long, and too flattering.

Dr. Freind's name was tempting to punsters, and produced the following anonymous epigram, on his appointment to the mastership of Westminster in succession to Dr. Busby, who had ruled with a rod of iron (Nichols' "Literary Anecdotes," V. 90):

Ye sons of Westminster, who still retain
Your ancient dread of Busby's awful reign;
Forget at length your fears—your panic end—
The monarch of this place is now a *Freind*.

The family of the Freinds was remarkable for learning and success in life. Dr. John Freind, a brother of the Master of Westminster, was the most celebrated physician of his day. At his death in 1728, the following epigram was written on him and Dr. Radcliffe (physician to William III., and founder of the Radcliffe Library and Infirmary at Oxford) by Samuel Wesley, Usher of Westminster School, imitated from a Greek epigram of Theosebia (Jacobs III. 156):

When Radcliffe fell, afflicted Physic cried,
How vain my power! and languish'd at his side.
When Freind expir'd, deep struck, her hair she tore,
And speechless fainted, and reviv'd no more.
Her flowing grief no farther could extend;
She mourns with Radcliffe, but she dies with Freind.

This exaggerated praise, so wanting in truth and simplicity, but which was very common in that day, recalls the yet more fulsome flattery in Lord Lansdowne's address "To Dr. Garth in his Sickness," where Apollo is thus invoked:

Sire of all arts, defend thy darling son;
O! save the man whose life's so much our own!
On whom, like Atlas, the whole world's reclin'd,
And by restoring Garth, preserve mankind.

ENGRAVED ON THE COLLAR OF A DOG, WHICH I GAVE
TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS.

I am his Highness' dog at Kew;
Pray tell me, sir, whose dog are you?

This often-quoted epigram must have been written in, or subsequently to, 1730, in which year Frederick, Prince of Wales, took Kew House upon a lease from the Cappel family. George III. purchased it about 1789; it was afterwards pulled down, and the furniture removed to Kew Palace.

The following note is attached to this epigram in "Select Epigrams," I. 38: "When Pope wrote this epigram, I think he must have recollected a passage from Sir William Temple's 'Heads designed for an Essay on Conversation:' 'Mr. Grantam's Fool's reply to a great man that asked him whose fool he was.—I am Mr. Grantam's fool; pray whose fool are you?'"

Swift wrote an inscription for the collar of a lady's dog, which is bitterly sarcastic:

Pray steal me not; I'm Mrs. Dingley's,
Whose heart in this four-footed thing lies.

Mrs. Dingley was Stella's companion.

TO THE RT. HON. THE EARL OF OXFORD;

On a Piece of News in "Mist," that the Rev. Mr. W. refused to write against Mr. Pope, because his best patron had a friendship for the said P.

Wesley, if Wesley 'tis they mean,
They say, on Pope would fall,
Would his best patron let his pen
Discharge his inward gall.

What patron this, a doubt must be
Which none but you can clear,
Or Father Francis cross the sea,
Or else Earl Edward here.

That both were good must be confest,
And much to both he owes,
But which to him will be the best
The Lord of Oxford knows.

This epistolary epigram is not found in Pope's Works. It is taken from the "Gentleman's Magazine," LXXIX. Part II. 609, where a facsimile of it, in the poet's hand-writing, is given. "Wesley" was the Rev. Samuel Wesley, Rector of Epworth, the father of Samuel, John, and Charles Wesley. "Father Francis cross the sea" was Atterbury, the exiled Bishop of Rochester. "Mist" was a journal published by a man of that name.

In one of the earlier editions of the "Dunciad," Wesley was honoured with a niche in conjunction with Dr. Watts (Book I.):

Now all the suffering brotherhood retire,
And 'scape the martyrdom of jakes and fire;
A Gothic library of Greece and Rome
Well purg'd; and worthy Wesley, Watts, &c.

In the octavo edition of 1729, Wesley and Watts were released from the pillory, and the last line ran thus :

Well purg'd ; and worthy Withers, Quarles, and Blome.

At the last revision there was again an alteration, and "Settle, Banks, and Broome" took the place of their more fortunate brethren.

Wesley is said to have been a very worthy man ; but he was a very bad poet, and consequently his productions met with abundant attention from the wits of the day. Garth, in "The Dispensary," Canto V. 71, is severe upon him :

Had Wesley ne'er aim'd in verse to please,
We had not rank'd him with our Ogilbys.
Still censures will on dull pretenders fall ;
A Codrus should expect a Juvenal.

For once, however, Wesley made a good answer, though it is to be feared Garth never saw it. The Rev. Samuel Badcock, in an account of Wesley in Nichols' "Literary Anecdotes," V. 218, says that he had seen a MS. poem by him, in which he thus retorts on the satirist :

What wonder he should Wesley Codrus call,
Who dares surname himself a Juvenal ?

INSCRIPTION ON A GROTTO OF SHELLS AT CRUX-EASTON, THE WORK OF NINE YOUNG LADIES.

Here, shunning idleness at once and praise,
This radiant pile nine rural sisters raise ;
The glittering emblem of each spotless dame,
Clear as her soul, and shining as her frame ;
Beauty which nature only can impart,
And such a polish as disgraces art ;
But Fate dispos'd them in this humble sort,
And hid in deserts what would charm a court.

This inscription is not found in Pope's Works, but is stated to be by him in Dodsley's "Collection of Poems," 1782, VI. 177 :

The ladies were the daughters of Edward Lisle, Esq., of Crux-Easton, Hants.

The last two lines forcibly call to mind a stanza in Gray's "Elegy" :

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear :
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Pope's fondness for grottoes is well known. He constructed an elaborate subterranean one in his grounds at Twickenham, of which he says, in a letter to Edward Blount : "It wants nothing to complete

it but a good statue with an inscription, like that beautiful antique one which you know I am so fond of." Of this Latin inscription (with regard to the antiquity of which there is, however, a doubt) he gives a translation, written for the statue of a water-nymph, at Stour Head, in Wiltshire :

Nymph of the grot, these sacred springs I keep,
And to the murmur of these waters sleep;
Ah! spare my slumbers, gently tread the cave!
And drink in silence, or in silence lave!

With this may be compared a Greek epigram, by Plato, on the image of a Satyr and a Cupid sleeping by the side of a fountain (Jacobs I. 105, xv). The translation is by Bland :

From mortal hands my being I derive;
Mute marble once, from man I learn'd to live.
A satyr now, with nymphs I hold resort,
And guard the watery grottoes where they sport.
In purple wine refused to revel more,
Sweet draughts of water from my urn I pour;
But, stranger, softly tread, lest any sound
Awake yon boy, in rosy slumbers bound.

With regard to the stanza of Gray's "Elegy" which has been quoted, the following has been communicated by a friend : " Gray adopted the thoughts of others with great freedom. It is, probably, little known that this very beautiful passage was suggested by one in Bishop Hall's 'Contemplations' (Book VI. 'The Veil of Moses') : 'There is many a rich stone laid up in the bowels of the earth, many a fair pearl laid up in the bosom of the sea, that never was seen, nor never shall be.' And what is remarkable, the Bishop goes on to say, 'There is many a goodly *star* which, because of height, comes not within our account;' for Duncombe, who parodied the elegy in the churchyard, by one on a college, in this stanza adopts the image of the star :

" ' Full many a lark, high tow'ring to the sky,
Unheard, unheeded, greets th' approach of light;
Full many a star, unseen by mortal eye,
With trembling lustre glimmers through the night.' "

**INSCRIPTION FOR A PUNCH-BOWL, BOUGHT IN THE
SOUTH SEA YEAR, FOR A CLUB—CHASED WITH JUPI-
TER PLACING CALLISTO IN THE SKIES, AND EUROPA
WITH THE BULL.**

Come, fill the South Sea goblet full,
The gods shall of our stock take care,
Europa, pleas'd, accepts the *Bull*,
And Jove with joy puts off the *Bear*.

This epigram was communicated by Bishop Warburton to Dr. Birch. The famous South Sea bubble produced much wit as well as much misery. There is extant a ballad, entitled, "Merry Remarks upon South Sea," by Dr. John Davies, father of Dr. Sneyd Davies, in which there are some good stanzas (Nichols' "Illustrations of Literary History," I. 494):

In London stands a famous pile,
And near that place an alley;
Where merry crowds for riches toil,
And wisdom stoops to folly.

* * *
* * *

There stars and garters do appear,
And 'mongst our lords the rabble;
To buy, and sell, to see, and hear,
The Jew and Gentile squabble.

Here crafty courtiers are too wise,
For those who trust to Fortune;
They see the cheat with clearer eyes,
Who peep behind the curtain.

* * *
* * *

Our South Sea ships have golden shrouds,
They bring us wealth, 'tis granted;
But lodge their treasure in the clouds,
To hide it till it's wanted.

There is an epigram in Hone's "Every-Day Book" (taken from "The Champion" of January 10th, 1740), on the per-centage to be deducted from the prizes in the State Lottery of 1739, which, *mutatis mutandis*, might be well applied to the South Sea scheme:

This lottery can never thrive,
Was broker heard to say,
For who but fools will ever give
Fifteen per cent. to play?

A sage, with his accustom'd grin,
Replies, I'll stake my doom,
That if but half the fools come in
The wise will find no room.

*EPITAPH ON MRS. CORBET, WHO DIED OF A CANCER;
IN THE CHURCH OF S. MARGARET, WESTMINSTER.*

Here rests a woman, good without pretence,
Blest with plain reason, and with sober sense:
No conquest she, but o'er herself desir'd,
No arts essay'd, but not to be admir'd.

Passion and pride were to her soul unknown,
 Convinc'd that virtue only is our own.
 So unaffected, so compos'd a mind,
 So firm, yet soft, so strong, yet so refin'd,
 Heaven, as its purest gold, by tortures tried ;
 The saint sustain'd it, but the woman died.

"I have always considered this," says Dr. Johnson, "as the most valuable of all Pope's epitaphs. . . . Domestic virtue, as it is exerted without great occasions, or conspicuous consequences, in an even unnoted tenor, required the genius of Pope to display it in such a manner as might attract regard, and enforce reverence. Who can forbear to lament that this amiable woman has no name in the verses?" (Johnson's "Life of Pope.")

EPITAPH ON SIR GODFREY KNELLER, IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Kneller, by Heaven, and not a master taught,
 Whose art was nature, and whose pictures thought ;
 Now for two ages having snatch'd from Fate
 Whate'er was beauteous, or whate'er was great,
 Lies crown'd with princes' honours, poets' lays,
 Due to his merit, and brave thirst of praise.
 Living, great Nature fear'd he might outvie
 Her works ; and, dying, fears herself may die.

The last two lines are simply copied (stolen would, perhaps, be the more correct expression) from Cardinal Bembo's Latin epitaph on Raphael :

*Ille hic est Raphael. Timuit, quo sospite, vinci
 Rerum Magna Parens, et moriente, mori.*

On the monument erected to the memory of Spenser, in Westminster Abbey, which was destroyed by the Puritans, there was a Latin epitaph, a translation of which is given in Pettigrew's "Chronicles of the Tombs" :

Here plac'd near Chaucer, Spenser claims a room,
 As next to him in merit, next his tomb.
 To place near Chaucer, Spenser lays a claim,
 Near him his tomb, but nearer far his fame.
 With thee our English verse was rais'd on high ;
 But now declin'd, it fears with thee to die.

It will be seen by this epitaph that Kneller was not the first in this country into whose service Bembo's lines were pressed. The close of the epitaph is simply the Cardinal's thought varied. And were there

any doubt, it would be set at rest by the fact, that the first part is a still more exact imitation of the same writer's epitaph on Sannazarius. This was long since pointed out by Dr. Jortin in his "Tracts, Philological," &c., 1790, I. 285. The epitaph is thus translated in Amos' "Gems of Latin Poetry":

Upon thy sacred dust be flow'rets spread,
He sung like Maro once, he rests near Maro dead.

Pope seems to have had this in mind when, in his "Essay on Criticism," he says of "Immortal Vida":

Cremona now shall ever boast thy name,
As next in place to Mantua, next in fame!

EPITAPH ON SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night:
God said, Let Newton be!—and all was light.

This peerless epitaph was written for Newton's monument in Westminster Abbey. Unfortunately a prose Latin inscription was preferred. In 1798 it was engraved on a marble tablet, fixed in the room in which Sir Isaac was born in the manor-house of Woolsthorpe.

The epitaph, as first written by Pope, is preserved in the minutes of the Gentlemen's Society at Spalding, of which Newton was a member (Nichols' "Illustrations of Literary History," IV. 17):

Nature and all her works lay hid in night;
God said, Let Newton be, and all was light.

A fine epitaph by Aaron Hill was also written for the monument in the Abbey, which will be found under his name. He wrote also a distich which, if not suggested by Pope's (as it probably was), is a remarkable instance of similarity of thought (Hill's Works, 1753, IV. 92):

O'er Nature's laws, God cast the veil of night,
Out blaz'd a Newton's soul—and all was light.

*EPITAPH FOR ONE (HIMSELF) WHO WOULD NOT BE
BURIED IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.*

Heroes and kings! your distance keep;
In peace let one poor poet sleep,
Who never flatter'd folks like you:
Let Horace blush, and Virgil too.

This is engraved on Pope's monument, erected by Bishop Warburton in Twickenham Church.

Several poets wrote such mock epitaphs for themselves. Gay's is well known :

Life is a jest, and all things show it;
I thought so once, but now I know it.

Samuel Wesley, the usher of Westminster School, rejoiced in his rest :

Here Wesley lies in quiet rest,
Hated in earnest for his jest.
Here he his worldly bustle ends,
Safe from his foes and from his friends.

Prior's famous epitaph for himself will be found under his name. He wrote another, "For my Own Tombstone" :

To me 'twas given to die : to thee 'tis given
To live : alas ! one moment sets us even.
Mark ! how impartial is the will of Heaven !

LEONARD WELSTED,

A poet and miscellaneous writer, was born in 1689. Died in 1747. He offended Pope by a satire upon him entitled, "The Triumvirate, or a Letter in Verse from Palemon to Celia, from Bath," and that irritable poet, in revenge, introduced him in the "Dunciad" in the following lines, which are a parody of a passage in Denham's "Cooper's Hill" :

Flow, Welsted, flow ! like thine inspirer, beer,
Though stale, not ripe, though thin, yet never clear ;
So sweetly mawkish, and so smoothly dull ;
Heady, not strong ; o'erflowing, though not full.

Welsted's Works were published by Nichols in 1787.

THE HEIR.

"I owe," says Metius, "much to Colon's care ;
Once only seen, he chose me for his heir."
True, Metius ; hence your fortunes take their rise ;
His heir you were not, had he seen you twice.

This is, no doubt, the original of Porson's joke on Bishop Prettyman. When told that a large estate had been left to that prelate by a person who had seen him only once, he replied : "It would not have happened, if the person had seen him twice" (Rogers' "Table-Talk," 1856, 319).

ALEXIS PIRON,

A French dramatic poet, born at Dijon in 1689. At the age of thirty he went to Paris, where he became one of the most popular writers for the theatres. He had great conversational talents and inexhaustible wit; but his unbending temper and caustic raillery made him disliked by his contemporaries, and kept him from a seat in the Academy, an exclusion which he never forgave. He died in 1773.

ON THE FRENCH ROYAL ACADEMY.

Translated from the French by ——. Amended by Campbell, in "Literary Reminiscences and Memoirs of Thomas Campbell." By Cyrus Redding, 1860.

The truth told, they've in France a most excellent plan
 The authors who pen heavy writings to cure,
 In the chair of an R.A. they place the dull man,
 Nor sonnet nor madrigal more you endure,
 For there he does nothing but doze fast and sure,—
 Since to Genius the sleep of that chair is as dead
 As to love is the sleep of the conjugal bed.

This epigram is expressive enough of Piron's anger at his exclusion from the Academy, but a mock epitaph which he wrote for himself is still more satirical and witty :

Ci gît Piron, qui ne fut rien,
 Pas même Académicien.

ON BEAUJON.

Translated from the French in "Anecdotes of Eminent Persons," 1804.

A farmer-general, to all virtue lost,
 Of his unjust extortions dares to boast :
 In golden cars he lords it o'er the plain ;
 The blackest vices form his chosen train ;
 With royal pomp he every where appears,
 And drinks in cups of gold the orphans' tears.

It is said that Beaujon, the rich farmer-general, had a coach covered with plates of gold; and refused a poor widow with six children her only bed, which was seized for payment of the poll-tax.

To this man may be applied a French epigram by Gombauld,

translated by R. A. Davenport in the "Poetical Register" for 1806-7, entitled "Successful Villainy":

By showering wealth and titles splendid
On thee, the basest of the bad!
It seems that Fortune sure intended
To drive insulted virtue mad.

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE,

Eldest daughter of the Duke of Kingston, was born about 1690. In 1712 she married Mr. Edward Wortley Montague, but the marriage was not a happy one. In 1739 she went to reside abroad with her husband's consent, and did not return to England until after his death in 1761. In the following year she died.

FREEDOM AND SLAVERY.

Born to be slaves, our fathers freedom sought,
And with their blood the precious treasure bought;
We, their mean offspring, our own bondage plot,
And, born to freedom, for our chains we vote.

This epigram is given in Lord Wharncliffe's "Letters and Works of Lady Mary Wortley Montague," 1861, II. 501, under the date 1734. But in the fourth volume of "Poems on Affairs of State," published in 1707 (p. 459), the following very similar lines occur, entitled, "On the French Subjects":

Born under kings our fathers freedom sought,
And with their blood the God-like treasure bought;
We, their vile offspring, in our chains delight,
And, born to freedom, for our tyrants fight.

Lady Mary, though only about seventeen years of age in 1707, may very likely have written these lines in the "State Poems," a publication to which many of the wits of the day contributed; and she may have reproduced them with alterations in 1734, a year remarkable for stormy debates in Parliament on certain measures of the Government, which, by some, were thought to be of an arbitrary character.

WRITTEN AT LOVERE, 1755.

(“*Letters and Works of Lady M. W. Montague*,” 1861, II. 503.)

Wisdom, slow product of laborious years,
 The only fruit that life's cold winter bears ;
 Thy sacred seeds in vain in youth we lay,
 By the fierce storm of passion torn away.
 Should some remain in a rich gen'rous soil,
 They long lie hid, and must be rais'd with toil ;
 Faintly they struggle with inclement skies,
 No sooner born than the poor planter dies.

Lady Mary was a Greek scholar, and may have had in mind some lines by Pherecrates, who flourished B.C. 436, which Cumberland thus translated in the “*Observer*,” No. 78 :

Age is the heaviest burthen man can bear,
 Compound of disappointment, pain, and care ;
 For when the mind's experience comes at length,
 It comes to mourn the body's loss of strength :
 Resign'd to ignorance all our better days,
 Knowledge just ripens when the man decays ;
 One ray of light the closing eye receives,
 And wisdom only takes what folly leaves.

WILLIAM DUNCOMBE,

Son of John Duncombe of Stocks, in the parish of Aldbury, Hertfordshire, was born in London in 1690. He became a clerk in the Navy Office, which he quitted after nineteen years' service, and during the remainder of his life edited and published many volumes. His most valued friendship was with Archbishop Herring, whose letters to him have been published, and form an interesting volume. He died in 1769. Several poems by him, including the following epigrams, were contributed by his son to Nichols' “*Select Collection of Poems*,” Vol. VI. 1780.

*TO THE MEMORY OF PETER THE GREAT, CZAR OF
 RUSSIA.*

To deck with arts a rough barbarian race,
 And polish them with every manly grace ;

To chase the shades of ignorance profound,
 And spread the beams of knowledge all around ;
 To brighten and exalt the human soul,
 And still consult the welfare of the whole :
 If these be acts more worthy of applause,
 Than with wild havock, in ambition's cause,
 To conquer kingdoms, to lay waste and burn,
 And peaceful states with restless rage o'erturn,
 Then Russia's Czar with greater glory reign'd,
 Than was by Philip's son, or Cæsar gain'd.

In Tickell's "Prospect of Peace," there is a passage on Peter the Great's visit to England in 1698, which resulted in the improvement of the condition of his people :

Have we forgot, how from great Russia's throne
 The king, whose pow'r half Europe's regions own,
 Whose sceptre waving, with one shout rush forth
 In swarms the harness'd millions of the north ;
 Through realms of ice pursu'd his tedious way,
 To court our friendship, and our fame survey !
 Hence the rich prize of useful arts he bore,
 And round his empire spread the learned store,
 (T' adorn old realms is more than new to raise,
 His country's parent is a monarch's praise).
 His bands now march in just array to war,
 And Caspian gulphs unusual navies bear ;
 With Runic lays Smolensko's forests ring,
 And wond'ring Volga hears the muses sing.

TO DR. (AFTERWARDS SIR EDWARD) WILMOT.

With doubtful strife, Humanity and Art
 For conquest vie in Wilmot's head and heart.
 On his lov'd son Apollo did bestow
 The healing power, and words to soften woe.
 With sympathizing eyes and tender mind
 He views the maladies of human-kind ;
 Reprieves the languid patient from the grave,
 While Pity soothes whom Medicine cannot save !

Empedocles, the philosopher and naturalist, who flourished B.C. 444, has a punning epitaph on a physician. The play upon the name is preserved in the following translation by Merivale (Jacobs I. 95, ii.) :

Pausanias—not so nam'd without a cause,
 As one who oft has giv'n to pain a *pause*—
 Blest son of *Æsculapius*, good and wise,
 Here in his native Gela, buried lies;
 Who many a wretch once rescu'd by his charms
 From dark *Persephone's* constraining arms.

On a more humble professor of the healing art, Dr. Johnson's friend, Robert Levet, the sage wrote an elegy, in which these stanzas occur :

When fainting nature call'd for aid,
 And hov'ring death prepar'd the blow,
 His vig'rous remedy display'd
 The power of art without the show.

In misery's darkest cavern known,
 His useful care was ever nigh,
 Where hopeless anguish pour'd his groan,
 And lonely want retir'd to die.

HENRY NEEDLER,

The grandson of Colonel Needler, a Royalist, who served under General Monk, was born in 1690. He had a place in the Navy Office, and by his sedentary life and intense application, principally to mathematics, accelerated his death, which took place at the early age of 28 years. His works were collected and published by William Duncombe, and passed through several editions. The one from which the following epigrams are taken is that of 1728.

TO A LADY, OFFERING TO TELL THE AUTHOR HIS FORTUNE.

Chloe, you well my future fate may show,
 Which, whether good or bad, from you must flow.
 With needless care you search the stars and skies;
 No stars can influence me, but those bright eyes.
 The gods, that govern by supreme decree,
 In their own minds may all events foresee.

Urban Chevreau, a poet born at Loudun in Poitou, in 1613, has a French epigram on Leance the gipsy, of whom people in the highest ranks in Paris enquired their destinies; whose portrait artists drew; and whose beauty poets celebrated in verse. The translation is taken from "Selections from the French *Anas*," 1797:

Loveliest of nature's works, ah ! why
 Thus vainly in my hands you try
 My fortune to discover ?
 My fate is written in your heart,
 And 'tis your will, and not your art,
 Can kill or save your lover.

On the subject of fortune-telling, we may compare a stanza in Cowley's "My Fate":

You, who men's fortunes in their faces read,
 To find out mine, look not, alas ! on me ;
 But mark her face, and all the features heed ;
 For only there is writ my destiny :
 Or, if stars show it, gaze not on the skies,
 But study the astrology of her eyes.

Also the close of Prior's lines "To a Young Lady, who was fond of Fortune-Telling":

What matters, if unblest in love,
 How long or short my life will prove ?
 To gratify what low desire,
 Should I with needless haste inquire
 How great, how wealthy I shall be ?
 Oh ! what is wealth or power to me !
 If I am happy, or undone,
 It must proceed from you alone.

ON ARITHMETIC AND GEOMETRY.

Hail, heav'nly Pair ! by whose conspiring aid
 The beauteous fabric of the world was made !
 Led on by you, audacious men forget
 The narrow bounds by envious Nature set ;
 To yon bright mansions soar with happy flight,
 Survey the starry realms, and range thro' worlds of
 light !

A Greek epigram by Ptolemy (Jacobs II. 65, ii.) on the study of astronomy may be compared. The translation is by Philip Smyth :

Though but the being of a day,
 When I yon planet's course survey
 This earth I then despise—
 Near Jove's eternal throne I stand,
 And quaff from an immortal hand
 The nectar of the skies.

JOHN BYROM,

The son of a linendraper of Manchester, was born in 1691. When at Trinity College, Cambridge, he wrote the elegant pastoral of "Colin and Phoebe," which appeared in the 603rd No. of the "Spectator." The Phoebe of this pastoral was Johanna, daughter of the celebrated Dr. Bentley, Master of Trinity. When he left the University he studied medicine, but the chief means by which he supported himself arose from his talent in shorthand writing. He died in 1763. He is usually called *Dr. Byrom*, though there is no evidence that he ever proceeded to that degree. An edition of his poems was published at Manchester in 1773, from which the following epigrams are taken, with the exception of the "Two Millers," which is ascribed to him in several collections.

ON TWO MILLERS OF MANCHESTER, NAMED BONE AND SKIN, WHO WANTED TO MONOPOLIZE CORN.

Two millers thin,
Call'd Bone and Skin,
Would starve us all, or near it;
But be it known
To Skin and Bone,
That Flesh and Blood can't bear it.

This epigram on millers recalls one on two other rogues, the Atkinsons, which appeared in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for August, 1784, signed T. W., probably Thomas Warton :

To rob the public two contractors come,
One deals in corn, the other cheats in rum;
Which is the greater rogue, ye wits, explain,
A rogue in spirit or a rogue in grain?

"Christopher Atkinson, for his malpractices as agent of the Victualling Office, was not only fined £2000, but condemned to stand in the pillory near the Corn Exchange, which took place on November 25, 1785" ("Notes and Queries," 4th S. I. 570).

ADVERTISEMENT UPON THE NATURALIZATION BILL.

Now upon sale, a bankrupt Island,
To any stranger that will buy land—
The *birthright*, note, for further satis-
faction, is to be thrown in *gratis*.

This is one of several epigrams by Byrom on the same subject. It was probably written when he was at college, on the Bill of 1708 for the naturalization of all foreign Protestants, which, notwithstanding strenuous opposition, was carried; the chief motive of the Whigs, who brought the Bill into Parliament, being, says Smollett, "to throw an addition of foreigners into the balance against the landed interest." At the end of three years the law was repealed as injurious to natural-born subjects. The epigram is curious, marking the strong feeling which existed against this preposterous measure. It certainly has no intrinsic merit. At a later period, when Napoleon was boasting of his intended conquest of England, and borrowing money to carry out his object of giving the birthright of Britons to the French, the following clever epigram appeared in the "Anti-Jacobin" from the pen of Hookham Frere:

The Paris cits, a patriotic band,
Advance their cash on British freehold land:
But let the speculating rogues beware—
They've bought the *skin*, but who's to kill the *bear*?

DESIGNED FOR A WATCH-CASE.

Could but our tempers move like this machine,
Not urg'd by passion, nor delay'd by spleen;
But true to Nature's regulating pow'r,
By virtuous acts distinguish ev'ry hour;
Then health and joy would follow, as they ought,
The laws of motion, and the laws of thought;
Sweet health, to pass the present moments o'er;
And everlasting joy, when Time shall be no more.

These verses were intended, according to the custom of the day, for the outer case of the large watches then in use, in which a piece of poetry of this kind was commonly enclosed.

Some pretty lines were addressed by Lord Lyttelton to Miss Fortescue (afterwards his wife) "with a new watch":

With me while present may thy lovely eyes
Be never turn'd upon this golden toy,
Think every pleasing hour too swiftly flies,
And measure time by joy succeeding joy!
But when the cares that interrupt our bliss,
To me not always will thy sight allow,
Then oft with kind impatience look on this,
Then every minute count—as I do now.

*AN ADMONITION AGAINST SWEARING, ADDRESSED TO
AN OFFICER IN THE ARMY.*

O that the Muse might call, without offence,
The gallant soldier back to his good sense !
His temp'ral field so cautious not to lose ;
So careless quite of his eternal foes.
Soldier ! so tender of thy prince's fame,
Why so profuse of a superior Name ?
For the king's sake the brunt of battles bear ;
But—for the King of kings' sake—do not swear.

Dr. James Fordyce has some fine stanzas on this subject : "An Answer to a Gentleman who apologized to the Author for swearing in his company." The last stanza may be compared with Byrom's very beautiful epigram (Fordyce's "Poems," 1786, 208):

Men weigh their words in presence of the throne ;
Tempt not, dear sir, a higher Sov'reign's frown.
You would not swear upon the bed of death.
Why so ? Your Maker now could stop your breath.
Behold this globe, those skies, the wondrous whole ;
And to th' Almighty Former, bow your soul.
Henceforth the Majesty of God revere :
Fear Him, and you have nothing else to fear !

The fine thought in the last line of this stanza is from Racine ("Athalie," Acte I. sc. 1) :

Je crains Dieu, cher Abner, et n'ai point d'autre crainte.

Which was adopted by Professor Smyth, in his Ode for the Installation of the Duke of Gloucester as Chancellor of Cambridge (Smyth's "English Lyrics," 1815, 151) :

From Piety, whose soul sincere
Fears God, and knows no other fear.

SAMUEL WESLEY,

The son of a clergyman of the same names, and the brother of the celebrated Methodists, John and Charles Wesley, was born about 1692. He was for some years usher of Westminster, and afterwards Master of Tiverton School. He took orders under the patronage of Bishop Atterbury, to whom, and to whose opinions, he was greatly attached,

and in consequence was much opposed to the views and conduct of his brothers. He died in 1739. A new edition of his poems, including his epigrams, was published in 1862.

THE RED RIBAND OF THE BATH.

Quoth Sir Robert, "Our ribands, I find, are too few,—
Of S. Andrew's the green, and S. George's the blue.
I must find out a red one, a colour more gay,
That will tie up my subjects with pride t' obey.
Though the 'chequer may suffer by prodigal donors,
Yet the king's ne'er exhausted, that fountain of honours."

This caustic epigram refers to the revival of the Order of the Bath by George I. in 1725, during the administration of Sir Robert Walpole, to whose politics Wesley was strongly opposed.

The last line but one of the epigram is, probably, a sly hit at Sir Robert Walpole's corruption by means of the secret service money, which was notorious. In reference to this the following epigram appears to have been written, which is also by Wesley, incorrectly ascribed, in the "New Foundling Hospital for Wit," to the Duke of Wharton:

From sunset to daybreak, when folks are asleep,
New watchmen are 'pointed the 'chequer to keep:
New locks and new bolts fasten every door,
And the chests are made three times as strong as before.
Yet the thieves, when 'tis open, the treasure may seize;
For the same are still trusted with care of the keys.
From the night to the morning, 'tis true, all is right;
But who shall secure it from morning to night?

*ON THE ERECTION OF BUTLER'S MONUMENT IN
WESTMINSTER ABBEY.*

Whilst Butler, needy wretch! was yet alive,
No gen'rous patron would a dinner give:
See him, when starved to death, and turn'd to dust,
Presented with a monumental bust!
The poet's fate is here in emblem shown,—
He ask'd for bread, and he receiv'd a stone.

Butler, the celebrated author of "Hudibras," was entirely neglected in life. His poem was read, admired, and praised by Charles II., the courtiers, and all the Royalist party; but instead of the honours and

emoluments which it was expected would be showered upon him, he was left in obscurity and indigence. In 1721, about forty years after his death, John Barber, a printer, afterwards Alderman and Lord Mayor of London, erected the monument to which Wesley's epigram refers.

In Pope's "Poetical Works" (Johnson's "Poets") is an epigram on this monument with a note, "Perhaps by Mr. Pope":

Respect to Dryden, Sheffield justly paid,
And noble Villiers honour'd Cowley's shade;
But whence this Barber?—that a name so mean
Should, join'd with Butler's, on a tomb be seen;
This pyramid would better far proclaim,
To future ages humble Settle's name:
Poet and patron then had been well pair'd,
The city printer and the city bard.

The obvious remark is, that if neither a Sheffield nor a Villiers were noble enough to erect a monument to the memory of the poet, all honour to the "city printer," who did what those of higher rank had neglected.

An epitaph, in which the sentiment is somewhat similar to that in Wesley's epigram, was inscribed by Horace Walpole on a monument which he erected in the churchyard of S. Anne's, Westminster, over the remains of Theodore, King of Corsica, who, after many reverses, became a prisoner for debt in the King's Bench, and died very shortly after his release (Walpole's Works, 1798, I. 158):

The grave, great teacher, to a level brings
Heroes, and beggars, galley slaves, and kings.
But Theodore this moral learn'd ere dead:
Fate pour'd its lesson on his living head;
Bestow'd a kingdom, and denied him bread.

THE MONUMENT.

A monster, in a course of vice grown old,
Leaves to his gaping heir his ill-gain'd gold;
Straight breathes his bust, straight are his virtues shown,
Their date commencing with the sculptured stone.
If on his specious marble we rely,
Pity a worth like his should ever die!
If credit to his *real* life we give,
Pity a wretch like him should ever live!

Bishop Hall, in one of his satires, is very severe on the erection of costly monuments to the vicious (Book III. sat. 2):

Small honour can be got with gaudy grave;
Nor it thy rotting name from death can save.

The fairer tomb, the fouler is thy name ;
 The greater pomp procuring greater shame.

* * * * *

Thine ill deserts cannot be grav'd with thee,
 So long as on thy grave they engrav'd be.

Massinger, in the "Fatal Dowry," makes the son of the brave and virtuous Charalois thus address his father's corpse (Act II. sc. 1):

Leaving thy heir so bare and indigent,
 He cannot raise thee a poor monument,
 Such as a flatterer or a usurer hath ;
 Thy worth in every honest breast, builds one,
 Making their friendly hearts thy funeral stone.

Byron's severe lines in "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" will be remembered:

Hope constancy in wind, or corn in chaff ;
 Believe a woman or an epitaph.

EPITAPH ON AN INFANT.

Beneath, a sleeping infant lies ;
 To earth whose ashes lent
 More glorious shall hereafter rise,
 Though not more innocent.

When the Archangel's trump shall blow,
 And souls and bodies join,
 What crowds will wish their lives below
 Had been as short as thine !

Of the many epitaphs on infants, few are so beautiful as this. The following, given in the 538th No. of the "Spectator," from S. Pancras churchyard, shows the blessing of *early* death as next to that of a well-spent life :

Here innocence and beauty lies, whose breath
 Was snatch'd by *early*, not *untimely*, death ;
 Hence she did go, just as she did begin
 Sorrow to know—before she knew to sin.
 Death, that can sin and sorrow thus prevent,
 Is the next blessing to a life well spent.

The following, in the cloisters of Canterbury Cathedral, is ! by Elizabeth Carter, the translator of Epictetus ("Gentleman's Magazine," LXXXIV. Part II. 515):

Though infant years no pompous honours claim,
 The vain parade of monumental fame,
 To better praise the last great day shall rear
 The peaceful innocence that slumbers here.

WILLIAM SOMERVILE.

Born 1692. Died 1742.

*LINES SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN IN THE
15TH CENTURY BY THE DUKE OF CLARENCE, OF THE
HOUSE OF YORK, AND SENT, WITH A WHITE ROSE, TO
LADY ELIZA BEAUCHAMP, DAUGHTER OF THE DUKE
OF SOMERSET, OF THE HOUSE OF LANCASTER.*

If this pale rose offend your sight,
It in your bosom wear ;
'Twill blush to find itself less white,
And turn Lancastrian there.

But if thy ruby lip it spy,
To kiss it should'st thou deign
With envy pale, 'twill lose its dye,
And Yorkist turn again.

The first stanza only is Somervile's, one of several on "Presenting to a Lady a White Rose and a Red on the Tenth of June." The second was added by Congreve. (See Sir Henry Hallford's "*Nugæ Metricæ*," 1842.) Somervile probably adopted the idea from Herrick, who has an epigram on the way roses became red :

Roses at first were white,
Till they co'd not agree,
Whether my *Sapho's* breast,
Or they more white sho'd be.

But being vanquisht quite,
A blush their cheeks bespred ;
Since which, beleeve the rest,
The roses first came red.

In "*Wit Restored*," ed. 1817, II. 20, there is a pretty epigram on the same subject, "To His Mistress" :

Shall I tell you how the rose at first grew red,
And whence the lily whiteness borrowed ?
You blush'd, and straight the rose with red was dight,
The lily kiss'd your hand, and so was white.
Before such time, each rose had but a stain,
And lilies nought but paleness did contain :
You have the native colour, these the dye,
And only flourish in your livery.

Spenser, in "*Daphnaïda*," gives a different reason for the colour of the rose :

It there befell, as I the fields did range,
 Fearlesse and free, a faire young lionesse,
 White as the native rose before the change
 Which Venus blood did in her leaves impresse,
 I spied * * * *

Spenser is, however, incorrect. He alludes, of course, to the story of Venus and Adonis; but it was from the blood of the latter that the red rose sprung, and from the tears of the former the anemone; as may be seen in Bion's *Idyllium* on the death of Adonis. The same mistake occurs in a very beautiful epigram translated by Moore from the Latin, more to be admired in the English, especially the last line, even than in the original (Moore's "*Poetical Works*"):

While the enamour'd queen of joy
 Flies to protect her lovely boy,
 On whom the jealous war-god rushes;
 She treads upon a thorned rose,
 And while the wound with crimson flows,
 The snowy flow'et feels her blood, and blushes!

An epigram by Dr. John Carey, "*Origin of the Red Rose*," is in the "*Gentleman's Magazine*," LXXXIX. Part II. 67:

As, erst, in Eden's blissful bow'rs,
 Young Eve survey'd her countless flow'rs,
 An op'ning rose, of purest white,
 She mark'd, with eyes that beam'd delight.
 Its leaves she kiss'd: and straight it drew,
 From Beauty's lip, the vermeil hue.

TO DR. — READING MATHEMATICS.

Vain our pursuits of knowledge, vain our care,
 The cost and labour we may justly spare.
 Death from this coarse alloy refines the mind,
 Leaves us at large t' expatiate unconfin'd;
 All science opens to our wondering eyes,
 And the good man is in a moment wise.

The Jesuit Bernardus Bauhusius has a Latin epigram on the death of Christopher Clavius, a German Jesuit, who wrote an elaborate work on mathematics, and who was sent for to Rome, to assist in the reformation of the Calendar by Pope Gregory, where he died in 1612. The translation is by James Wright ("*Delitiæ Delitiarum*," 209):

When doubting of some stars, thus Clavius cried,
 Let me, O God, nearer behold; and died.

The close of an epitaph on Sir Isaac Newton may be compared ("*Elegant Extracts*"):

Who in the eye of Heaven like Enoch stood,
And thro' the paths of knowledge walk'd with God :
Whose fame extends, a sea without a shore !
Who but forsook one world to know the laws of more.

EPITAPH ON HUGH LUMBER, A HUSBANDMAN.

In cottages and homely cells
True piety neglected dwells ;
Till call'd to heaven, her native seat,
Where the good man alone is great :
'Tis then his humble dust shall rise,
And view his Judge with joyful eyes ;
While haughty tyrants shrink afraid,
And call the mountains to their aid.

Bancroft, the epigrammatist of the seventeenth century, has an epigram on "Pride and Humility," which may be compared with Somerville's epitaph (Book II. 62) :

Mountains their tallness lose, but vallies grow
Higher, by ruins on their bosom cast ;
And climbing pride comes tumbling down below,
But humble goodness will reach heaven at last.

PHILIP DORMER STANHOPE, FOURTH EARL OF
CHESTERFIELD,

Was born in 1694. He was a courtier, an ambassador, and a wit ; but is popularly remembered now as the nobleman whose tardily-offered patronage Dr. Johnson declined with disdain ; and as the author of "Letters to his Son," which contain little grace and less morality. He died in 1773.

*ON SEEING A WHOLE-LENGTH PORTRAIT OF NASH
BETWEEN THE BUSTS OF SIR ISAAC NEWTON AND
POPE IN THE ROOMS AT BATH.*

Immortal Newton never spoke
More truth than here you'll find ;
Nor Pope himself e'er penn'd a joke
More cruel on mankind.

The picture, plac'd the busts between,
 Gives satire all its strength :
 Wisdom and Wit are little seen,
 But Folly at full length.

This is taken from the "Festoon," published in the lifetime of the Earl. It is not found in his "Miscellaneous Works," 2 vols. 4to, 1777. In the works, however, there is a much longer piece on the same subject, the last verse of which is, with the exception of the second line, the same as the last verse of the epigram.

Another epigram on Nash may be inserted here. Dr. Johnson, talking of infidel writers and of injudicious defenders of religion, said of the latter : "To such I would apply a stanza of a poem which I remember to have seen in some old collection" (Boswell's "Life of Johnson," year 1784). The collection is, "The Foundling Hospital for Wit," from which Boswell gives the entire epigram, "Occasioned by a Religious Dispute at Bath." The initials only of the names are printed; but they are Bentley, son of the great critic, and Beau Nash :

On Reason, Faith, and mystery high,
 Two wits harangue the table ;
 Bentley believes he knows not why,
 Nash swears 'tis all a fable.

Peace, coxcombs, peace, and both agree ;
 Nash, kiss thy empty brother ;
 Religion laughs at foes like thee,
 And dreads a friend like t'other.

Johnson remarked of the stanza which he quoted, "The point is well, though the expression is not correct; *one*, and not *thea*, should be opposed to *t'other*." The following emendation has been suggested :

Peace, coxcombs, peace ! Such contests shun !
 Nash, kiss thy empty brother ;
 Religion laughs at foes like one,
 And dreads a friend like t'other.

TO MISS AMBROSE.

At a ball given by Lord Chesterfield, when Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, on the anniversary of the battle of the Boyne, a Roman Catholic lady of great beauty, Miss Ambrose, appeared with an orange lily in her dress. The Earl addressed her in the following extempore lines :

Say, lovely Tory, why the jest,
 Of wearing orange on thy breast,
 When that same breast betraying shows
 The whiteness of the rebel rose ?

In allusion to the beauty of this lady, Lord Chesterfield used to say

that she was the only dangerous Papist in Ireland ("Anecdotes of Eminent Persons," 1804, I. 268).

The epigram is not found in Lord Chesterfield's "Miscellaneous Works," but is ascribed to him by almost general consent. In the "Asylum for Fugitive Pieces," however, it is given to "the late John St. Leger, Esq." Another epigram on the same lady is in Chesterfield's Works.

ELIZABETH TOLLET,

Daughter of George Tollet, Esq., who, as a commissioner of the navy, had a house in the Tower in the reigns of King William and Queen Anne. She was born in 1694, and died in 1754.

THE TRIUMVIRATE OF POETS.

(Nichols' "Collection of Poems," VI. 67, 1780.)

Britain with Greece and Rome contended long
 For lofty genius and poetic song,
 Till this Augustan age with three was blest,
 To fix the prize and finish the contest.
 In Addison, immortal Virgil reigns ;
 So pure his numbers, so refin'd his strains :
 Of nature full, with more impetuous heat,
 In Prior Horace shines, sublimely great.
 Thy country, Homer ! we dispute no more,
 For Pope has fix'd it to his native shore.

The thought in the last two lines finds expression in an anonymous epigram addressed to Pope ("The Grove," 1721, 265):

So much, dear Pope, thy English Iliad charms,
 As pity melts us, or as passion warms,
 That after-ages shall with wonder seek
 Who 'twas translated *Homer* into *Greek*.

This view, however, of Pope's "Homer" is scarcely original, as very much the same was said years before of Chapman's translation, in an address to that poet ("Wit Restored," ed. 1817, II. 11):

Thou ghost of Homer, 'twere no fault to call
 His the translation, thine the original,
 Did we not know 'twas done by thee so well :
 Thou makest Homer, Homer's self excel.

Ben Jonson, in some introductory commendatory verses to "Bartas, his Divine Weeks and Works, translated, and dedicated to the King's Most Excellent Majesty, by Joshua Sylvester," 1605, has the following, speaking of Du Bartas, and addressing Sylvester:

So well in that are his inventions wrought,
As his will now be the *translation* thought,
Thine the *original*; and *France* shall boast
No more those maiden glories she hath lost.

ANDREW JACKSON,

Born in 1694, was a dealer in old books, and kept a shop for many years in Clare Court, Drury Lane. He had a love for literature, and wrote as well as read. In 1740 he published the first book of "Paradise Lost" in rhyme, and, ten years afterwards, tales from Chaucer in modern verse, placing on the title-page the following epigram to explain the object of his publication (Nichols' "Literary Anecdotes," III. 626):

The first refiner of our native lays
Chaunted these tales in second Richard's days;
Time grudg'd his wit, and on his language fed!
We rescue but the living from the dead;
And what was sterling verse so long ago
Is here new coined to make it current now.

John Skelton, an old English poet, born towards the latter part of the 15th century, speaks thus of the honour due to Chaucer:

O noble Chaucer, whose pullished eloquence
Our Englishe rude so freshely hath set out,
That bounde are we with all due reverence,
With all our strengthe that we can bryng about,
To owe to you our service, and more if we nowte.

* * * * *
* * * * *

So, Akenside, in his "Inscription for a Statue of Chaucer," speaks:

Of him who first with harmony inform'd
The language of our fathers.

And Addison, in "An Account of the Greatest English Poets," says of Chaucer, in exact accordance with the third line of Jackson's epigram:

But age has rusted what the poet writ,
Worn out his language, and obscur'd his wit.

FRANÇOIS MARIE AROUET DE VOLTAIRE.

Born 1694. Died 1778.

TO LAURA HARLEY, 1727.

("Œuvres de Voltaire." Paris, 1837, II. 806.)

Laura, would you know the passion
 You have kindled in my breast?
 Trifling is the inclination,
 That by words can be express'd.

In my silence see the lover,
 True love is by silence known :
 In my eyes you'll best discover
 All the power of your own.

In Dodsley's "Collection" these lines are stated to have been addressed to Lady Hervey, who was the daughter of General Nicholas le Pell.

Sir Walter Raleigh, in "The Silent Lover," says very much the same of true love (Ellis' "Specimens of the Early English Poets," 1803, II. 223):

Passions are liken'd best to floods and streams;
 The shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb :
 So when affections yield discourse, it seems
 The bottom is but shallow whence they come.
 They that are rich in words must needs discover
 They are but poor in that which makes a lover.

INSCRIPTION FOR A STATUE OF CUPID.

("Œuvres de Voltaire." Paris, 1837, II. 765.)

Translated from the French by Granville (Lord Lansdowne).

Whoe'er thou art, thy lord and master see,
 Thou wast my slave, thou art, or thou shalt be.

Numberless passages may be found in the poets of every age on this subject. An Ode of Anacreon, thus translated by Fawkes, shows Cupid's power (Ode 58):

To Love I wake the silver string,
 And of his soft dominion sing :
 A wreath of flowers adorns his brow,
 The sweetest, fairest flowers that blow :

All mortals own his mighty sway,
And him the gods above obey.

Alexis, a Greek comic poet, who flourished B.C. 356, thus speaks in a fragment preserved by Athenæus, Book XIII., translated, or rather paraphrased, by Cumberland ("Observer," No. 101):

The man who holds true pleasure to consist
In pampering his vile body, and defies
Love's great divinity, rashly maintains
Weak impious war with an immortal god.
The gravest master that the schools can boast
Ne'er train'd his pupils to such discipline,
As Love his votaries, unrivall'd power,
The first great deity—and where is he,
So stubborn and determinately stiff,
But shall at some time bend the knee to love,
And make obeisance to his mighty shrine?

Shakespeare has many passages on the power of Love. In "Love's Labour's Lost" (Act I. sc. 2), Armado says: "Cupid's butt-shaft is too hard for Hercules' club, and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier. . . . His disgrace is to be called boy; but his glory is to subdue men."

And in the "Two Gentlemen of Verona" (Act II. sc. 4), Valentine says:

Oh, gentle Proteus, Love's a mighty lord;
And hath so humbled me, as, I confess,
There is no woe to his correction,
Nor to his service, no such joy on earth!

ON THE PHRASE, "TO KILL TIME."

Translated from the French in "Select Epigrams."

Time speaks.

There's scarce a point whereon mankind agree
So well, as in their boast of killing me:
I boast of nothing, but, when I've a mind,
I think I can be even with mankind.

The riddle, "On Time," by Swift, or one of his friends, may be compared with this epigram:

Ever eating, never cloying,
All devouring, all destroying,
Never finding full repast,
Till I eat the world at last.

Charles V. asserted that himself, backed by Time, was a match for any other two. Dr. Franklin, referring to this in a letter to W. Car-

michael, Esq., says that he had somewhere met with an answer to it in this distich ("Memoirs of Benjamin Franklin," by his grandson, W. T. Franklin, 1818, III. 83):

I and Time, 'gainst any two.
Chance and I, 'gainst Time and you.

BELL-RINGERS.

Translated from the French, in "Miscellaneous Poetical Extracts from Newspapers."

Ye rascals of ringers, ye merciless foes,
And disturbers of all who are fond of repose,
How I wish for the quiet and peace of the land,
That ye wore round your necks what you hold in your hand!

Hood, in "Up the Rhine," writes: "Past one o'clock, and here I am not couchant but rampant! Yet have I been between the sheets, and all but into the soft arms of Mr. Morpheus, but oh! Gerard, a night at Bonn is anything but a *bonne nuit*! . . . Partial as I am to music, I could not relish these outbreaks, nor did it comfort me a whit, that all who met or overtook these wassailers (the University students) joined most skilfully and scientifically in the tune!

"I like your German singers well,
But hate them too, and for this reason,
Although they always sing in time,
They often sing quite out of season.'"

GILBERT WEST.

Born towards the close of the 17th century. Died 1756.

*INSCRIPTION ON A CELL IN LORD WESTMORELAND'S
GROUNDS.*

Beneath these moss-grown roots, this rustic cell,
Truth, Liberty, Content, sequester'd dwell;
Say you, who dare our hermitage disdain,
What drawing-room can boast so fair a train?

These lines are characteristic of West, who, delighting in the truth of nature, the liberty of country life, and the content which simple habits

produce, preferred his quiet seat at Wickham to the gaiety and constraints of London drawing-rooms. In the very spirit of West, his intimate friend and cousin, Lord Lyttelton, addressed the following pretty epigram to him :

Fair Nature's sweet simplicity,
With elegance refin'd,
Well in thy seat, my friend, I see,
But better in thy mind.

To both, from courts and all their state,
Eager I fly, to prove
Joys far above a courtier's fate,
Tranquillity and love.

A similarity to West's lines, and also in sentiment to Lord Lyttelton's, will be observed in the following inscription " Upon the Thatched House in the Wood of Sanderson Millar, Esq. at Radway, in Warwickshire." It is taken from a MS. note-book, and given in "Notes and Queries," 2nd S. IV. 291. The author is the Rev. James Merrick, of Trinity College, Oxford, whose chief work was "The Psalms translated or paraphrased in English Verse," 1765 :

Stay, passenger, and though within
Nor gold nor sparkling gem be seen,
To strike the dazzled eye ;
Yet enter and thy raptur'd mind
Beneath this humble roof shall find
What gold could never buy.

Within this solitary cell
Calm thought and sweet contentment dwell,
Parents of bliss sincere ;
Peace spreads around her balmy wings,
And banish'd from the courts of kings,
Has fixed her mansion here.

WILLIAM CLARKE,

Was born in Shropshire in 1696. He became rector of Buxted, in Sussex, and subsequently a prebendary and chancellor of Chichester cathedral. Antiquities were his favourite study, and he was a secret though not unsuccessful votary of the Muses. The learned Bishop Huntingford speaks of his "exquisite taste and diversified erudition;" and so noted was he as a peacemaker in quarrels, which seem to have been rife among the members of the Chapter of Chichester, that it was said after his death in 1771, "The peace of the Church of Chichester has expired with Mr. Clarke." The poet Hayley wrote an epitaph on this amiable man and his wife, which commences :

Mild William Clarke and Anne his wife,

ON SEEING THE WORDS "*DOMUS ULTIMA*" INSCRIBED
ON THE VAULT BELONGING TO THE DUKES OF
RICHMOND IN CHICHESTER CATHEDRAL.

(Nichols' "Literary Anecdotes," IV. 372.)

Did he, who thus inscrib'd the wall,
Not read, or not believe S. Paul,
Who says there is, where'er it stands,
Another house not made with hands ;
Or may we gather from these words,
That house is not a house of Lords ?

Of this Hayley said: "Perhaps there are few better epigrams in our language;" and Rapin, who declared it enough for any one man to have composed one *good* epigram, would probably have acknowledged that Clarke deserved the bays as an epigrammatist.

The inscription, on which the epigram is founded, is (or was) on a mural tablet at the east end of the Duke's vault, near S. Mary's Chapel in the Cathedral (Nichols, as above):

Sibi et suis, posterisque eorum
Hoc Hypogæum vivus F. O.
Carolus Richmondiaë, Liviniaë,
Et Albiniaë dux,
Anno æræ Christianæ 1750.
Hæc est Domus ultima.

WILLIAM OLDYS,

Was born in 1696. He was librarian to the Earl of Oxford, and afterwards Norroy-King-at-Arms. He had a great knowledge of English books, and chiefly supported himself by writing for the book-sellers. "A Collection of Epigrams, with a Dissertation on this Species of Poetry," the 2nd edition of which was published in 1735, has been ascribed to him, but no sufficient authority for this has been found. He died in 1761.

ON A FLY DRINKING OUT OF A CUP OF ALE.

Busy, curious, thirsty fly !
Drink with me, and drink as I !
Freely welcome to my cup,
Could'st thou sip and sip it up :

Make the most of life you may;
Life is short and wears away!

Both alike are mine and thine,
Hastening quick to their decline!
Thine's a summer, mine no more,
Though repeated to threescore!
Threescore summers when they're gone,
Will appear as short as one.

Disraeli, in his "Curiosities of Literature" (Art. "Oldys and his MSS."), confirms this Anacreontic as the production of Oldys, and gives it in its correct form, as here set down, without a third stanza, which is commonly printed with it, but which is an interpolation.

We may compare the last stanza of Dr. Johnson's "Ode on Winter":

Catch then, O! catch the transient hour,
Improve each moment as it flies;
Life's a short summer—man a flower:
He dies—alas! how soon he dies!

*ON FLATMAN'S THREE VOCATIONS—POETRY, PAINTING,
AND LAW.*

(Horace Walpole's Works, 1798, III. 300.)

Should Flatman for his client strain the laws,
The Painter gives some colour to the cause:
Should critics censure what the Poet writ,
The Pleader quits him at the bar of wit.

Flatman was a barrister, but it does not appear that he ever made the law a profession. In poetry he was not very successful, but in painting attained some eminence. Granger says one of his heads is worth a ream of his Pindarics.

MATTHEW GREEN,

Was born about 1696, and died at the early age of 41. He had a place in the Custom House. He published nothing during his life, but his Poems were collected after his death; the chief is one entitled "The Spleen," which Pope pronounced very original, and which has gained the praise of the most competent critics.

*ON BISHOP GILBERT BURNET'S AND THE REV. LAURENCE
ECHARD'S HISTORIES.*

("The Spleen and other Poems," 1796, 59.)

Gil's history appears to me
Political anatomy,
A case of skeletons well done,
And malefactors every one.
His sharp and strong incision pen
Historically cuts up men,
And does with lucid skill impart
Their inward ails of head and heart.
Laurence proceeds another way,
And well-dress'd figures doth display:
His characters are all in flesh,
Their hands are fair, their faces fresh;
And from his sweet'ning art derive
A better scent than when alive.
He wax-work made to please the sons,
Whose fathers were Gil's skeletons.

Of Bishop Burnet's "History of his own Time," Swift said: "His characters are miserably wrought, in many things mistaken, and all of them detracting, except of those who were friends to the Presbyterians."

Laurence Echard was Archdeacon of Stowe. He published a "History of England" terminating with the Revolution. In politics he was opposed to Burnet, and wrote accordingly; but his history was acknowledged to be fair, and Dr. Edmund Calamy, who published a pamphlet against some of Mr. Echard's conclusions, praised his clearness of method, perspicuity of language, and the "smooth and polite way" in which the history is written.

THE MODERN LADY.

Could our first father, at his toilsome plough,
Thorns in his path, and labour on his brow;
Cloth'd only in a rude, unpolish'd skin,
Could he a vain fantastic nymph have seen,
In all her airs, in all her modern graces,
Her various fashions and more various faces;
How had it puzzled him, who late assign'd
Just appellations to each several kind,

A right idea of the sight to frame,
 To guess from what new element she came,
 To fix the wavering form, and give the *thing a name* !

This is not found in the "Spleen and other Poems," but is ascribed to Green on the authority of Hackett, who, in "A Collection of Select Epigrams," 1757, Ep. 58, states that it is "by the author of the 'Spleen.'"

The "various fashions and more various faces" of modern nymphs, is a subject upon which epigrammatic wit has been continually exercised. The following "Impromptu; To a Lady enquiring why Beards were not worn as in former times," is amusing, and very applicable in the days of Green, though it is not so in our own ("Gentleman's Magazine," LXXVIII. Part II. 1107):

To brush the cheeks of ladies fair,
 With genuine charms o'erspread;
 Their sapient beards with mickle care,
 Our wise forefathers fed.

But since our modern ladies take
 Such pains to paint their faces;
 What havock would such brushes make
 Among the Loves and Graces !

WILLIAM HOGARTH.

The celebrated Painter. Born 1697. Died 1764.

QUIN, MACKLIN, AND RICH.

(Nichols' "Collection of Poems," VIII. 232, 1782.)

"Your servant, sir," says surly Quin.
 "Sir, I am yours," replies Macklin.
 "Why, you're the very Jew you play,
 Your face performs the task well."
 "And you are Sir John Brute, they say,
 And an accomplish'd Maskwell."
 Says Rich, who heard the sneering elves,
 And knew their horrid hearts,
 "Acting too much your very selves,
 You overdo your parts."

This is said to be an almost unique specimen of Hogarth's wit in epigrammatic form.

Quin, who was famous for his playing of Sir John Brute, is commemorated by Churchill, in the "Rosciad," in that poet's usual strain of satire :

In Brute he shone unequall'd : all agree
 Garrick's not half so great a brute as he.

Macklin gained his laurels as Shylock, and when he died in 1797 at the age (it is said) of 107, the epitaph was remembered, which Pope had, many years before, given as the most appropriate for his tomb. The lines have appeared in various forms, and the circumstances under which they were extemporized have been told in different ways. That Pope was the author has been denied, but without sufficient reason. ("Collection of Epitaphs," 1806, I. 30) :

Here lies the Jew
 That Shakespeare drew.

Rich was manager of the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and afterwards patentee of Covent Garden.

VINCENT BOURNE,

Whose Latin poems are the admiration of scholars, was born about 1698. He was educated at Westminster, whence he removed to Trinity College, Cambridge. After taking his degree he became an usher in Westminster School, and died of a lingering disorder in 1747.

THE CAUSE WON (Ed. 1772, 195).

Translated from the Latin by Cowper.

Two neighbours furiously dispute ;
 A field—the subject of the suit.
 Trivial the spot, yet such the rage
 With which the combatants engage,
 'Twere hard to tell who covets most
 The prize—at whatsoever cost.
 The pleadings swell. Words still suffice :
 No single word but has its price.
 No term but yields some fair pretence
 For novel and increased expense.
 Defendant thus becomes a name,
 Which he that bore it may disclaim ;
 Since both, in one description blended,
 Are plaintiffs—when the suit is ended.

Boileau's famous epigram on a law-suit, translated by Pope, is in the Works of the latter poet.

An anonymous epigram on this subject is given in "Select Epigrams," entitled "The Fatal Victory":

Unhappy Chremes, neighbour to a peer,
Kept half his sheep, and fatted half his deer;
Each day his gates thrown down, his fences broke,
And injur'd still the more, the more he spoke:
At length, resolv'd his potent foe to awe,
And guard his right by statute and by law,
A suit in Chancery the wretch begun;
Nine happy terms through bill and answer run,
Obtain'd his cause,—had costs, and—was undone. }

This brings to mind Martial's Epigram (Book VII. 65) on Gargilianus, who was determined to carry his cause through every court rather than lose it. The force of the original is well given in the following free translation by Halhed ("Imitations of Some of the Epigrams of Martial," 1793-4, Part I. 27):

Full twenty years, through all the courts,
One craving process George supports.
You're mad, George—twenty years! you're mad:
— A nonsuit's always to be had.

This is probably the original of a Latin epigram by Owen (Book VIII. 67), translated by Harvey (altered):

Thy suit depends in law: better suspend,
And pay the costs, than let it long depend.

NO SORROW PECULIAR TO THE SUFFERER
(Ed. 1772, 250).

Translated from the Latin by Cowper.

The lover, in melodious verses,
His singular distress rehearses;
Still closing with a rueful cry,
"Was ever such a wretch as I!"
Yes! thousands have endured before
All thy distress; some, haply, more.
Unnumber'd Corydons complain,
And Strephons, of the like disdain;
And if thy Chloe be of steel,
Too deaf to hear, too hard to feel;
Not her alone that censure fits,
Nor thou alone hast lost thy wits.

Shakespeare, in the "Two Gentlemen of Verona" (Act V. sc. 4), makes Valentine piteously say :

Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes,
Tune my distresses, and record my woes.

And Proteus, in the same scene :

O, 'tis the curse in love, and still approv'd,
When women cannot love, where they're belov'd.

ON A SEPULCHRAL STATUE OF AN INFANT SLEEPING
(Ed. 1772, 329).

Translated from the Latin by Charles Lamb.

Beautiful infant who dost keep
Thy posture here, and sleep'st a marble sleep,
May the repose unbroken be,
Which the fine artist's hand hath lent to thee,
While thou enjoy'st along with it
That which no art, or craft could ever hit,
Or counterfeit to mortal sense,
The heaven-infused sleep of Innocence !

Cowper's beautiful "Lines on a Sleeping Infant" may perhaps have been suggested by Bourne's ; for, though the subject be different, the thoughts called forth are of the same character, and Cowper was an ardent admirer of "Vinny Bourne," as he used affectionately to call him, having been under him at Westminster :

Sweet babe ! whose image here express'd
Does thy peaceful slumbers show ;
Guilt or fear, to break thy rest,
Never did thy spirit know.
Soothing slumbers ! soft repose,
Such as mock the painter's skill,
Such as innocence bestows,
Harmless infant ! lull thee still.

DR. JOHN JORTIN,

Born in 1698, was a learned divine, and a critic of great ingenuity. He was rector of S. Dunstan's-in-the-East, and of Kensington, and Archdeacon of London. Dr. Parr says: "Whether I look back to his verse, to his prose, to his critical, or to his theological works, there are few authors to whom I am so much indebted for rational entertainment, or for solid instruction." He died in 1770. The following pieces are taken from his "Tracts, Philological, Critical, and Miscellaneous," 1790.

EPITAPH ON A CAT.

(Written in Latin and English.)

With age o'erwhelm'd, deep sunk in dire disease,
At last I visit the infernal shades:
Fair Proserpine, with smiles, dispos'd to please,
Said, "Welcome, Tabby, to th' elysian glades."

But ah! I cried, mild queen of silent sprites,
Grant me, once more, to view my late dear home:
Once more;—to tell the man of studious nights,
"I love thee faithful still, tho' distant far I roam."

Dr. Jortin, who loved exactness, informs us that Tabby died in 1756, aged 14 years, 2 months, and 4 days. That she lived to so great an age justifies the epigram of Vincent Bourne, which has been thus translated from the Latin by Gilbert Wakefield (Bourne, ed. 1772, 277):

To all the Tabby kind alone
Fate has a partial kindness shown.
Their thread to thrice three lengths is run;
Their life on thrice three spindles spun.
Is puss thrown headlong to the street
From a house-top? She finds her feet.
Should butchers and their curs annoy her?
Nor butchers nor their curs destroy her.
Should she lose three or e'en four lives?
By more than half she still survives.

William Harrison, who was secretary to the plenipotentiaries for the treaty of peace at Utrecht, commemorates the death of a lady's cat, who, notwithstanding her nine lives, at length succumbed to fate (Nichols' "Collection of Poems," IV. 182, 1780):

And is Miss Tabby from the world retir'd?
And are her lives, all her nine lives expir'd?

What sounds, so moving as her own, can tell
 How Tabby died, how full of play she fell !
 Begin, ye tuneful Nine, a mournful strife,
 For every Muse should celebrate a life.

EPITAPH ON PÆTA.

Translated from the Latin by James Meyrick, in Jortin's "Tracts."

Thee, Pæta, death's relentless hand
 Cut off in earliest bloom :
 Oh ! had the fates for me ordain'd
 To share an equal doom ;

With joy this busy world I'd leave,
 This hated light resign,
 To lay me in the peaceful grave,
 And be for ever thine.

Do thou, if Lethé court thy lip,
 To taste its stream forbear :
 Still in thy soul his image keep,
 Who hastes to meet thee there.

Safe o'er the dark and dreary shore
 In quest of thee I'll roam ;
 Love with his lamp shall run before,
 And break the circling gloom.

This Latin epitaph was published by Dr. Jortin as a "fragment of an inscription" in ancient form. Burmann admitted it into his Latin Anthology, and commended it very highly, though questioning its antiquity. It is, perhaps, the happiest imitation extant of an ancient inscription. The latter part has much resemblance to a Greek epigram by an unknown author, which is thus translated by Merivale (Jacobs IV. 252, dcxlii.) :

How often, Lycid, shall I bathe with tears
 This little stone which our great love endears !
 Thou too, in memory of the vows we made,
 Drink not of Lethé in the realms of shade !

EPITAPH ON DR. STEPHEN HALES.

(Written in Latin and English.)

Of sweet simplicity, of generous breast,
 Godlike Religion! thy undoubted test;
 Of vivid genius, form'd for public good,
 Source to the wretch, of joy,—the poor, of food:
 Such were thy titles; high and low the same
 Bespoke thee, Hales; and these God's voice proclaim.

Dr. Hales was an eminent natural philosopher. His invention of ventilators for mines, prisons, hospitals, &c., proved most valuable for the preservation of life and health. He was held in high estimation for his learning and his benevolence. Pope, in the second of his "*Moral Essays*," highly compliments him, and dignifies him with the appellation of "plain Parson Hale"; though the poet, from carelessness or for the sake of the rhyme, spells his name incorrectly.



RICHARD SAVAGE.

Born 1698. Died 1743.

*TO MIRANDA, CONSORT OF AARON HILL, ESQ., ON
READING HER POEMS.*

Each softening charm of Clio's smiling song,
 Montague's soul, which shines divinely strong,
 These blend with graceful ease to form thy rhyme,
 Tender, yet chaste; sweet-sounding, yet sublime;
 Wisdom and wit have made thy works their care,
 Each passion glows, refin'd by precept, there:
 To fair Miranda's form each grace is kind;
 The Muses and the Virtues tune thy mind.

Dr. Johnson was equally complimentary in an epigram addressed "To Lady Firebrace at Bury Assizes," which first appeared in the "*Gentleman's Magazine*," VIII. 486:

At length must Suffolk's beauties shine in vain,
 So long renown'd in B——n's deathless strain?
 Thy charms at least, fair Firebrace, might inspire
 Some zealous bard to wake the sleeping lyre,
 For such thy beauteous mind and lovely face,
 Thou seem'st at once, bright nymph, a Muse and Grace.

This lady was Bridget, daughter of Philip Bacon, of Ipswich. She married first, Edward Evers, of the same place; secondly, Sir Cordell Firebrace; and thirdly, William Campbell, brother of John, third Duke of Argyll.

The two ladies thus commemorated were endowed with more substantial advantages than those conferred by the Muses and Graces, for they both brought handsome fortunes to their husbands.

Johnson mentions his lines in a letter to Cave, the editor of the "Gentleman's Magazine": "The verses to Lady Firebrace may be had when you please, for you know that such a subject neither deserves much thought nor requires it." Croker, in a note to Boswell's "Life of Johnson," I. 150, ed. 1835, says: "It seems quite unintelligible how these six silly lines should be the production of Johnson"; and he conjectures, "that Cave may have sent some verses of another correspondent, on Lady Firebrace, to Johnson to correct or curtail." But this conjecture is scarcely consistent with the expressions used by Johnson in his letter.

WILLIAM BOWYER,

A printer of great learning, and extensive acquaintance with literary men, was born in 1699, and in 1716 admitted of S. John's College, Cambridge. He afterwards became a partner in his father's printing-house, and from that time until his death, in 1777, was constantly engaged in his business—in literary correspondence—and in writing and editing valuable works. The following epigrams are found in Nichols' "Literary Anecdotes of the 18th Century."

TO BE PLACED UNDER A HEAD OF GULLIVER.

Here learn, from moral truth and wit refin'd,
How vice and folly have debas'd mankind;
Strong sense and honour arm in Virtue's cause;
Thus her great votary vindicates her laws:
While bold and free the glowing colours strike;
Blame not the painter if the picture's like.

On the subject of the last line, a passage may be quoted from Bishop Hall's postscript to his satires, written as an apology for them: "Why should vices be unblamed, for fear of blame? And, if thou may'st spit upon a toad unvenomed, why may'st thou not speak of a vice without danger? Especially so warily as I have endeavoured: who, in the impartial mention of so many vices, may safely profess to be altogether guiltless in myself to the intention of any guilty person who might be blemished by the likelihood of my conceived application; thereupon choosing rather to mar mine own verse than another's name. Which, notwithstanding, if the injurious reader shall wrest to his own spite,

and disparaging of others, it is a short answer, '*Art thou guilty?*' Complain not : thou art not wronged. '*Art thou guiltless?*' Complain not : thou art not touched."

ON DEAN SWIFT.

Which gave the Drapier birth two realms contend :
And each asserts her poet, patriot, friend :
Her mitre jealous Britain may deny ;
That loss Ierne's laurel shall supply ;
Through life's low vale, she, grateful, gave him bread ;
Her vocal stones shall vindicate him dead.

This was written by Bowyer and Nichols conjointly, on the occasion of the publication by them of the latter volumes of Swift's Works in 1762. The epigram is said to have been suggested by the following inscription by John Cunningham, intended for a monument to the Dean :

Say, to the Drapier's vast unbounded fame
What added honours can the sculptor give ?
None—'Tis a sanction from the Drapier's name
Must bid the sculptor and the marble live.

This was probably taken from some translation of a Greek epigram by an uncertain author ; perhaps the one in the "Spectator," which will be found under George Herbert. Cunningham was not scholar enough to be acquainted with the original.

With regard to the third line of Bowyer's epigram it may be noticed that Queen Anne wished Swift to be a bishop, but was cautioned against promoting him by Dr. Sharp, Archbishop of York, who remarked, "that her Majesty should be sure that the man whom she was going to make a bishop was at least a Christian." The Archbishop was afterwards reconciled to Swift, and even asked his forgiveness ; but the Dean, whose chance of a bishopric was gone, bitterly alludes to the occasion in "The Author upon Himself" :

York is from Lambeth sent to show the Queen
A dangerous treatise writ against the spleen ;
Which, by the style, the matter, and the drift,
'Tis thought could be the work of none but Swift.
Poor York ! the harmless tool of others' hate ;
He sues for pardon, and repents too late.

The treatise was the "Tale of a Tub."

JOHN WHALEY,

Was born at the end of the 17th or the beginning of the 18th century. He was a Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and an assistant master of Eton. He published a volume of Poems in 1732 and another in 1745. The following epigrams are in the latter. He was a clergyman, but does not appear to have been an honour to his profession. He died in distress.

ON GAMBLING.

To gild o'er avarice with a specious name,
 To suffer torment while for sport you game,
 Time to reverse and Order to defy,
 To make your temper subject to a die,
 To curse your fate for each unlucky throw,
 Your reason, sense, and prudence to forego;
 To call each power infernal to your part,
 To sit with anxious eyes, and aching heart;
 Your fortune, time, and health to throw away,
 Is what our modern men of taste call *play*.

The following lines on gambling are by Madame des Houlières, a French poetess, who shone among the wits of the reign of Louis XIV. The translation is taken from "Selections from the French Anas," 1797, II. 32:

Amusement which exceeds the measure
 Of reason, ceases to be pleasure.
 Play, merely for diversion's sake,
 Is fair, nor risks an heavy stake.
 The vet'ran gamester, void of shame,
 Is man no longer but in name.
 His mind the slave of every vice
 Spawn'd by that foul fiend Avarice.
 Though with integrity and sense
 The gamester may his trade commence,
 The lust of gold will soon impart
 Its subtle poison to his heart.
 To each mean trick inur'd to stoop,
 The knave soon supersedes the dupe.

*ON A NORTHERN BEAUTY.**Translated from the Latin by Dr. Timothy Thomas.*

Though from the North the damsel came,
 All spring is in her breast;
 Her skin is of the driven snow,
 But sunshine all the rest.

There is a similar idea in Wordsworth's pretty poem, "She was a Phantom of Delight":

Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair;
 Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
 But all things else about her drawn
 From May-time and the cheerful Dawn.

ON A WASP'S SETTLING ON DELIA'S ARM.

How sweetly careless Delia seems,
 (Her innocence can fear no harm)
 While round th' envenomed insect skims,
 Then settles on her snowy arm!

Ye flutt'ring beaux, and spiteful bards,
 To you this moral truth I sing:
 Sense, join'd to virtue, disregards
 Both Folly's buzz and Satire's sting.

Very similar in spirit is Swift's view of the impotence of satire, in an epistle "To Dr. Delany on the Libels written against him":

Though splendour gives the fairest mark
 To poison'd arrows from the dark,
 Yet, in yourself when smooth and round,
 They glance aside without a wound.

STEPHEN DUCK.

This remarkable person was an agricultural labourer, born about the beginning of the 18th century. He had a thirst for knowledge, and some inclination towards poetry; and studied such books as his poverty enabled him to obtain. Some of his verses were shown to Queen Caroline, who settled upon him an annuity of about £30 a year. In

1733 he was made one of the yeomen of the guard, and soon afterwards, though quite unfitted in point of learning for such a position, was ordained, and presented to the living of Byfleet, in Surrey. His last advancement was to the chaplaincy of a regiment of dragoon guards. He committed suicide in a fit of insanity in 1756.

PROPER INGREDIENTS TO MAKE A SCEPTIC.

(“Poems on Several Occasions. By Stephen Duck,” 1736, 157.)

Would you, my friend, a finish'd sceptic make,
To form his nature these materials take :
A little learning ; twenty grains of sense,
Join'd with a double share of ignorance ;
Infuse a *little wit* into the scull,
Which never fails to make a *mighty fool* ;
Two drams of faith ; a tun of doubting next ;
Let all be with the dregs of reason mixt :
When, in his mind these jarring seeds are sown,
He'll censure all things, but approve of none.

In Dr. Bliss' “*Reliquiæ Hernianæ*” is the following : “'Twas a memorable saying of my Lord Bacon, that a little learning makes men atheists, but a great deal reduces them to a better sense of things.”

So, Pope, in his “*Essay on Criticism*,” Part II. 15 :

A little learning is a dangerous thing ;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring.

*ANSWER TO THOSE WHO ENVIED THE FAVOURS SHOWN
TO THE AUTHOR.*

(Spence's “*Anecdotes*,” 1820, 436.)

You think it, censor, mighty strange
That, born a country clown,
I should my first profession change,
And wear a chaplain's gown !
If virtue honours the low race
From which I was descended,
If vices your high birth disgrace,
Who should be most commended ?

There is good feeling and sound sense in these lines, which form a

noble reply to the carping envy of the wits who assailed the poor poet. Swift, who too often forgot his dignity in the spleen which prompted his satire, was one of those who had shown their malice. The following epigram by the Dean contrasts unfavourably with Duck's reply :

The thrasher Duck could o'er the Queen prevail ;
 The proverb says, " No fence against a flail."
 From threshing corn he turns to thresh his brains,
 For which Her Majesty allows him grains.
 Though 'tis confess'd that those who ever saw
 His poems, think them all not worth a straw.
 Thrice happy Duck, employed in threshing stubble !
 Thy toil is lessen'd, and thy profits double.

EPITAPH ON JOE MILLER.

If humour, wit, and honesty could save
 The hum'rous, witty, honest from the grave ;
 The grave had not so soon this tenant found,
 Whom honesty, and wit, and humour crowned.
 Or could esteem and love preserve our breath,
 And guard us longer from the stroke of death,
 The stroke of death on him had later fell,
 Whom all mankind esteem'd and lov'd so well.

The epitaph was inscribed on the tombstone of Joe Miller, who died in 1738, and was buried in the upper churchyard of S. Clement Danes, in Portugal Street, near Lincoln's Inn. The inscription, which time had nearly obliterated, was transferred to a new stone in 1816. (For the epitaph and some interesting particulars of Joe Miller, see " Gentleman's Magazine," XC. Part II. 327, 328, and 487 ; and XCI. Part I. 321.)

Savage, in an epitaph on a Young Lady, has this couplet, after an enumeration of all her virtues :

Could these have e'er the darts of death defied,
 Never, ah ! never had Melinda died.

The stanza in Gray's " Elegy " is familiar :

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
 Awaits alike th' inevitable hour,
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

JAMES THOMSON.

Born 1700. Died 1748.

TO AMANDA, WITH A COPY OF THE "SEASONS."

Accept, loved nymph, this tribute due
 To tender friendship, love, and you :
 But with it take what breath'd the whole,
 O take to thine the poet's soul.
 If Fancy here her pow'r displays,
 Or if a heart exalts these lays,
 You fairest in that Fancy shine,
 And all that Heart is fondly thine.

"These verses to Miss Young were communicated, some time after Thomson's death, by Mr. Ramsay, of Ocherlyne, to the Earl of Buchan ; who appended to them this note: 'Some slight variations have been found in different copies which have been handed about in manuscript. This is from the original.' Edit." (Note to ed. of "Thomson's Poems," by Nichols, 1849).

Burns, who had lost his chance of praying his Amanda to "take the poet's soul," and could only offer friendship, addressed the following lines "To an old Sweetheart, after her Marriage, with a present of a copy of his Poems":

Once fondly lov'd, and still remember'd dear,
 Sweet early object of my youthful vows,
 Accept this mark of friendship, warm, sincere,
 Friendship!—'tis all cold duty now allows:—
 And when you read the simple, artless rhymes,
 One friendly sigh for him, he asks no more,
 Who distant burns in flaming, torrid climes,
 Or haply lies beneath th' Atlantic roar.

This was written when Burns, unknown to fame, was making arrangements to go to Jamaica, hoping to push his fortune in that island. The maiden name of the sweetheart was Ellison Begbie, a farmer's daughter.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. AIKMAN.

As those we love decay, we die in part;
 String after string is sever'd from the heart,
 Till loosen'd life, at last, but breathing clay,
 Without one pang is glad to fall away.

Unhappy he who latest feels the blow,
Whose eyes have wept o'er every friend laid low,
Dragg'd ling'ring on from partial death to death,
Till, dying, all he can resign is breath.

William Aikman was a Scotch painter of some celebrity. He excelled chiefly in portraits. He died in 1731.

Campbell, in "A Thought suggested by the New Year," says:

It may be strange—yet who would change
Time's course to slower speeding;
When one by one our friends have gone,
And left our bosoms bleeding?

Boyse has an epigram addressed "To Mr. Aikman, on a Piece of his Painting"; and Mallet wrote an epitaph on Aikman and his only son (who died before him), who were both interred in the same grave.

DR. PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

Born 1702. Died 1751.

(The epigrams are preserved in Kippis' "Life of Doddridge.")

ON HIS FAMILY MOTTO, "DUM VIVIMUS VIVAMUS."

"Live, while you live"—the epicure would say,
"And seize the pleasure of the present day."
"Live, while you live"—the sacred preacher cries,
"And give to God each moment as it flies."
Lord, in my views let both united be;
I live in pleasure, when I live to thee.

Dr. Johnson called this, "one of the finest epigrams in the English language." An amplification of the last line is found in Oldham's "Pindarique to the Memory of Mr. Charles Morwent," Stanza XXX. (Oldham's "Remains," 1694, 98):

Thou didst not wish a greater bliss t' accrue,
For to be good to thee was to be happy too,
That secret triumph of thy mind,
Which always thou in doing well didst find,
Were heaven enough, were there no other heaven design'd.

On another part of the subject Graves has a good epigram, entitled "Diogenes to Aristippus" ("Euphrosyne," 1783, I. 303):

Cloy'd with ragoûts, you scorn my simple food ;
 And think good-eating is man's only good.
 I ask no more than temperance can give ;
 You live to eat ; I only eat to live.

Aristippus, however, could sometimes give a good answer to those who blamed him for his rich living. "A miser objected to him his luxurious table. Aristippus showed him an expensive dish of dainties, and said, 'Would you not buy this, if it were sold for a penny?' 'Certainly I would,' said the other. 'Then,' said Aristippus, 'I only give to luxury what you give to avarice.'" (Kett's "Flowers of Wit," I. 18.)

ON ONE OF HIS PUPILS, A WEAK YOUNG MAN, WHO
 THOUGHT HE HAD INVENTED A METHOD OF FLYING
 TO THE MOON.

And will Volatio quit this world so soon,
 To fly to his own native seat, the moon ?
 'Twill stand, however, in some little stead
 That he sets out with such an empty head.

The sixth chapter of "Rasselas," "A dissertation on the art of flying," may be read with interest in connection with this epigram.

ROBERT DODSLEY,

A poet and miscellaneous writer, was born in 1703. In early life he was a footman, and, while in that situation, wrote and published a volume of Poems, with the singularly appropriate title of "The Muse in Livery, or the Footman's Miscellany." This was followed by a dramatic piece, which he sent in manuscript to Pope, and which procured for him the patronage of that influential poet. He soon made enough money by his poems to enable him to set up in business in London, as a bookseller, and in that position obtained great notoriety and esteem. He died in 1764. Pope's friend, Spence, and Glover, the author of "Leonidas," were among his early patrons, and are introduced in a malignant epistle from Curll, the bookseller, to Pope, in 1737, which was evidently dictated by anger at the success of his rival (Nichols' "Literary Anecdotes," II. 374):

'Tis kind indeed a *Livery Muse* to aid,
 Who scribbles farces to augment his trade :
 Where you and Spence and Glover drive the nail,
 The devil's in it if the plot should fail.

A DREAM OF LOVE.

As death alone the marriage knot unties,
 So vows that lovers make
 Last until sleep, death's image, close their eyes,
 Dissolve when they awake;
 And that fond love which was to-day their theme,
 Is thought to-morrow but an idle dream.

An Arabian epigram, translated by Professor Carlyle, well expresses in sarcastic terms the transient nature of lovers' vows. It was "addressed by Waladata, daughter of Mohammed Almostakfi Billah, Khalif of Spain, to some young men, who had pretended a passion for herself and her companions" ("Specimens of Arabian Poetry," 1796, 134):

When you told us our glances soft, timid and mild,
 Could occasion such wounds in the heart,
 Can ye wonder that yours, so ungovern'd and wild,
 Some wounds to our cheeks should impart?

The wounds on our cheeks, are but transient, I own,
 With a blush they appear and decay;
 But those on the heart, fickle youths, ye have shown
 To be even more transient than they.

*ON THE SLIGHT MENTION OF "ONE PRIOR" IN
 BURNET'S "HISTORY OF HIS OWN TIME."*

One Prior! and is this, this all the fame
 The Poet from the Historian can claim?
 No; Prior's verse posterity shall quote,
 When 'tis forgot *one Burnet* ever wrote.

The passage in Bishop Burnet's "History," to which the epigram refers, is this (Folio II. 580): "One Prior, who had been Jersey's secretary, upon his death was employed to prosecute that which the other did not live to finish. Prior had been taken a boy out of a tavern by the Earl of Dorset, who accidentally found him reading Horace; and he, being very generous, gave him an education in literature." Dean Swift's note upon this passage is very short but very expressive, "Malice." Burnet insinuates a falsehood by telling only part of the truth. It is the fact that the Earl of Dorset took Prior out of a tavern, and sent him to Cambridge; but the Bishop should have added that the tavern was kept by the boy's uncle, who had given him the best possible education at Westminster, under the famous Dr. Busby.

Burnet's untruthfulness and love of malicious insinuations have pre-

duced several epigrams. The following, found in the "Poetical Farrago," II. 19, is a fair specimen :

De Retz in egotisms falls short of thee,
His books are minutes, thine an history.
Pride, disappointment did thy soul enrage,
Against known truths thou open war dost wage,
Saint in thy preface, Mendez in each page—
Thy last will shows thou would'st earth's penance save,
There is nor shame nor sorrow in the grave.

De Retz was a celebrated cardinal who wrote his own memoirs. Mendez was Ferdinand Mendez Pinto, a celebrated Portuguese traveller, born about 1510. He wrote a history of his travels and adventures, which abounds in gross exaggeration, and idle and extravagant fictions, so that his name became a bye-word for falsehood, as in Congreve's "Love for Love" (Act II. sc. 1):

"Ferdinand Mendez Pinto was but a type of thee, thou liar of the first magnitude."

The last two lines of the epigram refer to the "History" being a posthumous publication; for the Bishop by his will left the MS. to his executor, with the order "to print faithfully, as he left it, without adding, suppressing, or altering it in any particular"—a direction which, as is well known, was not obeyed in the first edition.

Of the many animadversions on Burnet's untruthfulness, the following is perhaps the most unceremonious. In his book, entitled "Some Passages in the Life and Death of the Earl of Rochester," he states on the title-page, "Written by his own desire on his death-bed." In a MS. in the British Museum, "A List of Lives by Edward, Earl of Oxford and Mortimer," this statement is quoted with the concise remark, "I have reason to believe that this is a lie of that Scotch rascal."

MARRIAGE IN HEAVEN.

Cries Sylvia to a reverend Dean,
What reason can be given,
Since marriage is a holy thing,
That there is none in heaven?

There are no women, he replied.
She quick returns the jest:—
Women there are, but I'm afraid
They cannot find a priest.

Hone, in his "Every-Day Book," says that this appeared, probably for the first time, in a London newspaper, entitled, "The Old Whig, or the Consistent Protestant," dated Thursday, March 24, 1736-7.

Butler, in "Hudibras," Part III. Canto i. 545, has :

Quoth she, there are no bargains driv'n,
Nor marriages clap'd up in heaven ;
And that's the reason, as some guess,
There is no heaven in marriages ;

* * * * *

Their bus'ness there is only love,
Which marriage is not like t' improve.

SOAME JENYNS,

Was born in London in 1704. He sat in Parliament for many years, and invariably supported the minister of the day. In 1757 he published "A Free Enquiry into the Nature and Origin of Evil," which produced a brilliant refutation of his dangerous theories from the pen of Dr. Johnson. This was never forgiven by Jenyns, who had the bad taste to carry his enmity beyond the grave by writing a silly epigrammatic epitaph on his opponent, which served to dishonour the writer without injuring the memory of the great moralist. He died in 1787.

TO THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD, ON HIS BEING INSTALLED KNIGHT OF THE GARTER.

These trophies, Stanhope, of a lovely dame,
Once the bright object of a monarch's flame,
Who with such just propriety can wear,
As thou the darling of the gay and fair?
See ev'ry friend to wit, politeness, love,
With one consent thy Sovereign's choice approve!
And liv'd Plantagenet her voice to join,
Herself and Garter, both were surely thine.

That the Order was founded for those who are merely "the darlings of the gay and fair," history does not attest. Gilbert West is nearer the truth in describing the foundation, in his "Institution of the Order of the Garter":

To Windsor, as to Fame's bright temple, haste
From every shore, the noble, wise, and brave,
Knights, senators, and statesmen, lords and kings;
Ambitious each to gain the splendid prize,
By Edward promis'd to transcendent worth.
For who of mortals is too great and high
In the career of virtue to contend?

The following lines were written by Captain Morris on George IV., when Prince of Wales, who, at a ball given by the Duchess of Devonshire, suddenly quitted Lady Salisbury, who was his partner, and finished the dance with the Duchess (Rogers' "Table Talk," 1856, 250):

Ungallant youth! could royal Edward see,
While Salisbury's Garter decks thy faithless knee,
That thou, false knight! hadst turn'd thy back, and fled
From such a Salisbury as might wake the dead;
Quick from thy treacherous breast her badge he'd tear,
And strip the star that beauty planted there.

In old age, the Marchioness of Salisbury met with another misfortune. At a ball at Hatfield House, the Earl of Verulam, then Lord Grimston, accidentally knocked her down in the course of a waltz; which produced the following impromptu by Jekyll ("Guardian" newspaper of Sept. 2, 1868, Table-Talk column):

Conservatives of Hatfield House
Were surely "harum-skarum;"
What could reforming Whigs do worse,
Than knocking down old Sarum?

This was in 1834, and is said to have been the first use of the word "Conservative," as the modern equivalent for "Tory."

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S VOLUME OF TRAGEDIES.

Since thou, relentless maid, can'st daily hear
Thy slave's complaints without one sigh or tear,
Why beats thy breast, or thy bright eyes o'erflow
At these imaginary scenes of woe?
Rather teach these to weep and that to heave,
At real pains themselves to thousands give;
And if such pity to feign'd love is due,
Consider how much more you owe to true.

In Whaley's first Collection of Poems, there is an epigram on a young lady, weeping at Southerne's Tragedy of "Oroonoko":

At Fate's approach, see Oroonoko moan
Imoinda's fate, undaunted at his own;
Dropping a generous tear Lucretia sighs,
And views the hero with Imoinda's eyes.
When the prince strikes, who envies not the deed?
To be so wept, who would not wish to bleed?

The following epigram gives a different view of the effect produced

by a tragedy. It was spoken extempore by Mr. Parsons (probably the Rev. Philip Parsons, Rector of Eastwell, and of Snave, and Master of Wye School, in Kent) on seeing "The Fate of Sparta; or the Rival Kings," a tragedy by Mrs. Cowley (quoted from Jones' "Biographia Dramatica," in the "Gentleman's Magazine," LXXXII. Part I. 348):

Ingenious Cowley! while we view'd
Of Sparta's sons the lot severe,
We caught the Spartan fortitude,
And saw their woes without a tear.

ISAAC HAWKINS BROWNE,

Was born at Burton-upon-Trent, of which his father held the living, in 1706. He distinguished himself at Cambridge, became a barrister, and entered Parliament, where, however, he was too nervous to speak. His chief poem was a Latin one, on the immortality of the soul, of which there are several translations. He died in 1760. The following epigrams are taken from Nichols' "Select Collection of Poems," Vol. VI. 1780, where it is stated that they were "never before printed." Probably they were not known to be Browne's when an edition of his Poems was published in 1768.

ON SEEING A PORTRAIT OF MISS ROBINSON, PAINTED BY MR. HIGHMORE.

I, whom no living beauty yet could warm,
Am now enamour'd of an empty form.

This lady was sister of Sir Thomas Robinson, Bart., and of Lord Rokeby, Primate of Ireland. She married Dr. William Freind, Dean of Canterbury.

Waller, in some verses "On the discovery of a Lady's Painting," says:

A real beauty, though too near,
The fond Narcissus did admire;
I doat on that which is no where;
The sign of beauty feeds my fire.

ON DR. YOUNG'S "NIGHT THOUGHTS."

His Life is lifeless, and his Death shall die,
And mortal is his Immortality.

The fulfilment of Browne's prophetic denunciation was for some time delayed, for Rogers tells us: "In my youthful days Young's

'Night Thoughts' was a very favourite book, especially with ladies. I knew more than one lady who had a copy of it in which particular passages were marked for her by some popular preacher" (Rogers' "Table Talk," 1856, 34).

Young told Spence that the title "Night Thoughts" was not affected, for he never composed but at night, except sometimes when on horse-back. This habit of nocturnal composition seems to have been known to the Duke of Wharton, who, when the doctor was deeply engaged in writing one of his tragedies, procured a human skull, fixed a candle in it, and gave it to the poet as the most proper lamp for him to write tragedy by (Spence's "Anecdotes," 1820, 255, 378).

ON A POEM CALLED "*SILENCE*."

On *Silence* this! What next you write,
Be *Chaos*! Ralph has handled *Night*.

"Night" is a poem by James Ralph, who figures as one of the heroes of the "Dunciad," Book III. 165:

Silence, ye wolves! while Ralph to Cynthia howls,
And makes *night* hideous—answer him, ye owls!

DR. NATHANIEL COTTON,

A physician and poet, was born in 1707. He kept a house for the reception of lunatic patients at S. Albans, and at one time had the poet Cowper under his care, whom he treated with great success, and by whom he was always remembered with affection and respect. He died in 1788.

LINES UNDER A SUN-DIAL IN THE CHURCHYARD AT
THORNBY.

Mark well my shade and seriously attend
The silent lesson of a common friend—
Since time and life speed hastily away,
And neither can recall the former day,
Improve each fleeting hour before 'tis past,
And know, each fleeting hour may be thy last.

The following epitaph is on the grave of an aged man in Garsington Churchyard, Oxon ("Notes and Queries," 1st S. XI.):

Time, which had silver'd o'er my aged head,
 At length has rang'd me with the peaceful dead.
 One hint, gay youth, from dust and ashes borrow,
 My days were many,—thine may end to-morrow.

The poet William Hamilton of Bangour has a striking inscription,
 "On a Dial in my Garden":

Once at a potent leader's voice it stay'd,
 Once it went back when a good monarch pray'd:
 Mortals howe'er we grieve, howe'er deplore,
 The flying shadow shall return no more.

There is a good inscription on a sun-dial near Florence, thus translated from the Latin:

Whether the heavens be foul or fair,
 Midst summer suns and wintry showers,
 Pleas'd and content my lot I bear,
 And only *note the brightest hours.*

ON LORD COBHAM'S GARDENS.

It puzzles much the sage's brains,
 Where Eden stood of yore;
 Some place it in Arabia's plains,
 Some say it is no more.
 But Cobham can these tales confute,
 As all the curious know;
 For he has prov'd, beyond dispute,
 That Paradise is Stow.

Sir Richard Temple, of Stow, acquired renown under the Duke of Marlborough, and was created Viscount Cobham, with remainder, in default of male issue, to his sister, wife of Richard Grenville, who inherited his title and estates, and through whom Stow became the seat of the Dukes of Buckingham and Chandos.

Lord Nugent has an epigram "Upon the Busts of the English Worthies at Stow" ("Odes and Epistles," 1739, 27):

Among the chiefs of *British* race,
 Who live in breathing stone,
 Why has not Cobham's bust a place?
 The structure was his own.

ROBERT CRAGGS, EARL NUGENT,

Born early in the 18th century, was an Irishman,—a poet, a Lord of the Treasury, and Controller of the Household of Frederick, Prince of Wales. Neither as a poet nor a politician did he ever rise to great eminence, but he excelled more in the former than the latter capacity. He died in 1788. His “Odes and Epistles” were published anonymously by Dodsley, but nearly all his epigrams must be sought for in Dodsley’s “Collection of Poems,” and similar publications.

TO CORINNA.

(“New Foundling Hospital for Wit,” 1784, I. 65.)

While I those hard commands obey,
Which tear me from thee far away ;
Never did yet love-tortur’d youth,
So dearly prove his doubted truth ;
For never woman charm’d like thee,
And never man yet lov’d like me.

All creatures whom fond flames inspire,
Pursue the object they desire ;
But I, prepost’rous doom ! must prove
By distant flight the strongest love ;
And ev’ry way distress’d by fate,
Must lose thy sight, or meet thy hate.

The sorrows of a lover absent from his mistress have been the theme of poets of all ages. Meleager has a Greek epigram on the subject (Jacobs I. 12, xxxiii.), translated by Benjamin Keen :

Gazing on thee, sweet maid ! all things I see—
For thou art all the universe to me ;
And, when thou’rt absent, to my vacant sight,
Though all things else be present, all is night.

So, Shakespeare, in the “Second Part of Henry VI.,” makes Suffolk thus address Queen Margaret (Act III. sc. 2):

Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished,
Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee.
’Tis not the land I care for, wert thou hence ;
A wilderness is populous enough,
So Suffolk had thy heavenly company :
For where thou art, there is the world itself,
With every several pleasure in the world ;
And where thou art not, desolation.

THE SPENDTHRIFT AND THE MISER.

(Dodsley's "Collection of Poems," 1782, II. 247.)

Tom thought a wild profusion great,
 And therefore spent his whole estate :
 Will thinks the wealthy are ador'd,
 And gleans what misers blush to hoard.
 Their passion, merit, fate the same,
 They thirst and starve alike for fame.

Walsh has an epigram on the same subject :

Rich Gripe does all his thoughts and cunning bend,
 T' increase that wealth he wants the soul to spend.
 Poor Shifter does his whole contrivance set,
 To spend that wealth he wants the sense to get.
 How happy would appear to each his fate,
 Had Gripe his humour, or he Gripe's estate !
 Kind Fate and Fortune, blend them if you can,
 And of two wretches make one happy man !

THE SUREST REVENGE.

(Dodsley's "Collection of Poems," 1782, II. 245.)

Lie on ! while my revenge shall be,
 To speak the very truth of thee.

Indifference to the enmity of a worthless man, is well expressed in an anonymous epigram in the "Poetical Register" for 1801, 320 :

Sylla declares the world shall know
 That he's my most determined foe !
 I wish him wide the tale to spread ;
 For all that I from Sylla dread
 Is, that the knave, to serve some end,
 May one day swear that he's my friend.

That a truth may injure more than a falsehood is amusingly exemplified in the following old jest, which has its date in the past time when jealousy existed between the English and Scotch : "A certain English bishop, by nation a Scotchman, had been informed that a neighbour of his had said he was a *false* Scot, which made him send for him, and ask him, pressing, if he said so. The fellow absolutely denied it. 'Well, what did you say?' said the bishop. 'My lord,' replied the man, 'I only said you were a *true* Scot;' which cut him to the heart as much as if he had bid him read Cleveland's satire upon his countrymen." (Kett's "Flowers of Wit.") Perhaps the bishop was Burnet.

*INSCRIPTION ON THE TOMB RAISED TO THE MEMORY
OF THE AUTHOR'S FATHER, AND OF OTHERS, HIS
ANCESTORS.*

(Dodsley's "Collection of Poems," 1782, II. 243.)

Unmark'd by trophies of the great and vain,
Here sleeps in silent tombs a gentle train.
No folly wasted their paternal store,
No guilt, no sordid av'rice made it more ;
With honest fame, and sober plenty crown'd,
They liv'd, and spread their cheering influence round.
May he whose hand this pious tribute pays,
Receive a like return of filial praise !

A good epitaph by Nathaniel Cotton, on Mr. Sibley of Studham, may be compared :

Here lies an honest man ! without pretence
To more than prudence and to common sense ;
Who knew no vanity, disguise, nor art,
Who scorn'd all language foreign to the heart.
Diffusive as the light his bounty spread,
Cloth'd were the naked and the hungry fed.
"These be his honours !" honours that disclaim
The blazon'd scutcheon and the herald's fame !
Honours ! which boast defiance to the grave,
Where, spite of Anstis, rots the garter'd knave.

John Anstis was Garter King-at-Arms.

JOHN STRAIGHT,

Born early in the 18th century, was Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, and Vicar of Findon in Sussex.

ON MR. —, SCHOOLMASTER AT —.

(Dodsley's "Collection of Poems," 1782, V. 276.)

Behold the lordly pedant in his school,
How stern his brow, how absolute his rule !
The trembling boys start at his awful nod ;
Jove's sceptre is less dreaded than his rod.
See him at home before the sovereign dame,
How fawning, how obsequious, and how tame !

Prosper, bright Amazon, to thee 'tis given,
Like Juno, to rule him who rules the heaven.

In "Notes and Queries," 2nd S. I. 131, some amusing lines are given, as "the production of one of the boys in the upper form of a very large school, where great severity was exercised in the last century. The retaliation recorded was firmly credited by all the scholars, and affirmed by the servants." Possibly the boy had seen Straight's epigram, which may have suggested to him the idea of his lines. They are headed "The Tables Turned by '*Dear Molly*,' the name of endearment used always by the Doctor to that Vixen, his Wife." The words printed in italics were school phrases in daily use at that time :

Our master, who, within his school,
Bears always most tyrannic rule,
And every day, *to keep us jogging,*
Gives four or five a *good sound flogging,*
Storming like any demigod,
Whilst *he administers the rod ;*
Of all his manliness forsaken,
At home can scarcely *save his bacon.*
Whilst his "Dear Molly" with *tongue pie,*
Scolds him all day confoundedly ;
And oft at night, with his own birch,
Makes him pray louder than at church ;
Until "Dear Molly's" wrath to appease,
He begs her pardon on his knees.

SAMUEL BOYSE,

A poet whose talents might have raised him to affluence, had not his dissipated habits ruined his reputation, was born in Dublin in 1708. The latter part of his life was spent in London, where he died in 1749.

TO A YOUNG LADY ON HER RECOVERY.

While, fair Selinda ! to our eyes
From sickness beautiful you rise ;
Your charms put on superior power,
And shine more strongly than before.

So have I seen the heavenly fire
Awhile his radiant beams retire ;
Then breaking through the veil of night,
Restore the world to warmth and light.

The comparison of beauty with the warmth and light of the sun, is given in an epigram in "The Grove," 1721, 120, "On a Lady sleeping with her Face covered":

So sets the sun, veil'd with the shades of night,
To rise with fiercer rays of native light:
In darkness we his tedious absence mourn,
And wish for day, but at his bright return,
Are dazzled, if we look, and if too near, we burn.

The following fine passage in Lord Carlisle's "Father's Revenge" (Act III. sc. 4), comparing joy succeeding grief, with the sudden light to the eye accustomed to darkness, was greatly praised by Dr. Johnson in a letter to Mrs. Chapone: "It has all that can be desired to make it please: it is new, just, and delightful":

I could have borne my woes. The stranger joy
Wounds while it smiles: the long-imprison'd wretch,
Emerging from the night of his dark cell,
Shrinks from the sun's bright beams, and that which flings
Gladness to all, to him is agony.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Born 1709. Died 1784.

*WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF A GENTLEMAN TO WHOM
A LADY HAD GIVEN A SPRIG OF MYRTLE.*

What hopes, what terrors, does this gift create,
Ambiguous emblem of uncertain fate!
The myrtle, ensign of supreme command,
Consign'd by Venus to Melissa's hand,
Not less capricious than a reigning fair,
Now grants, and now rejects a lover's prayer.
In myrtle shades oft sings the happy swain,
In myrtle shades despairing ghosts complain;
The myrtle crowns the happy lovers' heads,
'The unhappy lovers' graves the myrtle spreads.
O then the meaning of thy gift impart,
And ease the throbbings of an anxious heart!
Soon must this bough, as you shall fix his doom,
Adorn Philander's head, or grace his tomb.

In 1793 and 1794 a controversy was carried on in the "Gentleman's Magazine," between Miss Seward and Boswell, with respect to these

verses; the former asserting that they were written for presentation by Johnson himself to Miss Lucy Porter, whose mother he afterwards married; the latter that they were written at the request of Mr. Hector of Birmingham, at a time when Johnson was not even acquainted with Miss Porter. The controversy was closed by the publication of a letter from Mr. Hector, asserting the facts to be as Boswell had stated them. It was thought that Boswell had, in his ardent admiration of Johnson, gone a little out of his way in this controversy to sneer at the talents of Miss Seward, whose dislike to that great genius was well known. This gave rise to the following anonymous epigram ("Gentleman's Magazine," LXIV. Part I. 165):

Fie, Bozzy! *hector*, and talk big!
Forego th' unmanly quarrel;
Here—take your *Master's Myrtle-sprig*,
But spare a *Lady's laurel*.

ON GEORGE II. AND COLLEY CIBBER.

Augustus still survives in Maro's strain,
And Spenser's verse prolongs Eliza's reign;
Great George's acts let tuneful Cibber sing,
For Nature form'd the Poet for the King.

It would have been difficult for even a Virgil or a Spenser to bestow glory upon a monarch so mean as George II.; and poor Cibber, it will be remembered, was thought worthy by Pope of the throne—not of the Muses—but of the Dunces. It was upon his attaining this high honour that the following well-known epigram was written:

In merry old England it once was a rule,
The king had his poet and also his fool:
But now we're so frugal, I'd have you to know it,
That Cibber can serve both for fool and for poet.

TO A YOUNG LADY WHO SPOKE IN PRAISE OF LIBERTY.

Translated from the Latin by Mrs. Piozzi.

Persuasions to freedom fall oddly from you;
If freedom we seek—fair Maria, adieu!

"Molly Aston," said Dr. Johnson to Mrs. Piozzi, "was a beauty and a scholar, and a wit and a Whig, and she talked all in praise of liberty; and so I made this epigram upon her."

A singular coincidence of sentiment will be observed between

Johnson's epigram and a French one, which was occasioned by a pretty girl going to a masquerade, dressed in the habit of a Jesuit ("Selections from the French Anas," 1797, II. 50):

What means Calista's mimic wit?
Calista is no Jesuit.
Where'er the damsel rolls her eye,
We all give up our liberty:
Able no longer to resist,
We hail the lovely Jansenist!

"That which most offends the Jesuits . . . is the austere severity that reigns in the system of moral discipline and practical religion adopted by the Jansenists . . . The Jansenists are not undeservedly branded by their adversaries with the appellation of Rigorists" (Mosheim's "Ecclesiastical History," S. II. Part I. xlv.).

IMITATION OF THE STYLE OF —.

Hermit hoar, in solemn cell,
Wearing out life's evening grey,
Smite thy bosom, sage, and tell,
Where is bliss, and which the way?

Thus I spoke; and speaking sigh'd,
Scarce repressed the starting tear;
When the smiling sage replied—
Come, my lad, and drink some beer.

Boswell, in his "Life of Johnson" (year 1777), gives the origin of this piece: "He (Johnson) observed, that a gentleman of eminence in literature had got into a bad style of poetry of late. 'He puts,' said he, 'a very common thing in a strange dress till he does not know it himself, and thinks other people do not know it.' *Boswell*: 'That is owing to his being so much versant in old English poetry.' *Johnson*: 'What is that to the purpose, sir? If I say a man is drunk, and you tell me it is owing to his taking much drink, the matter is not mended. No, sir, — has taken to an odd mode. For example, he'd write thus:

"'Hermit hoar, in solemn cell,
Wearing out life's evening grey.

Grey evening is common enough; but *evening grey* he'd think fine. Stay—we'll make out the stanza.'" Johnson then completed the first stanza, and afterwards added the second. The only subsequent changes were, in the last line of the first stanza, substituting "where" for "what"; and, in the third line of the second stanza, "smiling" for "hoary." It is generally believed that the poet whose style was thus

imitated was Dr. Percy, afterwards Bishop of Dromore, of whose talents as a poet and an antiquary, though he thus playfully criticized him, Johnson had the highest opinion.

The expression "evening grey" is certainly very usual. For instance, in Cowper's "Retired Cat," we find :

The sprightly morn her course renew'd,
The evening grey again ensued.

*EPITAPH ON CLAUDE PHILLIPS, A TRAVELLING
VIOLIN-PLAYER.*

Phillips, whose touch harmonious could remove
The pangs of guilty power or hapless love ;
Rest here, distress'd by poverty no more,
Here find that calm thou gav'st so oft before ;
Sleep undisturb'd, within this peaceful shrine,
'Till angels wake thee with a note like thine.

This very beautiful epitaph was published, with some other pieces by Johnson, in Mrs. Williams' "Miscellanies." It was at first ascribed to Garrick, but Boswell gives an account of its origin from the mouth of the great actor himself. Johnson and Garrick were sitting together when the latter repeated an epitaph on Phillips, by Dr. Wilkes, at which Johnson shook his head and said, "I think, Davy, I can make a better." Then stirring about his tea for a little while, in a state of meditation, he almost extempore produced the verses given above. Mr. Brickdale Blakeway, in a note to Boswell's "Johnson," gives the correct version of Dr. Wilkes' epitaph (the one which Garrick repeated to Boswell being incorrect), and says, "one of the various readings is remarkable, as it is the germ of Johnson's concluding line" :

Exalted soul, thy various sounds could please
The love-sick virgin, and the gouty ease ;
Could jarring crowds, like old Amphion, move
'To beauteous order and harmonious love ;
Rest here in peace, till angels bid thee rise,
And meet thy Saviour's consort in the skies.

Croker remarks, "By *consort*, in the above lines, I suppose *concert* is meant ; but still I do not see the germ of Johnson's thought." (See Boswell's "Johnson," ed. 1835, I. 166.)

The close of a long epitaph in the south transept of Lichfield Cathedral on John Saville, Vicar Choral, who died in 1803, is copied from Johnson's epitaph on Phillips ("Gentleman's Magazine," LXXXI. Part II. 256) :

Sleep then, pale mortal frame, in yon low shrine,
Till angels wake thee with a note like thine.

GEORGE, LORD LYTTTELTON.

Born 1709. Died 1773.

LOVE AND HOPE.

None without hope e'er lov'd the brightest fair ;
But love can hope where reason would despair.

Swift, in one of his "Epigrams on Windows," shows that reason has nothing to do with love :

The glass, by lovers' nonsense blurr'd,
Dims and obscures our sight :
So when our passions love hath stirr'd,
It darkens reason's light.

*TO MISS LUCY FORTESCUE (AFTERWARDS LADY
LYTTTELTON).*

Once by the muse alone inspir'd
I sung my amorous strains :
No serious love my bosom fir'd ;
Yet every tender maid, deceiv'd,
The idly mournful tale believ'd,
And wept my fancied pains.

But Venus now to punish me,
For having feign'd so well,
Has made my heart so fond of thee,
That not the whole Aonian quire
Can accents soft enough inspire,
Its real flame to tell.

This has so much in common with a sonnet by Sir Edward Sherburne, that it may be thought Lord Lyttelton took the idea from that piece, entitled, "The Surprise." It is on dallying with Cupid. The following is the 2nd stanza :

Lately with the boy I sported ;
Love I did not, yet love feign'd ;
Had no mistress, yet I courted ;
Sigh I did, yet was not pain'd :
'Till at last this love in jest
Prov'd in earnest my unrest.

EPITAPH ON LUCY, LADY LYTTTELTON.

Made to engage all hearts, and charm all eyes ;
 Though meek, magnanimous ; though witty, wise ;
 Polite, as all her life in courts had been ;
 Yet good, as she the world had never seen ;
 The noble fire of an exalted mind,
 With gentle female tenderness combin'd.
 Her speech was the melodious voice of love,
 Her song the warbling of the vernal grove ;
 Her eloquence was sweeter than her song,
 Soft as her heart, and as her reason strong ;
 Her form each beauty of her mind express'd,
 Her mind was Virtue by the Graces dress'd.

Graves has an epigram "On Miss Lucy Fortescue, afterwards Lady Lyttelton, 1740," which gives as charming a view of her character as the epitaph by her sorrowing husband ("Euphrosyne," 1783, I. 199) :

Lucia was form'd by Heav'n in courts to shine,
 With grace and air and majesty divine :
 Yet o'er those charms her virtuous thoughts dispense
 The humblest mien with rural innocence.
 Hence viscounts wait their doom from Lucia's eyes,
 Whilst many a swain in hopeless silence dies.

SIR CHARLES HANBURY WILLIAMS,

Born in 1709, was the third son of John Hanbury, of Pontypool Park, in the county of Monmouth. In 1720 he succeeded to the property of his Godfather, Charles Williams, of Caerleon, and took his name. The principal part of his life was passed in embassies to foreign courts ; and though he was not always a successful ambassador, his wit made him a very acceptable one to the continental sovereigns. He died in 1759. His works, in which bitter satire and indelicate freedom abound, were published in 1822, in three volumes, whence the following epigrams are taken.

*WRITTEN ON THE EARL OF BATH'S DOOR, IN
PICCADILLY.*

Here, dead to fame, lives patriot Will,
 His grave a lordly seat :
 His title proves his epitaph,
 His robes his winding sheet.

Sir Charles also wrote a parody of Pope's epitaph on Craggs, headed "An Epitaph on the Political Memory of William Pultney, Earl of Bath, who died to fame July 15, 1742":

Pultney, no friend to truth, in fraud sincere,
In act unfaithful, and from honour clear;
Who broke his promise, served his private ends,
Who gain'd a title, and who lost all friends;
Dishonour'd by himself, by none approv'd,
Curs'd, scorn'd, and hated, e'en by those he lov'd.

Mr. Pulteney took a prominent part in the House of Commons against Sir Robert Walpole; and, when that minister resigned, he was created Earl of Bath, and took his seat in the House of Lords, July 15, 1742. "He had lived long," says one of his biographers, "in the very focus of popularity, and was respected as the chief bulwark against the encroachments of the Crown; but from the moment he accepted a title, all his favour with the people was at an end, and the rest of his life was spent in contemning that applause which he no longer could secure."

ON THE REPEAL OF THE GIN ACT, 1742.

Deep, deep, in Sandy's blundering head
The new gin project sunk;
"O happy project," sage, he cried,
"Let all the realm be drunk.
'Gainst universal hate and scorn,
This scheme my sole defence is,
For when I've beggar'd half the realm,
'Tis time to drown their senses."

Samuel Sandys, a man of little note except for his opposition to the Court party, was made Chancellor of the Exchequer on the resignation of Sir Robert Walpole, and soon afterwards, in conjunction with his colleagues, proposed, and with some difficulty carried, the repeal of the Act which had been passed in 1736, imposing certain duties on spirituous liquors, and compelling licenses to be taken out for retailing them.

DR. SNEYD DAVIES.

Born in 1709. At Eton, and King's College, Cambridge, he gained the friendship, which he retained through life, of Charles Pratt, afterwards Earl Camden, and of Frederick Cornwallis, subsequently Archbishop of Canterbury. He succeeded his father in the living of

Kingsland, in Herefordshire, and there he usually resided. He was also Archdeacon of Derby. His great delight was in the society of a few chosen friends of congenial wit and humour, and he was never so happy as when smoking, laughing, and writing verses: but he had higher claims to respect, in the warmth of his friendship, the gentleness of his disposition, and the quickness of his sympathy. He died in 1769. His poetical pieces, and amongst them the following, are published in Nichols' "Illustrations of the Literary History of the 18th Century," Vol. I.

DIVINE PHILOSOPHY.

Tutor of human life! auspicious guide!
 Whose faithful clue unravels ev'ry maze;
 Whose conduct smooths the roughest paths; whose voice
 Controls each storm, and bids the roar be still.
 O condescend to gild my darksome roof,
 Let me know Thee;—the *Delphic* oracle
 Is then obey'd,—and I shall know myself.

Milton, in "Comus," 476, thus speaks of "Divine Philosophy":

How charming is Divine philosophy!
 Not harsh, and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
 But musical as is Apollo's lute,
 And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
 Where no crude surfeit reigns.

THE ACTION OFF TOULON IN 1744.

What is the vollied bolt's corporeal maim
 Of limbs dissever'd—to a blasted name!
 Laurels and honours wait the mangled brave,
 With *his whole fame* descending to his grave.
 Who does not hail the gallant *Cornwall's* wound?
 Who does not spurn at *Lestock* safe and sound?
 Spare the fond sigh! and Britain's tears be shed
 For dastards living—not for heroes dead!

This spirited epigram was occasioned by the disgrace to the British fleet in the action with the combined squadrons of France and Spain, in the Mediterranean, in 1744. The enemy issued out of the harbour of Toulon, and Admiral Mathew, who commanded the English fleet, proceeded to the attack, and was ably seconded by Admiral Rowley; but Admiral Lestock, with his whole division, remained at a distance astern, in consequence of which the enemy escaped with little damage,

but on the English side Captain Cornwall, after exhibiting remarkable intrepidity, was killed. Mathew and Lestock accused each other at head quarters; a Parliamentary inquiry and a court martial ensued, which resulted in several captains being cashiered; in Admiral Mathew being declared incapable of serving for the future; and in Admiral Lestock being honourably acquitted. But the world then knew, and posterity even better knows, that prejudice and party-feeling produced this decision, and that Lestock sacrificed his country's honour to the private resentment which he had long nourished against his superior officer.

The following epitaph on Captain Cornwall, written on seeing his monument in Westminster Abbey, is by John Duncombe, and is preserved, with other pieces by him, in the "Poetical Calendar," 1763, X. 77. It is printed among Lord Lyttelton's Poems (without the last four lines) in Johnson's edition of the "Poets," 1779; but as it is omitted in a later edition, it may be presumed that it was discovered not to be his. Chalmers, in his "Biographical Dictionary," enumerates it among the poems written by Duncombe:

Tho' Britain's Genius hung his drooping head,
And mourn'd her ancient naval glory fled,
On that fam'd day when France combin'd with Spain,
Strove for the wide dominion of the main;
Yet, Cornwall, all, with grateful voice, agree
To pay the tribute of applause to thee:
When his bold chief, in thickest fight engag'd,
Unequal war with Spain's proud leader wag'd,
With indignation mov'd, he timely came
To rescue from reproach his country's fame;
Success too dearly did his valour crown,
He sav'd his leader's life—and lost his own.
Her warlike son Britannia thus repays,
That latest times may learn the Hero's praise,
And chiefs, like him, shall unrepining bleed,
When senates thus reward the glorious deed.

To Davies' indignant words, "dastards living," "heroes dead," a Greek epigram, by Anacreon, is very applicable (Jacobs I. 56, xii.), thus translated by Fawkes:

The tomb of great Timocritus behold!
Mars spares the base, but slays the brave and bold.

ON LORD CAMDEN.

Pratt oddly is made;
For when vex'd out of measure,
He calls spleen to his aid,
And is pleas'd with displeasure.

Stranger yet his disease,
 As I know to my cost;
 For the most you displease
 When you please him the most.

These whimsical verses were written at one of the social meetings of Davies and Pratt (not then a peer), and the initials of the author and the hero were appended to the MS. Mr. Justice Hardinge remarked of the portrait thus given of Lord Camden: "Half jest and half earnest, there are traits of similitude in it which I can attest, as exemplified in the hero when he was not in tune for that mirth which in general he enjoyed" (Nichols' "Literary Illustrations," I. 676).

ON THE REV. REES PRICE REFUSING A DRAM.

When Cæsar, and when Cromwell, saw their crown
 Presented, they unwillingly could wave
 That sparkling pageant: In their look askant
 What featur'd variations! Pangs acute
 Of doubt, and longing, how appall'd, and blank,
 When the decamping genius from their breast
 Summon'd his train of spirits to be gone.
 Thus, conscious of self-perfidy, amaz'd,
 With glowing cheek and haggard eye stood *Rees*,
 When he refus'd his dram!

The Rev. Rees Price, Vicar or Curate of Eardisland, Herefordshire, seems to have been a most respectable clergyman, but fond of good living, and by no means averse to the social glass. Dr. Davies, with whom he was on intimate terms, has many jokes upon the subject. The following epigram, in the form of a soliloquy supposed to have been uttered by Mr. Price himself, is, like the former one, a good specimen of Davies' humorous vein, and refers to the same memorable occasion:

Plagues take me if I ever did a thing
 That left within me such a venom'd sting,
 As when this morning, with an idiot shame,
 My soul I cheated—and refused a dram.

DR. ROBERT LOWTH.

Bishop of London. Born 1710. Died 1787.

*EPITAPH ON THE TOMB OF HIS DAUGHTER AT
CUDDESDON, OXFORDSHIRE.*

(Nichols' "Literary Anecdotes," II. 421.)

Translated from the Latin by John Duncombe.

Dearer than daughter, parallel'd by few
In genius, goodness, modesty—adieu!
Adieu, Maria!—till that day more blest,
When, if deserving, I with thee shall rest!
"Come then," thy sire will cry, in joyful strain,
"O come to my paternal arms again!"

The close of an epitaph on Miss Stanley, by Thomson, may be compared with the Bishop's:

Blest be the bark that wafts us to the shore
Where death-divided friends shall part no more!
To join thee there, here with thy dust repose,
Is all the hope thy hapless mother knows.

LEWIS DUNCOMBE,

Of Merton College, Oxford; second son of John Duncombe, Esq., of Stocks, in Hertfordshire. Born 1711. Died 1730.

THE OAK.

Translated from the Latin in "Select Epigrams."

The lofty oak from a small acorn grows,
And to the skies ascends with spreading boughs;
As years increase, it shades th' extended plain,
Then big with death and vengeance, ploughs the main.
Hence rises fame and safety to our shore,
And from an acorn springs Britannia's pow'r.

The oak, as forming the "wooden walls of old England," is similarly celebrated in some lines spoken before the Queen when visiting Oxford in 1702, by Heneage Finch, afterwards Earl of Aylesford (Nichols' "Collection of Poems," III. 315, 1780):

The spreading oaks from lovely Windsor borne,
 Shall shelter Britain, which they now adorn ;
 With swelling sails o'er distant seas they'll go,
 And guard that goddess by whose care they grow.

So, Campbell, in his well-known ode, "Ye Mariners of England":

With thunders from her native oak
 She quells the floods below.

And again, the same poet, in "The Launch of a First-rate":

Oaks that living did inherit
 Grandeur from our earth and sky,
 Still robust, the native spirit
 In your timbers shall not die.

DR. JOHN FREE.

Born at Oxford in 1711. He was of Christ Church, and became Master of the Grammar School of S. Saviour's, Southwark. He published many sermons, pamphlets, and poems on various subjects. Died in 1791.

ON BEING STUNG IN THE FACE BY A BEE, WHOSE STING WAS TAKEN OUT BY A YOUNG LADY.

("Poetical Farrago," 1794, II. 131.)

In vain my little foe inflicts the smart,
 For Parthenissa draws the venom'd dart.
 Her hand can instantaneous ease restore,
 And add a thousand joys unfelt before.
 Whilst the poor insect, by the wound he gave,
 Sickens to death, and makes his cell his grave.
 Thus by their malice be my foes subdued,
 Or made by Heav'n the instruments of good:
 And thro' my life be this my lot—to feel
 Joys from each smart, and good o'erpaying ill.

Sir Edward Sherburne has some pretty lines on the pleasure with which love can overpay grief, entitled "Weeping and Kissing":

A kiss I begg'd; but, smiling, she
 Denied it me:
 When straight, her cheeks with tears o'erflown,
 (Now kinder grown)
 What smiling she'd not let me have,
 She weeping gave;

Then you whom scornful beauties awe,
 Hope yet relief ;
 For Love (who tears from smiles) can draw
 Pleasure from grief.

THOMAS SEWARD,

Father of the poetess Anna Seward, was Rector of Eyam in Derbyshire, Prebendary of Salisbury, and Canon Residentiary of Lichfield. He was a writer of some elegance, and was fond of literary pursuits. His principal work was an edition of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays. For the last ten years of his life his health was shattered, and the powers of his mind impaired. He died in 1790. He was a contributor to Dodsley's "Collection of Poems," whence the following epigrams are taken.

CHISWICK.

The potent lord, that this bright villa plann'd,
 Exhibits here a *Paradise regain'd* ;
 Whate'er of verdure have hills, lawns, or woods,
 Whate'er of splendour, buildings, flow'rs or floods,
 Whate'er of fruits the trees, of birds the air,
 In blissful union are collected here :
 All with such harmony dispos'd as shows,
 'That in the midst the *Tree of Knowledge* grows.

The Earl of Burlington seems to have succeeded better as a planter than a builder. Upon the house at Chiswick the following epigram was made by Lord Hervey ("New Foundling Hospital for Wit," 1784, I. 242) :

Possess'd of one great hall for state,
 Without one room to sleep or eat ;
 How well you build, let flatt'ry tell,
 And all mankind how ill you dwell.

The last four lines of an epigram, by Dr. Evans, upon Blenheim House, may have suggested the above (Nichols' "Collection of Poems," III. 161, 1780) :

Thanks, sir, cried I, 'tis very fine,
 But where d'ye sleep, or where d'ye dine ?
 I find, by all you have been telling,
 That 'tis a house, but not a dwelling.

Or possibly both may have their origin in an epigram by Martial, which concludes with these two lines (Book XII. 50) :

Apartment grand ; no place to eat or sleep !
 What a most noble house you do *not* keep !

KNOWLEDGE.

Not self-secure on earth can Knowledge dwell,
 Knowledge the bliss of heav'n and pang of hell,
 Alike the instrument of good and evil,
 The attribute of God and of the devil.
 Without her, Virtue is a powerless will :
 She without Virtue, is a powerful ill :
 Does she then join with Virtue, or oppose,
 She proves the best of friends, or worst of foes.

That mere knowledge is an evil, when unsanctified by the wisdom to which virtue is allied, is frequently expressed by the poets. Cowper says in "The Task," Book VI. :

Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one,
 Have oft-times no connection. Knowledge dwells
 In heads replete with thoughts of other men ;
 Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.
 Knowledge, a rude, unprofitable mass,
 The mere materials with which wisdom builds,
 Till smoothed, and squared, and fitted to its place,
 Does but encumber whom it seems to enrich.

And Wordsworth, in "Musings near Aquapendente" :

O grant the crown
 That Wisdom wears, or take his treacherous staff
 From Knowledge !

There is a fine passage in "Rasselas," Chap. XL., parallel to Seward's epigram : "Integrity without knowledge is weak and useless, and knowledge without integrity is dangerous and dreadful."

ON SHAKESPEARE'S MONUMENT AT STRATFORD-UPON-AVON.

Great Homer's birth sev'n rival cities claim,
 Too mighty such monopoly of fame ;
 Yet not to birth alone did Homer owe
 His wond'rous worth ; what Egypt could bestow,
 With all the schools of Greece and Asia join'd,
 Enlarg'd th' immense expansion of his mind.

Nor yet unrivall'd the Mæonian strain,
 The British eagle,* and the Mantuan swan †
 Tow'r equal heights. But, happier Stratford, thou
 With uncontested laurels deck thy brow;
 Thy bard was thine *unschool'd*, and from thee brought
 More than all Egypt, Greece, or Asia taught;
 Not Homer's self such matchless laurels won;
 The Greek has rivals, but thy Shakespeare none.

With the latter part of Seward's epigram, may be compared part of Ben Jonson's elegy on Shakespeare:

And though thou hadst small Latin, and less Greek,
 From thence to honour thee, I would not seek
 For names; but call forth thund'ring Æschylus,
 Euripides, and Sophocles, to us,
 Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,
 To life again, to hear thy buskin tread
 And shake a stage; or when thy socks were on,
 Leave thee alone; for the comparison
 Of all that insolent Greece, or haughty Rome,
 Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.

Seward has a distich on the cities which claim Homer's birth:

Seven wealthy towns contend for Homer dead,
 Through which the living Homer begg'd his bread.

This is, however, not original, but taken from "The Hierarchie of the Blessed Angells," by John Heywood, the dramatist and epigrammatist (London, 1635, Book IV. 207):

Seven cities warr'd for *Homer* being dead;
 Who living, had no rooffe to shrowd his head.

JOSIAH RELPH,

Whose father possessed the little estate of Sebergham in Cumberland, was born in 1712. He was sent to the University of Glasgow, but was soon removed, and became a schoolmaster in his native village. He was afterwards ordained, and presented to the small living of Sebergham, which he held until his death in 1743. His Poems were published at Carlisle in 1798, with engravings by Bewick.

* Milton.

† Virgil.

A REASON FOR NOT WRITING IN PRAISE OF CÆLIA
(Ep. 5).

For Phœbus' aid my voice I raise
To make the charms of Cælia known ;
But Phœbus cannot bear to praise
A face that's brighter than his own.

Matthæus Zuberus, a Latin poet, in a distich on the death of John Lauterbachius, shows that the jealousy of Phœbus may be as much roused by poetic talent as by beauty ("Delitiæ Delitiarum," 159). The translation is by James Wright :

Phœbus thy verse did envy ; he, thy fate,
And not the Parcæ, did anticipate.

ADVICE TO STREPHON (Ep. 8).

Pensive Strephon, cease repining,
Give thy injur'd stars their due ;
There's no room for all this whining,
Be Dorinda false or true.
If she feeds a faithful passion,
Canst thou call thy fortune cross ?
And if sway'd by whim and fashion,
Let her leave thee—where's the loss ?

The last stanza of a sonnet by George Wither (born in 1588), expresses a view similar to Relph's very excellent advice (Ellis' "Specimens of the Early English Poets," 1803, III. 83) :

Great, or good, or kind, or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair :
If she love me, this believe,
I will die e'er she shall grieve ;
If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn and let her go ;
For if she be not for me,
What care I for whom she be !

THE WORM-DOCTOR (Ep. 36).

Vagus, advanc'd on high, proclaims his skill,
By cakes of wondrous force the worms to kill :

A scornful ear the wiser sort impart,
 And laugh at Vagus' pretended art ;
 But well can Vagus what he boasts perform,
 For man (as Job has told us) is a worm.

The subject is not a very pleasant one, but the wit of the epigram is undeniable. The point was perhaps suggested by Pope's epistle, "To Mr. Moore, author of the celebrated worm-powder," of which the last stanza is :

Our fate thou only canst adjourn
 Some few short years, no more !
 Ev'n Button's wits to worms shall turn,
 Who maggots were before.

WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

Born 1714. Died 1763.

TO MR. DODSLEY.

Come then, my friend, thy sylvan taste display,
 Come hear thy Faunus tune his rustic lay ;
 Ah, rather come, and in these dells disown
 The care of other strains, and tune thine own.

Graves, in an ode "On the Death of Mr. Shenstone, to Mr. Robert Dodsley," says ("Euphrosyne," 1783, I. 294) :

Yet here we fondly dreamt of lasting bliss :
 Here we had hop'd, from busy thoughts retir'd,
 To drink large draughts of friendship's cordial stream,
 In sweet oblivion wrapt by Damon's verse,
 And social converse, many a summer's day.

*EPITAPH ON MISS ANN POWELL, IN HALESOWEN
 CHURCHYARD.*

Here, here she lies, a budding rose,
 Blasted before its bloom,
 Whose innocence did sweets disclose
 Beyond that flower's perfume :

To those who for her death are griev'd
 This consolation's given ;
 She's from the storms of life reliev'd
 To bloom more bright in Heaven.

This young lady, who died in 1744, in the twentieth year of her age, was highly esteemed by Shenstone. She was killed by a fall from her horse between Halesowen and Dudley ("Gentleman's Magazine," LXXXVII. Part I. 297).

We may compare an epitaph on Dorothea dias de Faria, who was drowned in the fifth year of her age; in S. Pancras' Churchyard. Preserved in "A Collection of Epitaphs," &c., 1806, II. 145 :

Soft as the balm the gentlest gale distils,
 Sweet as the fragrance of the new-mown hills ;
 Her op'ning mind a thousand charms reveal'd :
 Proofs of those thousands which were yet conceal'd :
 The loveliest flow'r in nature's garden plac'd,
 Permitted just to bloom, then pluck'd in haste ;
 Angels beheld her ripe for joys to come,
 And call'd, by God's command, their sister home.

RICHARD GRAVES,

Was born at Mickleton, in Gloucestershire, in 1715. He was a scholar of Pembroke College, Oxford, and afterwards Fellow of All Souls'. He became Rector of Claverton, and from 1750 until his death in 1804 was never absent from his living for more than a month at a time. His publications were numerous. His first was "The Festoon, a Collection of Epigrams, Ancient and Modern," which was much improved in a second edition published in 1767, and which has preserved its reputation to the present day. He was himself an epigrammatist, and placed many of his own compositions in this collection. He reprinted these, and added many others, in a work entitled, "Euphrosyne; or Amusements on the Road of Life," the first edition of which was published in 1776, and which was subsequently enlarged. The 3rd edition, in two volumes, bears date 1783.

TO MRS. W——. 1760.

When Stella joins the blooming throng
 Of virgins dancing on the plain,
 A Grace she seems the nymphs among,
 Or Dian' 'midst her virgin train.

But when with sweet maternal air,
 She leads Iulus through the grove,
 Herself appears like Venus fair,
 Her wanton boy the god of love.

With the second stanza may be compared an epigram given in the Works of Horace Walpole, ed. 1798, IV. 431, who, in a letter to Richard West, Esq., dated Geneva, October, 1739, mentions some of the English in the town, and amongst them "a son of — of Mars and Venus, or of Antony and Cleopatra, or, in short, of —". This is the boy in the bow of whose hat Mr. Hedges pinned a pretty epigram":

Give but Cupid's dart to me,
 Another Cupid I shall be;
 No more distinguish'd from the other,
 Than Venus would be from my mother.

Meleager has a Greek epigram of similar character, translated by Benjamin Keen (Jacobs I. 5, ix.):

Take away from young Cupid his wings and his bow,
 And give him sweet Antipho's bonnet and feather:
 So like is your boy to the god, love, I vow
 You'd not know your child if you saw them together.

A COURT AUDIENCE.

Old South, a witty Churchman reckon'd,
 Was preaching once to Charles the second,
 But much too serious for a court,
 Who at all preaching made a sport:
 He soon perceiv'd his audience nod,
 Deaf to the zealous man of God.
 The doctor stopp'd; began to call,
 "Pray wake the Earl of Lauderdale:
 "My Lord! why, 'tis a monstrous thing!
 "You snore so loud—you'll wake the King."

This is the well-known story of South versified. The words he used to Lord Lauderdale, after calling to him to awaken him, are said to have been: "My Lord, I am sorry to interrupt your repose, but I must beg that you will not snore quite so loud, lest you should awaken his Majesty."

A CHECK FOR MIRTH.

When I the busy, fruitless cares,
 The pride, the folly, hopes and fears
 Of mortal men survey ;
 Like that old Greek I sometimes think,
 True wisdom is to eat and drink,
 And laugh the live-long day.

But, when I seriously reflect
 How much depends on our neglect,
 Or careful use of time,
 Taught of my folly to repent, I
 Could almost think, when turn'd of twenty,
 To laugh at all's a crime.

John Heath, in "Two Centuries of Epigrams," 1610, has the following (2nd Century, 25):

Who make this earth their heaven whereon they dwell,
 Their heaven once past, must look to find an hell.

In "The Honeysuckle, by a Society of Gentlemen," 1734, 40, are some "Extempore Lines on a Club of Freethinkers," the last two of which are to be admired, but the first two are open to the objection that happiness does not consist in freedom from restraint, and that the transitory joys of freethinkers commonly arise from their pride rather than their infidelity :

If death's the end of life, why then
 Freethinkers are the happiest men ;
 But, if there is a life hereafter,
 How fatal are their jests and laughter !

In a "Collection of Epitaphs," 1806, I. 113, is one on a *Petit-Maitre*

By fashion led, I spent my life at ease,
 Too gay to let a serious thought displease ;
 But died amaz'd, that death, that tyrant grim,
 Should think of one who never thought of him.

These epigrams show the folly of living "like that old Greek," Democritus, of whom Graves writes. The following, by James Montgomery, shows the importance of the "careful use of time." It is addressed "To a Friend, with a Copy of 'Time, a Rhapsody'":

May she for whom these lines are penn'd,
 By using well, make Time her friend ;
 Then, whether he stands still or flies,
 Whether the moment lives or dies,

She need not care,—for Time will be
Her friend to all eternity.

Graves does not mention the weeping philosopher Heraclitus in his second stanza, but he probably had him in mind as the reverse of the laughing Democritus. On these two celebrated philosophers of antiquity there are many epigrams. The following is by Hayman in his "Quodlibets," 1628 (Book III. Quod. 46):

Heraclitus. Vain, foolish man, why dost thou always laugh?

Democritus. Man's vanity and foolish pride I scoff;

Wherefore dost thou such a sad puling keep?

Heraclitus. For man's bad sins, sad miseries I weep.

Harvey thus translates one from the Latin of Owen (Book X. 57):

This wept for his times, the defaults, and crimes;

That laughed at the follies of the times.

Mortals will still be foolish, wretched, frail,

That this may laugh, that ever may bewail.

Prior's epigram is well known:

Democritus, dear droll, revisit earth,

And with our follies glut thy heighten'd mirth:

Sad Heraclitus, serious wretch, return,

In louder grief our greater crimes to mourn,

Between you both I unconcern'd stand by;

Hurt, can I laugh? and honest, need I cry?

UNDER AN HOUR-GLASS IN A GROTTO NEAR
THE WATER.

This babbling stream not uninstrusive flows,

Nor idly loiters to its destin'd main:

Each flow'r it feeds that on its margin grows,

And bids thee blush, whose days are spent in vain.

Nor void of moral, tho' unheeded, glides

Time's current, stealing on with silent haste;

For lo! each falling sand his folly chides,

Who lets one precious moment run to waste.

The poet Lovibond has a beautiful "Inscription for a Fountain," which has some points of similarity with Graves' stanzas:

O you, who mark what flow'rets gay,

What gales, what odours breathing near,

What sheltering shades from summer's ray,

Allure my spring to linger here:

You see me quit this margin green,
 You see me deaf to pleasure's call,
 Explore the thirsty haunts of men,
 Yet see my bounty flow for all.

O learn of me—no partial rill,
 No slumbering selfish pool be you,
 But social laws alike fulfil,
 O flow for all creation too!

ÉPITAPH ON A FAVOURITE DOG.

True to his master, generous, brave;
 His friend, companion; not his slave:
 Fond without fawning; kind to those
 His master lov'd; but to *his* foes
 A foe undaunted; whom no bribe
 Could warp, to join the faithless tribe
 Of curs, who *prosperous* friends caress,
 And basely shun them in distress.
 Whoe'er thou art, 'till thou canst find
 As true a friend amongst mankind,
 Grudge not the tribute of a tear,
 To the poor dog that slumbers here.

Blacklock has an epitaph "On a Favourite Lap-dog":

I never bark'd when out of season;
 I never bit without a reason;
 I ne'er insulted weaker brother;
 Nor wrong'd by force nor fraud another.
 Though brutes are plac'd a rank below,
 Happy for man, could he say so!

The conclusion of Gay's "Elegy on a Lap-dog" may be compared:

He's dead. O lay him gently in the ground!
 And may his tomb be by this verse renown'd:
 "Here Shock, the pride of all his kind, is laid;
 Who fawn'd like man, but ne'er like man betray'd."

Porson wrote a Greek inscription for the tomb of a friend's favourite dog, which has been admitted into the Anthology of Brunck and Jacobs among the epigrams by uncertain authors (Jacobs IV. 285, dcclv.). The following translation was found in MS. on the margin of the British Museum copy of "The Sexagenarian, or the Recollections of a Literary Life," by W. Beloe, where the original is given (2nd ed. 1818, I. 231):

Pass not whoe'er thou art this marble by,
 Nor smile with scorn tho' here a spaniel lie;
 My master mourn'd my loss, and placed me here
 To prove his sorrow and his love sincere.

WILLIAM WHITEHEAD,

Born in 1715, the son of a baker at Cambridge, was a sizer, and subsequently Fellow, of Clare Hall. He became tutor to the son of the third Earl of Jersey, and gradually rose into notice as a poet and dramatic writer. In 1758, on the death of Colley Cibber, he was appointed Poet-Laureate, an office which had fallen into contempt through the incapacity and servility of Cibber, but which he raised to much of its former dignity. For some years after he became Laureate, he lived in Lord Jersey's house as a companion and friend, and died there in 1785.

JE NE SAIS QUOI.

Yes, I'm in love, I feel it now,
 And Cælia has undone me!
 And yet I'll swear I can't tell how
 The pleasing plague stole on me.

'Tis not her face which love creates,
 For there no graces revel;
 'Tis not her shape, for there the fates
 Have rather been uncivil.

'Tis not her air, for sure in that
 There's nothing more than common;
 And all her sense is only chat,
 Like any other woman.

Her voice, her touch might give th' alarm—
 'Twas both perhaps or neither;
 In short, 'twas that provoking charm
 Of Cælia altogether.

Herrick expresses the indifference with which love regards defects in his lines, "Love Dislikes Nothing," of which the last two stanzas are:

Be she whole, or be she rent,
So my fancie be content,
She's to me most excellent.

Be she fat, or be she leane,
Be she sluttish, be she cleane,
I'm a man for ev'ry sceane.

And Sir Charles Sedley, in his ode "To Cloris," takes the same view as Whitehead in his concluding stanza, though with the difference that Cloris had all the beauties in which Cælia was defective:

No drowning man can know which drop
Of water his last breath did stop:
So when the stars in heaven appear,
And join to make the night look clear,
The light we no one's bounty call,
But the obliging gift of all.

INSCRIPTION FOR A COLD BATH.

Whoe'er thou art, approach.—Has med'cine fail'd?
Have balms and herbs essay'd their powers in vain?
Nor the free air, nor fost'ring sun prevail'd
To raise thy drooping strength, or soothe thy pain?

Yet enter here. Nor doubt to trust thy frame
To the cold bosom of this lucid lake.
Here Health may greet thee, and life's languid flame,
E'en from its icy grasp new vigour take.

What soft Ausonia's genial shores deny,
May Zembla give. Then boldly trust the wave:
So shall thy grateful tablet hang on high,
And frequent votaries bless this healing cave.

A pretty epigram, translated from the Latin, "On a Natural Grotto, near a Deep Stream," may be compared with Whitehead's Inscription ("Elegant Extracts"):

Health, rose-lipp'd cherub, haunts this spot,
She slumbers oft in yonder nook:
If in the shade you find her not,
Plunge—and you'll find her in the brook.

RICHARD JAGO,

A clergyman who held the livings of Snitterfield in Warwickshire, and Kimcote in Leicestershire, was born in 1715. He was an intimate friend of Shenstone, with whom he regularly corresponded. His life was retired, and poetry was his recreation. He died in 1781.

ABSENCE.

With leaden foot Time creeps along,
 While Delia is away,
 With her, nor plaintive was the song,
 Nor tedious was the day.
 Ah! envious pow'r! reverse my doom,
 Now double thy career,
 Strain ev'ry nerve, stretch ev'ry plume,
 And rest them when she's here.

Bianca shows how tedious are the hours during a lover's absence, when she says to Cassio ("Othello," Act III. sc. 4):

What! keep a week away? Seven days and nights?
 Eight score eight hours? and lovers' absent hours,
 More tedious than the dial eight score times?
 O weary reckoning!

THOMAS GRAY.

Born 1716. Died 1771.

THE ENQUIRY.

With Beauty and Pleasure surrounded, to languish—
 To weep without knowing the cause of my anguish:
 To start from short slumbers, and wish for the morning—
 To close my dull eyes when I see it returning;
 Sighs sudden and frequent, looks ever dejected—
 Words that steal from my tongue, by no meaning connected!
 Ah, say, fellow-swains, how these symptoms befel me?
 They smile, but reply not—Sure *Delia can tell me!*

We may compare a passage in the "Cistellaria" of Plautus (Act II. sc. 1), thus translated by Warner:

I'm toss'd, tormented, agitated,
 Prick'd, rack'd upon the wheel of love; distracted,
 Torn, fainting am I hurried round; and thus

control over himself, the
recalls a singularly beautiful
212, iv.) on the Divided So

Half of m
The oth
To love or
But cert
Ah me, I f
The fugh
From whom
The flutt'
For well alas
What usag
In scorn retur
And murde

TO

Thus Tophet look'd ; o
Whilst frightened prelate
Our Mother Church, w
Blush'd as she bless'd h
Hosannas rung thro' he
And Satan's self had th

These severe lines were written
Rev. Henry Etough, of Pembroke
this clergyman is given in the
the Rev. John Duncombe, who
ecclesiastical phenomenon, and a
He began his career by setting o
back, being a Scotch Presbyterian
mobs at Lynn, and, in connec
the Indians th
by sh

parel : his stockings were blue, darned, and coarse, and without feet ; and so hot and reeking was his head, that, when he entered a room, he often hung up his wig on a peg, and sat bare-headed.” This amusing description is stated by another correspondent in the same volume (p. 281) to be in some respects untrue. He denies the story of the “ pack,” and anxiously asserts Mr. Etough’s cleanliness, declaring that he enjoyed “ a very general washing twice in a day,” with other particulars to that gentleman’s credit.

ON HIMSELF.

Too poor for a bribe, and too proud to importune,
He had not the method of making a fortune ;
Could love and could hate, so was thought something odd ;
No very great wit, he believed in a God ;
A post or a pension he did not desire,
But left Church and State to Charles Townshend and Squire.

This was written in 1761, in which year Charles Townshend was made Secretary-at-War. The epigram probably alludes to the influence which that statesman exercised in the House of Commons, by his eloquence and power of argument. “ He is the orator ; the rest are speakers,” was said of him in comparison with Barré, Conway, and others.

Dr. Samuel Squire was Dean of Bristol, and in 1761 was consecrated Bishop of S. David’s.

ON LORD SANDWICH.

The most severe of Gray’s severe epigrams is “ On Lord Sandwich, on the occasion of his standing for the High Stewardship of Cambridge,” which commences :

When sly Jemmy Twitcher had smugg’d up his face
With a lick of court whitewash and pious grimace,
A wooing he went where three sisters of old,
In harmless society guttle and scold.

It cannot with propriety be inserted in this collection, but is too remarkable in itself, and in its effect, to be passed over without comment. In 1764, on the death of the first Earl of Hardwicke, there was a contest for the office of High Steward of the University of Cambridge, between Lord Sandwich and the second Earl of Hardwicke. The former was noted for his talents as a politician and his immorality as a man, but notwithstanding his evil life, he was supported by a large body of the electors. Gray, who, severe though he was, never put pen to paper without a good object, determined to endeavour, by the influence of

... in the room

"If you've an

Their absence from hall
Smith, who favoured Lon
paper was afterwards put
a-days undergraduates wor
pent, for showing their disg
who (Churchill's "The Car

Wrought sin with
With greater zeal

DAVI

Born 1716. Died 1779. Th
actor are so well known that ne
tion which he held in the pul
other actors of the day, may be
rary epigram by the Rev. Rich.
("Poetical Register" for 1810-1
Barry, in the character of King I

The town has fon
To praise its di
To Barry it gives
To Garrick only

A king? Aye, ev
Such Barry doth
But Garrick's quite
He's every inch I

The following epigrams are take
David Garrick, Esq., in two vols., I

following epigram, in which he turned an imputed neglect into an elegant panegyric :

Wilmot. You should call at his house, or should send him
a card ;

Can Garrick alone be so cold ?

Garrick. Shall I a poor player, and still poorer bard,
Shall Folly with Camden make bold ?

What joy can I give him, dear Wilmot declare ?

Promotion no honours can bring ;

To him the Great Seals are but labour and care,

Wish joy to your Country and King.

His "Country and King" had not long the benefit of Pratt's talents as Chancellor. An epigram on his retirement from that dignity may fitly find a place here. Upon the opening of the session of 1770, he declared his opposition to the Government of the Duke of Grafton, and was consequently desired to resign the Great Seal. Jeremiah Markland, a learned critic, Fellow of Peterhouse, Cambridge, wrote at that time to Bowyer, the printer, in reference to politics : "I had expressed my apprehensions in many political squibs and crackers. . . . The last was this (Nichols' "Literary Anecdotes," IV. 298); 'To the Duke of Grafton'":

How strangely Providence its ways conceals !

From Pratt it takes, Yorke it takes from, the Seals.

Restore them not to Pratt, lest men should say

Thou'st done one useful thing in this thy day.

Charles Yorke, second son of the first Earl of Hardwicke, received the Great Seal January 17, 1770, and died suddenly three days after his promotion.

VERSES WRITTEN IN SYLVIA'S PRIOR.

Untouch'd by love, unmov'd by wit,

I found no charms in Matthew's lyre,

But unconcern'd read all he writ,

Though Love and I'hœbus did inspire :

"Till Sylvia took her favourite's part,

Resolv'd to prove my judgment wrong ;

Her proofs prevail'd, they reach'd my heart,

And soon I felt the poet's song.

Shakespeare, in "Winter's Tale," expresses the power of a captivating woman to make others agree in opinion with her (Act V. sc. 1):

UPON
Arachn
A go
But soo
The b

O then b
Be pru
For you'l
Who ri

The following epigram, on
is in the "Festoon." "On Fl

This charming be
By Flavia's needle
Still to be vanquish
Mine early fade, bu
Bloom like her face,
Surpass'd in beauty

ON JOHNSON'S

Talk of war with a Briton,
That one English soldier wi
Would we alter the boast fro
Our odds are still greater, st
In the deep mines of science
Can their strength he comp
Boyle?
Let them rally their heroes, s
Their verse-men, and prose-m
ours!
First C.

And Johnson, well-arm'd, like a hero of yore,
Has beat forty French, and will beat forty more.

The last line of the epigram refers to the forty members of the French Academy, who were for thirty years employed in compiling the dictionary of their language.

*QUIN'S SOLILOQUY ON SEEING THE EMBALMED BODY
OF DUKE HUMPHREY AT S. ALBANS.*

A plague on Egypt's arts, I say !
Embalm the dead ! on senseless clay
Rich wines and spices waste !
Like sturgeon, or like brawn, shall I
Bound in a precious pickle, lie,
Which I can never taste ?

Let me embalm this flesh of mine
With turtle-fat, and Bordeaux wine,
And spoil th' Egyptian trade !
Than Humphrey's Duke more happy I—
Embalm'd alive, old Quin shall die
A mummy ready made.

The embalmed body of Humphrey, the good Duke of Gloucester, was discovered in 1703 in S. Albans' Abbey-church.

James Quin, the celebrated actor, and rival of Garrick, was noted as an epicure, and was luxurious in his descriptions of the turtle and venison feasts at which he had been present. He thought angling a very cruel diversion ; and on being asked why, gave this reason : " Suppose some superior being should bait a hook with venison, and go a *quinning* ; I should certainly bite, and what a figure I should make dangling in the air ! " An epigram in which Quin is introduced will be found under Hogarth.

The conclusion at which Quin arrives in his soliloquy is expressed in a passage in the 4th Ode of Anacreon, which Fawkes thus translates :

Why on the tomb are odours shed ?
Why pour libations to the dead ?
To me far better, while I live,
Rich wines and balmy fragrance give.

An epigram by Graves shows how notorious was Quin's love of good living. It is entitled " The Epicure. To W. Mills, Esq., of Warden's Hall, Essex, on a late Act of Generosity " (" Euphrosyne," 1783, I. 119) :

You call it luxury, when, in all his glory,
 Quin loads his plate with turtle and John-Dory ;
 Or snuffs the pinguid haunch's sav'ry steam,
 And crowns the feast with jellies and ic'd cream.
 But when, with more indulgence, you employ
 Your wealth to give the pensive bosom joy :
 When by one lib'ral act, the mind's best treat !
 You make a brother's happiness complete ;
 There is, you'll own, tho' rarely understood,
 The highest luxury in doing good ;
 Nay, view his heart, and Quin will grant, I'm sure,
 The gen'rous man's the truest epicure.

The act of generosity was, that Mr. Mills took his brother one morning to the Bank, and transferred ten thousand pounds to him as a present.

Garrick wrote the following epitaph on Quin, thus testifying his appreciation of his talents and character, though the rivalry between them had prevented any close bond of intimacy :

That tongue, which set the table on a roar,
 And charm'd the public ear, is heard no more !
 Clos'd are those eyes, the harbingers of wit,
 Which spoke, before the tongue, what Shakespeare writ :
 Cold are those hands, which, living, were stretch'd forth,
 At friendship's call to succour modest worth.
 Here lies James Quin ! deign, reader, to be taught
 (Whate'er thy strength of body, force of thought,
 In nature's happiest mould however cast),
 To this complexion thou must come at last.

*EPITAPH FOR HOGARTH'S MONUMENT IN CHISWICK
 CHURCHYARD.*

Farewell, great painter of mankind,
 Who reach'd the noblest point of art ;
 Whose pictur'd morals charm the mind,
 And through the eye correct the heart !
 If genius fire thee, reader, stay ;
 If nature touch thee, drop a tear :—
 If neither move thee, turn away,
 For Hogarth's honour'd dust lies here.

Dr. Johnson also wrote an epitaph on Hogarth, which for its fulness and, at the same time, its brevity may be preferred to Garrick's :

The hand of him here torpid lies,
That drew the essential form of grace;
Here closed in death the attentive eyes,
That saw the manners in the face.

Garrick may, perhaps, have taken the idea for his first stanza from a Latin poem, by Vincent Bourne, on the pictures of Hogarth, addressed to the artist, in which he calls him

Corrector grave, nor wanting grace of touch.

And concludes thus :

Impartial and just is your censure;
More useful than the roughness of satire,
Or the laugh most severe of the scornful.

The last line of Johnson's epitaph may have been suggested by the praise which Pliny the elder bestowed upon Zeuxis, saying of his picture of Penelope: "He painted *the manners* of that queen."

HORACE WALPOLE, EARL OF ORFORD.

Born 1718. Died 1797.

ON ADMIRAL VERNON'S APPOINTMENT TO PRESIDE
OVER THE HERRING FISHERY. 1750.

Long in the senate had brave Vernon rail'd,
And all mankind with bitter tongue assail'd:
Sick of his noise, we wearied Heav'n with pray'r,
In his own element to place the tar.
The gods at length have yielded to our wish,
And bade him rule o'er Billingsgate and fish.

Of Admiral Vernon, Charnock says: "Of all men who have been fortunate enough to obtain celebrity as naval commanders, few appear to have taken greater pains to sully their public fame by giving full scope to all their private feelings;" and unfortunately he chose the House of Commons, in which he sat as member for Ipswich, as the arena for the display of extravagance of conduct and temper.

ON ARCHBISHOP SECKER. 1758.

The bench hath oft 'posed us, and set us a-scoffing,
 By signing Will. London, John Sarum, John Roffen ;
 But *this* head of the Church no expounder will want,
 For his Grace signs his own proper name, Thomas *Cant*.

This was written in the year in which Dr. Secker was translated to Canterbury. It does not appear that the sarcasm was deserved, but we learn from Nichols' "Literary Anecdotes" that, *in consequence* of it, the Archbishop was commonly called "Thomas Cant" by the clergy of Kent. Cant. was the abbreviation for Cantuaria, generally used by the Archbishops. Cornwallis, who followed Secker, made no change, but the next Primate, Dr. Moore, wrote "Cantuar.," and his successors have since done the same. It is, perhaps, an allowable conjecture that Dr. Moore had Walpole's epigram in mind, and, dreading to be called John Cant by his clergy, changed the signature to John Cantuar., which certainly has a more dignified appearance.

The following epigram, in "Elegant Extracts," on the death of Archbishop Secker, displays his character in a very bright light :

While Secker liv'd, he show'd how seers should live ;
 While Secker taught, heaven open'd to our eye ;
 When Secker gave, we knew how angels give ;
 When Secker died, we knew e'en saints must die.

EPITAPHIUM VIVI AUCTORIS. 1792.

An estate and an earldom at seventy-four !
 Had I sought them or wish'd them, 'twould add one fear }
 more,
 That of making a countess when almost four-score.
 But Fortune, who scatters her gifts out of season,
 Though unkind to my limbs, has still left me my reason ;
 And whether she lowers or lifts me, I'll try
 In the plain simple style I have liv'd in, to die ;
 For ambition too humble, for meanness too high.

It is well known that when Horace Walpole succeeded to the earldom by the death of his nephew, and to the fortune annexed to it, he made no difference in his manner of living, and did not even take his seat in the House of Lords.

The following lines by Cowper, though written as an "Inscription for a Moss-house in the Shrubbery at Weston," may be well applied to Horace Walpole's life at Strawberry Hill :

Here free from Riot's hated noise,
Be mine the calmer, purer joys,
A book or friend bestows ;
Far from the storms that shake the great,
Contentment's gale shall fan my seat,
And sweeten my repose.

ON MADAME DE FORCALQUIER SPEAKING ENGLISH.
1766.

Soft sounds that steal from fair Forcalquier's lips,
Like bee that murmuring the jasmine sips !
Are these my native accents ? None so sweet,
So gracious, yet my ravish'd ears did meet.
O pow'r of beauty ! thy enchanting look
Can melodize each note in nature's book.
The roughest wrath of ruffians, when they swear,
Pronounc'd by thee, flows soft as Indian air ;
And dulcet breath, attemper'd by thine eyes,
Gives British prose o'er Tuscan verse the prize.

Allan Ramsay paid a pretty compliment of like character to a lady :

A poem wrote without a thought,
By notes may to a song be brought,
'Tho' wit be scarce, low the design,
And numbers lame in ev'ry line :
But when fair Christy this shall sing,
In consort with the trembling string,
O then the poet's often prais'd,
For charms so sweet a voice hath rais'd.

TO MADAME DE DAMAS, LEARNING ENGLISH.

Though British accents your attention fire,
You cannot learn so fast as we admire.
Scholars like you but slowly can improve,
For who would teach you but the verb, *I love* ?

This beautiful epigram does not appear in Horace Walpole's Works, 5 vols. 4to, 1798 (where the previous ones are found), but is always ascribed to him.

The master is often more anxious to teach than the pupil to learn. Perhaps Madame de Damas may have been like the lady addressed in the following epigram, who sighed, but not for love,—a lesson which she could not acquire ("Wit's Interpreter. The English Parnassus," 1671, 241):

Where did you borrow that last sigh,
 And that relenting groan ?
 For those that sigh and not for love,
 Usurp what's not their own.
 Love's arrows sooner armour pierce,
 Than your soft snowy skin ;
 Your eyes can only teach us love,
 But cannot take it in.

DR. JAMES FORDYCE,

A dissenting teacher of some eminence, was born at Aberdeen about 1720 ; was for many years minister of a congregation in Monkwell Street, London ; and died at Bath in 1796. He published a volume of Poems in 1786.

TRUE BEAUTY.

The diamond's and the ruby's blaze
 Disputes the palm with Beauty's queen :
 Not Beauty's queen commands such praise,
 Devoid of virtue if she's seen.

But the soft tear in Pity's eye
 Outshines the diamond's brightest beams ;
 But the sweet blush of Modesty
 More beauteous than the ruby seems.

This very beautiful epigram is ascribed in this form to Dr. Fordyce in Pearch's "Collection of Poems," 1783, I. 297. In the author's Poems, published in 1786 (p. 3), the stanzas appear, with some variation, as the first two of a piece entitled "Virtue and Ornament ; an Ode for the Ladies" :

The diamond's and the ruby's rays
 Shine with a milder, finer flame,
 And more attract our love and praise
 Than Beauty's self if lost to fame.

But the sweet tear in Pity's eye
 Transcends the diamond's brightest beams ;
 And the soft blush of Modesty
 More precious than the ruby seems.

On the subject of beauty enhanced by pity, Professor Carlyle has translated a piece from the Arabic addressed to a lady weeping. The author is Ebn Alrumi, reckoned by Arabian writers one of the most

excellent of their poets. He died about A.D. 905 ("Specimens of Arabian Poetry," 1796, 75):

When I beheld thy blue eye shine
Thro' the bright drop that pity drew,
I saw beneath those tears of thine
A blue-eyed violet bath'd in dew.

* * * *

And thus thy charms in brightness rise
When wit and pleasure round thee play,
When mirth sits smiling in thine eyes,
Who but *admires* their sprightly ray?
But when thro' pity's flood they gleam,
Who but must *love* their soften'd beam?

ON TWO NEIGHBOURS WHO DIED AT THE SAME TIME.

"My neighbour Thornton cannot live a day,"
Cried honest Jones then in a deep decay.
"Jones cannot live a day," cried Thornton, broke
With cruel gout, though still he lov'd a joke.
To think himself might die each one was loth:
Before the day expir'd, Death seiz'd them both.

"Honest" Samuel Jones, we learn from the "Gentleman's Magazine" in a note on the above lines, in a review of "Select Epigrams," 1797, was a watchmaker, and a well-known character at Bath. During the season his shop was frequented by the nobility and gentry, with whom he was delighted to argue on religious subjects, and, having no respect of persons, he was accustomed to use the rudest language to those whose opinions differed from his own singularly enthusiastic ones. Notwithstanding his eccentricities, he was much respected, and for some time after his death, in 1794, his portrait adorned the pump-room ("Gentleman's Magazine," LXVIII. Part II. 603). As the epigram was published in Fordyce's Poems, in 1786, either the "Gentleman's Magazine" must be incorrect in its statement that it refers to Samuel Jones, the watchmaker, or else the epigrammatist killed him before his time in the last line of the epigram.

JAMES LAMBERT.

This gentleman was a clergyman, Senior Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and was Greek Professor in 1772. No further particulars of him have been discovered.

*ON THE TORSO OF THE ELEUSINIAN CERES, THE FACE
OF WHICH IS ENTIRELY OBLITERATED.*

(From a manuscript.)

The Goddess speaks.

Scorn me not, fair ones! 'Tis as sad as true,
I once was lovely and ador'd like you;
But hither brought to beauty's favour'd shore,
I stand abash'd, and—show my face no more.

The first two lines of the epigram bear a striking resemblance to the first stanza of a long epitaph on a lady, given in Hackett's "Select and Remarkable Epitaphs," 1757, II. 94:

Blush not, ye fair, to own me, but be wise,
Nor turn from sad mortality your eyes:
Fame says, and Fame alone can tell how true,
I once was lovely and beloved like you.

The remains of the colossal statue of the Eleusinian Ceres stand in the vestibule of the public library at Cambridge, having been brought from Greece by Dr. Edward Daniel Clarke and John Martin Cripps. The former of these travellers was the grandson of "Mild William Clarke and Anne his wife." In acknowledgment of his services in bringing the statue and other treasures to England, the University conferred upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. In reference to this, and to another Cambridge man of the name of Clarke, who was distinguished as a violin player, the following epigram was composed:

Dan Clarke and his namesake for honour applied;
The first was accepted, the last was denied:
Yet their merits are equal, 'tis very well known,
For the last mov'd a stick, and the first mov'd a stone.

DR. JOSEPH WARTON,

Who was eminent as a scholar and a critic, and was not without merit as a poet, was born in 1722, and educated at Winchester College, of which in after life he became Head Master. His preferment in the

Church was slow, but he eventually held several livings, and prebendal stalls in S. Paul's and Winchester Cathedrals. Among his friends were the whole of that class who composed Dr. Johnson's famous club, the literary giants of the day, and he seems to have been highly esteemed by all. He died in 1800.

THE STRAIN.

That strain again! that strain repeat!
 Alas! it is not now so sweet!
 Oh! it came o'er my mournful mind,
 Like murmurs of the southern wind,
 That steal along the violet's bed,
 And gently bend the cowslip's head;
 'Twas suited to my pensive mood,
 'Twas hopeless love's delicious food.

This exquisite piece is grounded on (acknowledged by the author to be so) the opening of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night":

If music be the food of love, play on,
 Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting,
 The appetite may sicken, and so die.—
 That strain again;—it had a dying fall:
 O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet South,
 That breathes upon a bank of violets,
 Stealing, and giving odour.—Enough; no more;
 'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.

The late Mr. Keble's beautiful stanza in his "Morning Hymn," on "That Strain Again," will be remembered:

As for some dear familiar strain
 Untir'd we ask, and ask again,
 Ever, in its melodious store,
 Finding a spell unheard before.

TO DR. BALGUY,

On hearing a sermon preached by him at Winchester Cathedral on the text, "Wisdom is Sorrow."

If what you advance, my dear Doctor, be true,
 That wisdom is sorrow—how wretched are you!

This distich is not found in Warton's "Poetical Works," but is ascribed to him in several publications. It recalls Gray's well-known dictum at the close of his "Ode on a distant prospect of Eton College":

Where ignorance is bliss,
 'Tis folly to be wise.

There is a good Oxford story connected with these lines. Some years ago there was in that city an auctioneer named Wise. At a sale of books, Dr. Philip Bliss, the learned editor of Wood's "*Athenæ*," was present in the auction-rooms, and dissented from a statement made by Wise with regard to a volume he was puffing off. The auctioneer, not liking to have the price, which he hoped to get for the book, lessened, looked across at the Doctor, and coolly remarked: "Since ignorance is *Bliss*, 'tis folly to be *Wise*."

Dr. Bliss edited with great care and with valuable notes "*Reliquiæ Hearnianæ*." An admirer is said to have inscribed on the fly-leaf of his copy the following quatrain ("*Notes and Queries*," 2nd S. III. 40):

Time once complained of Thomas Hearne,
 "Whatever I forget you learn."
 Now Time's complaint is changed to this:
 "What Hearne forgot is learned by Bliss."

The reference in these lines is to the well-known epigram "On Time and Thomas Hearne" (the expletives are necessarily altered) (*Horace Walpole's Works*, 1798, I. 204):

Bother't! quoth Time to Thomas Hearne,
 Whatever I'd forget you learn.

This was answered by Mr. Polyglot, otherwise Richard West, son of Mr. West, Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and a grandson of Bishop Burnet:

Hang it! cries Hearne, in furious fret,
 Whate'er I learn you'll soon forget.

JOHN HOME,

Born in Roxburghshire in 1724, became a Presbyterian minister, but having an ambition to shine as a dramatic writer, his position was very distasteful to him, and his play of "*Douglas*," which in 1756 was performed in Edinburgh, causing a great scandal on account of his profession, he resigned his living, and retired from all ecclesiastical duties. He produced several other plays, but they were all failures in comparison with "*Douglas*." In 1778 he received a captain's commission in a regiment of militia raised by the Duke of Buccleuch. He died in 1808.

THE SCOTCHMAN'S POISON.

- For many years Government had allowed claret, for which Mr. Home had a great partiality, to be imported into Scotland under the lower duties applicable to a beverage called Southampton port. At length, however, the higher duties were stringently enforced, which occasioned the following epigram, preserved in Lockhart's "*Life of Sir Walter Scott*":

Bold and erect the Caledonian stood,
 Old was his mutton, and his claret good :
 " Let him drink port," the English statesman cried—
 He drank the poison, and his spirit died.

Mr. Home pronounced his name Hume, but persisted in the old spelling. His friend David Hume left him by will "ten dozen of old claret, and one bottle of the liquor called port, provided that he attests under his hand, signed John *Hume*, that he finished the bottle at two sittings : by which he will terminate the only difference that ever arose between us in temporal matters." It may be presumed that Mr. Home was for once willing, for the sake of the claret, to conform to his friend's mode of spelling their name.

WILLIAM MASON.

Born 1725. Died 1797.

*INSCRIPTION UNDER A PICTURE OF THE EDITOR OF
 SHAKESPEARE'S MANUSCRIPTS. 1796.*

Four Forgers, born in one prolific age,
 Much critical acumen did engage.
 The first was soon by doughty Douglas scar'd,
 Though Johnson would have screen'd him, had he dar'd ;
 The next had all the cunning of a Scot ;
 The third invention, genius—nay, what not ?
 Fraud, now exhausted, only could dispense
 To her fourth son their threefold impudence.

This is a parody of the celebrated epigram by Dryden on Homer, Virgil, and Milton. The four forgers were Lauder, Macpherson, Chatterton, and Ireland.

William Lauder, a Scotchman, published an essay in which, by means of forged interpolations amongst a mass of true quotations, he endeavoured to show that Milton was indebted to modern Latin poets for many parts of the "Paradise Lost." Dr. Douglas, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury, detected and exposed the fraud. He is introduced by Goldsmith in "Retaliation" :

Here Douglas retires from his toils to relax,
 The scourge of impostors, the terror of quacks.

Johnson was imposed upon, and wrote a preface to Lauder's essay, but there is not the slightest ground for imputing to him any desire to screen the author, when he became aware of the fraud.

William Hall, Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, who, from his intimacy with men of rank, and the dignity of his manners, was called "Prince Hall," addressed a sonnet on the subject of Lauder's forgery to Mr. Nicholas Hardinge, who was noted as an enthusiastic admirer of Milton (Nichols' "Literary Anecdotes," VIII. 520):

Hardinge! firm advocate of Milton's fame!
 Avenge the honour of his injur'd muse!
 The bold *Salmasius* dar'd not *so* accuse,
 And brand him, living, with a felon's name!
 More hellish falsehood could not *Satan* frame
 Arch forger, cursed poison to infuse
 In Eve's chaste ear, her freedom to abuse:
 That lurking fiend,—Ithuriel's arm and flame,
 Ethereal gifts, detected: up arose
 In his own form *the toad*: But this new plot
 Thou hast an arm and spear, that can expose:
 With lashes keen, drive, to that trait'rous spot,
 The nurse of base impostors, to his snows,
 And barren mountains, the blaspheming Scot!

James Macpherson was, like Lauder, a Scotchman. He published translations of poems from the Erse language, which he asserted were the composition of Ossian, the son of Fingal, who flourished in the third century. Dr. Johnson enquired into the subject, and declared his belief that the poems were a forgery; and it appears by a letter from Bishop Percy to Dr. Graham (Nichols' "Illustrations of Literary Hist.," VIII. 418), that before his death Macpherson acknowledged to Sir John Elliot, "he had no genuine originals of Ossian's composition."

Thomas Chatterton, whose forgery consisted in publishing his own compositions as the poems of Rowley, who lived in the fifteenth century, was an infidel in profession and a libertine in practice; and as he was the most precocious in genius, so was he the most circumstantial in falsehood, of the literary forgers of the age. That his suicide was pre-meditated is undoubted; and that a year before the idea was present to his mind, is shown by the following lines from his pen, dated 1769 (Chatterton's "Poems," with Notes, Cambridge, 1842, II. 439):

Since we can die but once, what matters it,
 If rope or garter, poison, pistol, sword,
 Slow-wasting sickness, or the sudden burst
 Of valve arterial in the noble parts,
 Curtail the miseries of human life?
 Tho' varied is the cause, the effect's the same:
 All to one common dissolution tends.

In 1838 it was proposed to erect a monument to his memory at Bristol, for which the following epitaph was prepared by the Rev. John Eagles ("Notes and Queries," 2nd S. IV. 325):

A poor and friendless boy was he,—to whom
 Is raised this monument, without a tomb.

There seek his dust, there o'er his genius sigh,
Where famished outcasts unrecorded lie.
Here let his name, for here his genius rose
To might of ancient days, in peace repose!

The wondrous boy! to more than want consigned,
To cold neglect—worse famine of the mind;
All uncongenial the bright world within
To that without of darkness and of sin.
He lived a mystery—died! Here, reader, pause;
Let God be Judge, and mercy plead the cause.

This is very sentimental and very untrue. Chatterton was not friendless, nor was he *consigned* to want or neglect. He chose to leave Bristol, where he had many friends, to seek his fortune in London, where he had none; and, when he failed, was too proud to return to his native city. To complain of the "cold neglect" of the world with regard to a boy of eighteen, however great his genius, is quite preposterous. But it was the fashion to consider he was neglected and starved, and epigrams, such as the following, were written on him ("Asylum for Fugitive Pieces," 1785, 118):

All think, now Chatterton is dead,
His works are worth preserving!
Yet no one, when he was alive,
Would keep the bard from starving!

Johnson, Goldsmith, and a hundred others, who were nearly starved at eighteen, persevered and won their way to fame, as Chatterton might have done, had his character been of a higher stamp.

Samuel Ireland, under whose portrait Mason's epigram was written, produced, in conjunction with his son William Henry, a large quantity of manuscripts which he asserted were in the hand-writing of Shakespeare, consisting of poems, letters, and one entire play, entitled "Vortigern and Rowena." Many critics, among whom were Dr. Parr, Boswell, and George Chalmers, subscribed to the authenticity of the forged MSS. Ireland published a list of the names, upon which Steevens wrote to Bishop Percy: "I am very poor, and had a serious regard for the £1000 I subscribed to Mr. Pitt's loan, by which even then I expected to be a loser; but if any one would double that sum, and give it into my hands at this very moment, I would refuse the present, if the terms of it were, that my signature should be found on that register of shame—Mr. Ireland's list of believers" (Nichols' "Illustrations of Literary History," VII. 9).

EPITAPH ON JOHN DEALTRY, M.D., IN YORK MINSTER.

Here o'er the tomb where Dealtry's ashes sleep,
See Health in emblematic anguish weep!

She drops her faded wreath ; " No more," she cries,
 " Let languid mortals with beseeching eyes,
 Implore my feeble aid : it fail'd to save
 My own and Nature's guardian from the grave."

The monument has a figure of Health, with her ancient insignia, in alto-relievo, dropping a chaplet on the side of an urn.

With Mason's epitaph may be compared some lines by Jerningham :

Thus when the poisoned shafts of death are sped,
 The plant of Gilead bows her mournful head ;
 The holy balm that heal'd another's pain
 On her own wound distils its charm in vain.

*EPITAPH ON THOMAS GRAY, ON HIS MONUMENT IN
 WESTMINSTER ABBEY.*

No more the Grecian muse unrivall'd reigns,
 To Britain let the nations homage pay !
 She boasts a Homer's fire in Milton's strains,
 A Pindar's rapture in the lyre of Gray.

The comparison of Gray with the Theban Pindar, is elegantly made in the following lines by Anna Seward, " Written in a Diminutive Edition of Gray's Poems " :

All to the lofty ode that genius gives
 Within these few and narrow pages lives ;
 The Theban's strength, and more than Theban's grace,
 A lyric universe in fairy space.

NOTE.—The most beautiful of Mason's epitaphs is that on his wife, in which he was assisted by Gray. It is omitted because very long, and well known.

DAVID GRAHAM,

Born about 1726, was a Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and a barrister-at-law.

ON RICHARDSON'S NOVEL, " CLARISSA."

(Nichols' " Literary Anecdotes," IV. 584.)

This work is Nature's ; every tittle in't,
 She wrote, and gave it Richardson to print.

"Mrs. Montagu's elegant compliment, in Lord Lyttelton's 'Dialogues of the Dead, between Plutarch, Charon, and a Modern Bookseller,' turns nearly on the same thought. 'It is pity he should *print* any work but *his own*,' says Plutarch to the bookseller," referring to "Clarissa" and "Sir Charles Grandison" (Nichols' "Literary Anecdotes," IV. 584).

The thought in the epigram was expressed in old time, in one of the numerous Greek epigrams on Myron's Heifer. It is often ascribed to Anacreon, but Jacobs places it among uncertain authors (Jacobs IV. 163, cccxviii.). The translation is by Fawkes:

This heifer is not cast, but rolling years
Harden'd the life to what it now appears :
Myron unjustly would the honour claim,
But Nature has prevented him in fame.

EDWARD JERNINGHAM,

Born in 1727, was descended from an ancient Roman Catholic family in Norfolk. He devoted himself to literature, and acquired considerable reputation as a poet. His death took place in 1812.

ON SEEING MRS. MONTAGU'S PICTURE.

Had this fair form the mimic art displays
Adorn'd in Roman time the brightest days,
In ev'ry dome, in ev'ry sacred place
Her statue would have breath'd an added grace,
And on its basis would have been enroll'd,
This is Minerva cast in Virtue's mould.

This epigram is given to Dr. Johnson in Gilfillan's edition of his "Poetical Works," but without sufficient authority. It is found in several editions of Jerningham's Poems, published in the lifetime of that poet.

The lady, whose picture drew forth these complimentary lines, was the wife of Edward Montagu, grandson of the first Earl of Sandwich. She was greatly distinguished for her literary acquirements, and has gained lasting reputation by her "Essay on the Genius and Writings of Shakespeare," in answer to the frivolous objections of Voltaire. Jerningham wrote another epigram on her, dated February 4th, 1785; "Alluding to Mrs. Montagu's fall the preceding day, as she was going down the stairs at St. James's":

Ye radiant fair! ye Hebes of the day,
Who heedless laugh your little hour away!
Let caution be your guide, when next ye sport
Within the precincts of the splendid court:

Th' event of yesterday for prudence calls,
'Tis dangerous treading when Minerva falls.

That the first epigram is in Jerningham's style may be seen by the following lines, written on seeing a landscape drawn by a lady, which are very similar in phraseology. They are taken from a MS. in the poet's handwriting :

That tree, how drawn ! I know by whom,
'Twas by Minerva, no, by Coombe ;
Whose father is a righteous man
Who forms his life on Virtue's plan !

TO A LADY, WHO LAMENTED SHE COULD NOT SING.

Oh ! give to Lydia, ye blest pow'rs, I cried,
A voice ! the only gift ye have denied.
" A voice !" says Venus, with a laughing air,
" A voice ! strange object of a lover's pray'r !
Say—shall your chosen fair resemble most
Yon Philomel, whose voice is all her boast ?
Or, curtain'd round with leaves, yon mournful dove,
That hoarsely murmurs to the conscious grove ?"
—Still more unlike, I said, be Lydia's note
The pleasing tone of Philomela's throat,
So to the hoarseness of the murm'ring dove,
She joins ('tis all I ask) the turtle's love.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Born 1728. Died 1774.

ON HOPE.

The wretch, condemn'd with life to part,
Still, still on hope relies ;
And every pang that rends the heart,
Bids expectation rise.

Hope, like the glimmering taper's light,
Adorns and cheers the way ;
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.

Cowley, in his verses "For Hope" in "The Mistress," expresses the blessing of hope:

Hope! of all ills that men endure,
The only cheap and universal cure!
Thou captive's freedom, and thou sick man's health!
Thou loser's victory, and thou beggar's wealth!

There is a beautiful anonymous epigram, given in "Elegant Extracts," on this subject, which is Greek in its tone, and in which the sentiment is similar to Goldsmith's:

Hope, heav'n-born cherub, still appears,
Howe'er misfortune seems to lower;
Her smile the threat'ning tempest clears,
And is the rainbow of the shower.

TO MEMORY.

O Memory! thou fond deceiver,
Still importunate and vain,
To former joys, recurring ever,
And turning all the past to pain;

Thou, like the world, the opprest oppressing,
Thy smiles increase the wretch's woe!
And he who wants each other blessing,
In thee must ever find a foe.

Shelley finely depicts the pain of remembrance of past joys, in the second stanza of his lines, entitled "The Past":

Forget the dead, the past? O yet
There are ghosts that may take revenge for it;
Memories that make the heart a tomb,
Regrets which glide through the spirit's gloom,
And with ghastly whispers tell
That joy, once lost, is pain.

So, Mrs. Norton, in "The Heart's Wreck" ("Sorrows of Rosalie, with other Poems," 1829, 112):

But when a word, a tone, reminds
My bosom of its perished love,
Oh! fearful are the stormy winds
Which dash the heart's wild wrecks above!

That Rogers is on this subject more true to human experience than Goldsmith, and that the *pleasures* of memory surpass its *pains*, few can doubt.

THE CLOWN'S REPLY.

John Trott was desir'd by two witty peers
 To tell them the reason why asses had ears?
 "An't please you," quoth John, "I'm not given to letters,
 Nor dare I pretend to know more than my betters;
 Howe'er, from this time I shall ne'er see your graces,
 As I hope to be sav'd! without thinking on asses."

Possibly Goldsmith took this idea from a witticism of Sprat (subsequently Bishop of Rochester), who, after the Restoration, was made chaplain to the Duke of Buckingham. At his first dinner with that witty and profligate peer, the latter observing a goose near Sprat, said he wondered why it generally happened that geese were placed near the clergy. "I cannot tell you the reason," said Sprat, "but I shall never see a goose again without thinking of your grace." The duke was delighted with the readiness of the retort, which convinced him that Sprat was the very man he wanted as chaplain.

 THOMAS WARTON,

Was born in 1728 at Basingstoke, of which his father held the vicarage. He became a Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, and when only just of age entered the lists against Mason, answering, in a poem called "The Triumph of Isis," the attack which the Cambridge bard made upon Oxford in his "Isis." His most important work was a "History of English Poetry," which he brought down to the end of the reign of Elizabeth, but never carried farther. In 1785 he was created Poet Laureate, and raised that office to a position of honour. He died in his college rooms in 1790.

INSCRIPTION FOR A SPRING IN BLENHEIM GARDENS.

Here quench your thirst, and mark in me
 An emblem of true charity;
 Who while my bounty I bestow,
 Am neither heard nor seen to flow.

There was, and still may be, a fountain in Paris with a Latin inscription of similar import, which, perhaps, Warton may have seen; thus translated by Samuel Boyse:

Hid lies the nymph from whom this bounty flows,
 So let thy hand conceal when it bestows.

INVOCATION TO SLEEP.

Translated from the Latin.

O sleep, of death although the image true,
 Much I desire to share my bed with you.
 O come and tarry, for how sweet to lie,
 Thus without life, thus without death to die.

These beautiful lines breathe the spirit of the purest Greek epigrams. There are many translations : the above, which is anonymous, is taken from Kett's "Flowers of Wit," and is an admirable rendering of the original. Invocations to sleep are often met with in the poets ; few can compare with Warton's ; but one by Drummond, the close of which bears much resemblance to it, is of true poetic beauty :

Sleep, Silence Child, sweet father of soft rest,
 Prince, whose approach peace to all mortals brings,
 Indifferent host to shepherds and to kings,
 Sole comforter of minds which are oppress'd.
 Lo, by thy charming rod all breathing things
 Lie slumbering, with forgetfulness possess'd,
 And yet o'er me to spread thy drowsy wings
 Thou spar'st (alas) who cannot be thy guest.
 Since I am thine, O come, but with that face
 To inward light which thou art wont to show,
 With feigned solace ease a true-felt woe ;
 Or if, *deaf god*, thou do deny that grace,
 Come as thou wilt, and what thou wilt bequeath,
 I long to kiss the *image of my death*.

In Beaumont and Fletcher's "Tragedy of Valentinian," there is a song invoking sleep which, in its lighter numbers, is almost equally beautiful (Act V. sc. 2) :

Care-charming Sleep, thou easer of all woes,
 Brother to Death, sweetly thyself dispose
 On this afflicted prince ; fall like a cloud
 In gentle showers ; give nothing that is loud,
 Or painful to his slumbers ; easy, sweet,
 And as a purling stream, thou son of night,
 Pass by his troubled senses ; sing his pain,
 Like hollow murmuring wind, or silver rain.
 Into this prince gently, oh, gently slide,
 And kiss him into slumbers like a bride !

Owen has an epigram, in which the turn of thought is very similar to Warton's (Book IV. 193). The translation is by Hayman :

When I do sleep, I seem as I were dead ;
 Yet no part of my life's more sweeten'd :
 Therefore 'twere strange that death should bitter be,
 Since sleep, death's image, is so sweet to me.

Chief nourisher in life's
Lady M.

Mach. Still it cried, Sleep no more
Glamis hath murder'd sleep
Shall sleep no more, Mach

The second, King Henry IV.'s
monarch and of the peasant. Th
beautiful, but is too long to qu
("King Henry IV." Part II. Act.

Nature's soft nurse, how
That thou no more wilt
And steep my senses in
Why rather, sleep, heat
Upon uneasy pallets stre
And hush'd with buzzing,
Than in the perfum'd ch
Under the canopies of co
And lull'd with sounds of

Wordsworth, in one of his "Misc
sleep:

Mere slave of them who n
Still last to come where t

AN EPIGRAM ON

One day, in Christ-Church
Of poetry, and such thing
Says Ralph, a merry w
An epigram if smart and
In all its circumstances

Make it at top both wide, and fit
To hold a budget-full of wit,
And point it at the end.

This first appeared in the "Oxford Sausage," published by Warton in 1764, where this note is attached to it: "N.B. This epigram is printed from the original manuscript, preserved in the archives of the 'Jelly-bag Society.'"

Receipts for making epigrams are numerous, but refer generally to the modern pointed epigram. The following is, in the "Poetical Register" for 1808-9, ascribed to Don Juan de Yriarte, who was a Spanish archæologist. It is more probable that the writer was Don Thomas de Yriarte, a Spanish poet, born in 1750:

The qualities all in a bee that we meet,
In an epigram never should fail;
The body should always be little and sweet,
And a sting should be felt in its tail.

An anonymous distich in the "Poetical Register" for 1802, 253, describes an epigram:

What is an epigram? a dwarfish whole,
Its body brevity, and wit its soul.

JOHN CUNNINGHAM.

Born in Dublin in 1729. His father, who was a wine-cooper, unfortunately drew a prize in the lottery, set up as a wine-merchant, and failed. At the age of twenty he crossed to England, and, having a passion for the stage, became an actor, a profession for which he had little ability. Some of his poetry was much admired in his day, but it is now seldom read. He died at Newcastle-upon-Tyne in 1773.

ON AN ALDERMAN.

That he was born it cannot be denied,
He ate, drank, slept, talk'd politics, and died.

An "Epitaph on a very Idle Fellow" may be compared with this ("Elegant Extracts"):

Here lieth one that once was born and cried,
Liv'd several years, and then—and then—he died.

Both may have had their origin in an epitaph by Simonides on Timocreon of Rhodes, thus translated by C. (Jacobs L. 70, lv.):

Here lies Timocreon: were his deeds supplied,
You'd hear he liv'd, ate, drank, curs'd men, and died.

ON CHURCHILL'S DEATH

Says Tom to Richard, "Churchill's dead!"
 Says Richard, "Tom, you lie;
 Old Rancour the report has spread;
 But Genius cannot die."

Parrot has an epigram in his volume "*Laquei Ridiculosi*," on "*Fama Mendax*" (Book I. 42):

Report, thou sometimes art ambitious,
 At other times too sparing courteous,
 But many times exceeding envious,
 And out of time most devilish furious:
 Of some or all of these I dare compound thee,
 But for a liar have I ever found thee.

In the case of Churchill, "old Rancour" spread a *true* report of his death, and, if the indifference of posterity may be taken as a verdict, perhaps of that of his genius too. The lesson, however, which the following excellent anonymous epigram teaches, may not be out of place here:

Two ears and but a single tongue
 By nature's laws to man belong;
 The lesson she would teach is clear,
 Repeat but half of what you hear.

The thought in Cunningham's last line was expressed by the Greek, Parmenion (Jacobs II. 186, xii.); thus translated by the Rev. E. Stokes, in the late Dr. Wellesley's "*Anthologia Polyglotta*":

False is the tale; a hero never dies.
 Or Alexander lives, or Phœbus lies.

GOTTHOLD EPHRAIM LESSING,

A distinguished German writer, was born in Pomerania in 1729. Leopold, heir-apparent to the Duke of Brunswick, was his patron, and caused him to be appointed librarian at Wolfenbüttele. He published many works of very varied character, but his fame must rest upon his lighter productions. His religious opinions were deistical, and his morals very incorrect. He died at Hamburg in 1781. His epigrams are numerous, but the majority are translations or imitations from the Greek and Latin. With the exception of the first, the following renderings are taken from "*Fables and Epigrams from the German of Lessing*," 1825.

NAMES.

Translated by S. T. Coleridge.

I asked my fair one happy day,
 What I should call her in my lay;
 By what sweet name from Rome or Greece;
 Lalage, Næra, Chloris,
 Sappho, Lesbia, or Doris,
 Arethusa or Lucrece.

“Ah!” replied my gentle fair,
 “Beloved, what are names but air?
 Choose thou whatever suits the line;
 Call me Sappho, call me Chloris,
 Call me Lalage, or Doris,
 Only, only call me Thine.”

The following lines on “Names,” sent to a young lady on New Year’s Day, are in the “Menagiana”; thus translated from the French (“Selections from the French Anas,” 1797):

May names, inspir’d by ardent love,
 As gifts, your grateful bosom move;
 “My heart,” “my lovely queen,” “the prize,”
 “The life,” “the light of these fond eyes:”
 Choose which you will, they all are due,
 Exclusively, dear girl, to you.
 But might I act th’ adviser’s part,
 Fair Iris, you’ll accept “my heart.”

 THE ONE HIT OF LIFE.

Nicander, who fain would be reckon’d a wit,
 In an epigram once made a capital hit;
 From that day to this he still puzzles his brain
 To strike off a second as sharp, but in vain.
 How often the bee, in its first fierce endeavour,
 Leaves its sting in the wound, and is pointless for ever.

Francis Beaumont, in a “Letter to Ben Jonson” (Beaumont and Fletcher’s Works, 1778, I. cxxxix.), expresses the same thought:

What things have we seen
 Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been

So nimble, and so full of subtile flame,
 As if that every one from whence they came
 Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
 And had resolv'd to live a fool the rest
 Of his dull life.

A man who has "once made a capital hit," often loses rather than gains by a second attempt. Bishop Warburton said to Anstey, after the publication of the celebrated "New Bath Guide": "Young man, you have made a good hit; never put pen to paper again."

ON A STATUE OF CUPID.

Nay, Chloe, gaze not on his form,
 Nor think the friendly caution vain,
 Those eyes the marble's self may warm,
 And look him into life again.

Waller has some lines "To a Fair Lady playing with a Snake," which conclude thus:

Take heed, fair Eve! you do not make
 Another tempter of this snake;
 A marble one, so warm'd, would speak.

Stephen Duck has an epigram, "To a Young Lady who had a Cupid given her" (Duck's "Poems on Several Occasions," 1736, 129):

Fair lady, take a special care,
 This pleasing toy become no snare;
 The subtle god is full of wiles,
 And mischiefs most, when most he smiles:
 Beware to clasp him in your arms,
 Nor gaze too much upon his charms;
 Lest in a borrow'd shape he wound,
 As once unhappy Dido found;
 For, while she view'd his smiling look,
 Her heart receiv'd a fatal stroke.

ON A BATTLE-PIECE.

How fine the illusion! Bramarbas breath'd shorter,
 When he saw it, fell prostrate, and roar'd out for quarter.

This thought is, no doubt, taken from some of the numerous Greek and Latin epigrams on Myron's famous statue of the Cow.

Bowles found the sun in a "Scene in France by Louthembourg" as real as was the enemy to Bramarbas. The epigram is headed "Royal Academy Exhibition, 1807":

Artist, I own thy genius ; but the touch
 May be too restless, and the glare too much :
 And sure none ever saw a landscape shine,
 Basking in beams of such a sun as thine,
 But felt a fervid dew upon his phiz,
 And panting cried, O Lord, how hot it is !

ANNE STEELE.

This lady was the eldest daughter of a minister of a dissenting congregation at Broughton in Hampshire, where she lived and died. She published "Poems on Subjects chiefly Devotional," under the pseudonym of Theodosia. The first edition is not in the British Museum, and its date has not been ascertained. The second edition was published at Bristol in 1780, edited by Caleb Evans. When Miss Steele died is uncertain, but it was previous to 1780.

EPITAPH ON MRS. ANN BERRY, IN BRADING CHURCH-YARD, ISLE OF WIGHT.

Forgive, blest shade, the tributary tear,
 That mourns thy exit from a world like this ;
 Forgive the wish that would have kept thee here,
 And stayed thy progress to the realms of bliss.

No more confin'd to grovelling scenes of night,
 No more a tenant pent in mortal clay ;
 We rather now should hail thy glorious flight,
 And trace thy journey to the realms of day.

This celebrated epitaph is on Ann, wife of Robert Berry, of Alverstone Farm, who died at the age of twenty-five years. The Isle of Wight guide-books, including the valuable one by Canon Venables, state that it was from the pen of the Rev. John Gill, Curate of Newchurch. For the honour of that gentleman it is to be hoped he did not induce the belief that the beautiful composition was his own. Some years ago, it was pointed out in "Notes and Queries," 1st S. X. 214, that it was taken from an elegy "On the Death of Mr. Hervey," by Miss Steele, published among her Poems. But as the writer of the notice did not state the date of Mrs. Berry's death, it was open to question whether the epitaph was taken from the elegy, or the commencement of the elegy from the epitaph. The Vicar of Brading, in a courteous reply to a question on the subject, states that Mrs. Berry

died in 1790. The second edition of Miss Steele's Poems was published in 1780. To her, therefore, undoubtedly belongs the honour of having written the epitaph, though not *exactly* in the form in which it appears on the head-stone. How little alteration Mr. Gill made, will be seen by comparing the commencement of Miss Steele's elegy, which consists of nine stanzas ("Poems," 1780, II. 71):

O Hervey, honoured name, forgive the tear,
That mourns thy exit from a world like this;
Forgive the wish that would have kept thee here,
Fond wish! have kept thee from the seats of bliss.

No more confin'd to these low scenes of night
Pent in a feeble tenement of clay:
Should we not rather hail thy glorious flight,
And trace thy journey to the realms of day.

It may be conceded that some of Mr. Gill's alterations are an improvement, but others, on the contrary, have injured the beauty of the lines.

The use of the word "trace" in the second stanza is singularly beautiful, and not at all common. It is met with in an epitaph in the "Gentleman's Magazine," LV. Part II. 735, "On the Death of a much-loved, amiable Wife":

Sweet Juliet, fare thee well! but why this prayer?—
Allied to heaven, thou surely must be there.
Grant me, Almighty Power, that I may trace
Her path, to meet her in that blessed place;
Where tears and grief shall all be done away,
And high-felt joys be one eternal day!

WILLIAM COWPER.

Born 1731. Died 1800.

ON THE BURNING OF LORD MANSFIELD'S LIBRARY, TOGETHER WITH HIS MSS., BY THE MOB IN 1780.

So then—the Vandals of our isle,
Sworn foes to sense and law,
Have burnt to dust a nobler pile
Than ever Roman saw!

And Murray sighs o'er Pope and Swift,
And many a treasure more,
The well-judged purchase, and the gift
That graced his letter'd store.

Their pages mangled, burnt, and torn,
 The loss was his alone ;
 But ages yet to come shall mourn
 The burning of his own.

Lord Mansfield's house in Bloomsbury Square was burnt by the mob, in the Gordon riots, on the 7th of January, 1780. "His library," says Lord Campbell in his "Lives of the Chief Justices," "contained the collection of books he had been making from the time he was a boy at Perth School, many of them the cherished memorials of early friendship,—others rendered invaluable by remarks in the margin, in the handwriting of Pope, or Bolingbroke, or some other of the illustrious deceased wits and statesmen with whom he had been familiar. Along with them perished the letters between himself, his family, and his friends, which he had been preserving for half a century as materials for memoirs of his times. It is likewise believed that he had amused his leisure by writing, for posthumous publication, several treatises on juridical subjects, and historical essays. . . . They were all consumed through the reckless fury of illiterate wretches, who were incapable of forming a notion of the irreparable mischief they were committing."

TO MISS C—, ON HER BIRTHDAY.

How many between east and west
 Disgrace their parent earth,
 Whose deeds constrain us to detest
 The day that gave them birth !
 Not so when Stella's natal morn
 Revolving months restore,
 We can rejoice that she was born,
 And wish her born once more !

Martial has an elegant epigram on a birthday, addressed to Quinctus Ovidius (Book IX. 53). Hay thus translates it :

Believing hear, what you deserve to hear :
 Your birthday, as my own, to me is dear.
 Blest and distinguish'd days ! which we should prize
 The first, the kindest, bounty of the skies.
 But yours gives most ; for mine did only lend
 Me to the world, yours gave to me a friend.

George Jeffreys addressed an epigram "To a Lady on her Birthday" (Jeffreys' "Miscellanies," 1754, 92) :

As this auspicious day began the race
 Of ev'ry virtue join'd with ev'ry grace ;

May you, who own them, welcome its return,
 Till excellence, like yours, again is born.
 The years we wish, will half your charms impair;
 The years we wish, the better half will spare:
 The victims of your eyes would bleed no more,
 But all the beauties of your mind adore.

WRITTEN IN MISS PATTY MORE'S ALBUM. 1792.

In vain to live from age to age
 While modern bards endeavour,
 I write my name in Patty's page,
 And gain my point for ever.

A distich of similar character is said to have been penned by Cowper, "at the request of a gentleman who importuned him to write something in his pocket album":

I were indeed indifferent to fame,
 Grudging two lines t' immortalize my name.

EPITAPH ON FOP, A DOG BELONGING TO LADY THROCKMORTON. 1792.

Though once a puppy, and though Fop by name,
 Here moulders one whose bones some honour claim.
 No sycophant, although of spaniel race,
 And though no hound, a martyr to the chase—
 Ye squirrels, rabbits, leverets, rejoice!
 Your haunts no longer echo to his voice;
 This record of his fate exulting view;
 He died worn out with vain pursuit of you.

"Yes,"—the indignant shade of Fop replies—
 "And worn with vain pursuit, man also dies."

Robert Veel, born about 1648, has a poem on the "Vanity of Worldly Happiness," the first stanza of which has much in common with the moral of Fop's epitaph. Veel wrote more wisely than he acted, for Wood says that he "lived after the manner of poets, in a debauched way, and wrote . . . to gain money to carry on the trade of folly" (Ellis' "Specimens of the Early English Poets," 1803, III. 401):

How eager are our vain pursuits
 Of pleasure and of worldly joys!
 And yet how empty are the fruits!
 How full of trouble, grief, and noise!

We to our ancestors new follies add,
Proving ourselves less happy and more mad.

An anonymous epigram of singular beauty, the author of which it would be interesting to discover, warns the vain pursuer of pleasure alone against the effects of his folly ("Select Epigrams," II. 160):

From flow'r to flow'r, with eager pains,
See the blest, busy lab'rer fly;
When all, that from her toil she gains,
Is in the sweets she hoards—to die.
'Tis thus, would man the truth believe,
With life's soft sweets, each fav'rite joy:
If we taste wisely, they relieve,
But, if we plunge too deep, destroy.

SAMUEL BISHOP,

Born in 1731, was educated at, and in 1783 became Head Master of, Merchant Taylors' School. He held also the living of St. Martin Outwich. He died in 1795. He was a poet of considerable powers, especially in epigrammatic effusions, and has been called the Martial of England, who, with the wit of the Roman, was free from his coarseness. His "Poetical Works," including his epigrams, were published in two volumes, 4to, the year after his death.

PAR PARI (Poemata).

When seventy (as 'tis sometimes seen)
Joins hands in wedlock with seventeen,
We all th' unequal match abuse.
But where's the odds we fret about?
Difference in age there is no doubt;
In folly—not a pin to choose!

This was written in Latin as well as English.

Broome writes "To a Gentleman of Seventy, who married a Lady of Sixteen":

What woes must such unequal union bring,
When hoary winter weds the youthful spring!
You, like Mezentius, in the nuptial bed,
Once more unite the living to the dead.

Virgil says of Mezentius (*Æn.* VIII. 485, Dryden's translation):

The living and the dead, at his command
Were coupled, face to face, and hand to hand.

THE BENEDICT'S FATE (Ep. 29).

Only mark how grim Codrus' visage extends !
 How unlike his ownself ! how estrang'd from his friends !
 He wore not this face, when eternally gay,
 He revell'd all night, and he chirrup'd all day.
 Honest Codrus had then his own house at his call ;
 'Twas Bachelor's, therefore 'twas Liberty Hall :
 But now he has quitted possession for life,
 And he *lodges*, poor man ! in the *house of his wife* !

This is a good specimen of the epigrams on hen-pecked husbands. The subject may be amusing, but it has not produced much elegant wit. Some of the best lines on the female love of ruling are by the old epigrammatist, Henry Parrot, in "*Laquei Ridiculosi*," Book I. 161 :

Kind Katherine to her husband kiss'd these words,
 " Mine own sweet Will, how dearly do I love thee !"
 If true (quoth Will) the world no such affords
 (And that it's true I durst his warrant be):
 For ne'er heard I of woman good or ill,
 But always loved best her own sweet will.

THE AUCTION (Ep. 135).

Need from excess—excess from folly growing,
 Keeps Christie's hammer daily, going, going !
 Ill-omen'd prelude ! whose dire knell brings on
 Profusion's last sad dying speech—"Gone ! Gone !"

The thought may, perhaps, have been taken from an epigram by Martial (Book VII. 98), thus translated by Hay :

You purchase every thing, which makes it plain
 That every thing you soon will sell again.

CONSISTENCY (Ep. 151).

Tho' George, with respect to the wrong and the right,
 Is of twenty opinions 'twixt morning and night ;
 If you call him a turn-coat, you injure the man ;
 He's the pink of consistency, on his own plan,
 While to stick to the strongest is always his trim ;
 'Tis not he changes side, 'tis the side changes him !

George seems to have taken the Vicar of Bray as his model, or one who matched that famous ecclesiastic, William, Marquis of Winchester, who, being asked how he continued to be of the council in the troublesome times of divers princes, said: "I never attempted to be the director of others, but always suffered myself to be guided by the most, and mightiest. I have always been a willow, and not an oak" (Kett's "Flowers of Wit").

MY LORD AND THE FOOL (Ep. 155).

Of great connections with great men,
 Ned keeps up a perpetual pother ;
 "My Lord knows what, knows who, knows when ;
 My Lord says this, thinks that, does t'other."

My Lord had formerly his Fool,
 We know it, for 'tis on record ;
 But now, by Ned's inverted rule,
 The Fool, it seems, must have his Lord !

Graves, in an epigram called "The Dangler," shows the style of life of such a man as *Ned* ("Euphrosyne," 1783, I. 93):

Charm'd with the empty sound of pompous words,
 Carlo vouchsafes to dine with none but lords ;
 Whilst rank and titles all his thoughts employ,
 For these he barter every social joy ;
 For these, what you and I sincerely hate,
 He lives in form, and often starves in state.—
 Carlo, enjoy thy peer ! content to be
 Rather a slave to him, than friend to me :
 Go, sell the substance to retain the show ;
 May you *seem* happy—whilst I'm really so !

THE MAIDEN'S CHOICE (Ep. 201).

A fool and knave with different views,
 For Julia's hand apply :
 The knave, to mend his fortune, sues
 The fool, to please his eye.

Ask you, how Julia will behave ?
 Depend on't for a rule,
 If she's a fool, she'll wed the knave—
 If she's a knave, the fool.

Julia seems to have cunningly coquetted with both her suitors, and her chance of happiness was not very great. She might have read with advantage a few lines in Lord Lyttelton's "Advice to a Lady":

Be still superior to your sex's arts,
Nor think dishonesty a proof of parts:
For you, the plainest is the wisest rule:
A cunning woman is a knavish fool.

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM (Ep. 221).

When quacks, as quacks may by good luck, to be sure,
Blunder out at hap-hazard a desperate cure,
In the prints of the day, with due pomp and parade,
Case, patient, and doctor, are amply display'd:—
All this is quite just—and no mortal can blame it;
If they save a man's life, they've a right to proclaim it:
But there's reason to think they might save more lives still,
Did they publish a list of the numbers they kill!

This satire is as applicable to the present day as to the last century: and, indeed, from the number of epigrams in all ages upon quacks, it may be supposed that the fraternity has always been numerous, and the exit of their patients as certain as those of Gil Blas' Dr. Sangrado. Many modern epigrams, however, attack not only illiterate empirics, but the whole medical profession, and indiscriminately satirize a body of men, who in honour, learning, and liberality have no superiors. Such epigrams are wanting as much in taste as in truth, and few of them have even any wit. Dunces and quacks are fair game for the satirist, and they have not been spared. One of the earliest epigrams on this subject is a Greek one by Lucian (Jacobs III. 25, xxiv.), thus rather freely translated in a "Selection of Greek Epigrams, for the Use of Winchester School," 1791 (slightly altered):

My friend, an *eminent* physician,
Trusted his son to my tuition:
The father wish'd me to explain
The beauties of old Homer's strain.
But scarce these lines the youth had read,
"Of thousands number'd with the dead,
"Of ghastly wounds and closing eyes,
"Of broken limbs and heart-felt sighs"—
You teach no more, the father saith,
Than I can well instruct of death;
For many I to Hades send,
And need no learning for this end.

The following by Graves is witty ("Euphrosyne," 1783, I. 271):

A doctor, who, for want of skill,
 Did sometimes cure—and sometimes kill;
 Contriv'd at length, by many a puff,
 And many a bottle fill'd with stuff,
 To raise his fortune, and his pride;
 And in a coach, forsooth! must ride.
 His family coat long since worn out,
 What arms to take, was all the doubt.
 A friend, consulted on the case,
 Thus answer'd with a sly grimace:
 "Take some device in your own way,
 Neither too solemn nor too gay;
 Three Ducks, suppose; white, grey, or black;
 And let your motto be, *Quack! Quack!*"

Dr. Edward Jenner, the celebrated discoverer of vaccination, sent the following epigram with a present of a couple of ducks to a patient ("Gentleman's Magazine," XCIII. Part I. 165, where it is stated to be taken "from Foebroke's 'Life of Jenner,' in the History of Berkeley"):

I've dispatch'd, my dear madam, this scrap of a letter,
 To say that Miss is very much better:
 A regular Doctor no longer she lacks,
 And therefore I've sent her a couple of Quacks.

Impromptu, in answer to the epigram, "Sent with a Couple of Ducks to a Patient. By the late Dr. Jenner" ("Gentleman's Magazine," XCIII. Part I. 454):

Yes! 'twas politic, truly, my very good friend,
 Thus a "couple of Quacks" to your patient to send;
 Since there's nothing so likely, as "Quacks" (it is plain),
 To make work for a "Regular Doctor" again!

ROBERT LLOYD,

Was the son of a worthy clergyman, whose hopes he raised by his abilities, but whose life he embittered by his irregularities. He was born in 1733, and educated at Westminster School, of which his father was second master, where he associated with evil companions, whose example proved his ruin. He followed literature as a profession, but brought no industry to his work, and, falling into irretrievable difficulties, was confined in the Fleet Prison, where he died in 1764. The following anonymous epigram was composed on him when a prisoner ("Select Epigrams"):

Wit, wisdom, pity, folly, friends,
 Bob uses and abuses;
 No pride, but learned pride commends,
 No liars, but the Muses.

SENT TO A LADY WITH A SEAL.

Th' impression which this seal shall make,
 The rougher hand of force may break ;
 Or jealous time, with slow decay,
 May all its traces wear away ;
 But neither time nor force combin'd,
 Shall tear thy image from my mind ;
 Nor shall the sweet *impression* fade
 Which Chloe's thousand charms have made ;
 For spite of time, or force, or art,
 'Tis *seal'd* for ever on my heart.

Campbell says, in "Lines on Receiving a Seal with the Campbell Crest, from K. M——, before her Marriage":

This wax returns not back more fair
 Th' impression of the gift you send,
 Than stamp'd upon my thoughts I bear
 The image of your worth, my friend !

RUSTIC SIMPLICITY.

• When late a simple rustic lass,
 I rov'd without constraint,
 A stream was all my looking-glass,
 And health my only paint.

The charms I boast, (alas how few !)
 I gave to nature's care,
 As vice ne'er spoil'd their native hue,
 They could not want repair.

Thomson ("Autumn," 201) describes "the lovely young Lavinia's" rustic simplicity :

A native grace
 Sat fair proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,
 Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,
 Beyond the pomp of dress ; for loveliness
 Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
 But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.
 Thoughtless of beauty, she was beauty's self,
 Recluse amid the close embow'ring woods.

So, Goldsmith, in "The Deserted Village":

As some fair female, unadorn'd and plain,
 Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
 Slights every borrow'd charm that dress supplies,
 Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes.

Bishop Lowth says, in a Latin address "To a Young Lady (Miss Molineux of Winchester) Curling her Hair," translated by William Duncombe (Nichols' "Collection of Poems," VI. 22, 1780):

So simple dress and native grace
 Will best become thy lovely face!
 For naked Cupid still suspects,
 In artful ornaments conceal'd defects.

CUPID'S DART AND WINGS.

If tyrant Love with cruel dart
 Transfix the maiden's tender heart,
 Of easy faith and fond belief,
 She hugs the dart and aids the thief.
 Till left her hapless state to mourn,
 Neglected, loving, and forlorn;
 She finds, while grief her bosom stings,
 As well as darts the god has wings.

The sorrows of a maiden left forlorn, are pictured in "England's Helicon," ed. 1812, 178, in a madrigal, entitled "Lycoris the Nymph, her Sad Song":

In dew of roses, steeping her lovely cheeks,
 Lycoris thus sat weeping:
 Ah Dorus false, that hast my heart bereft me,
 And now unkind hast left me,
 Hear, alas, oh hear me!
 Aye me, aye me,
 Cannot my beauty move thee?
 Pity, yet pity me,
 Because I love thee.
 Aye me, thou scorn'st the more I pray thee:
 And this thou dost, and all to slay me.
 Why do then
 Kill me, and vaunt thee:
 Yet my ghost
 Still shall haunt thee.

So, Tennyson, in "Mariana in the South," describes the grief of a forsaken one:

And rising, from her bosom drew
 Old letters, breathing of her worth,
 For "Love," they said, "must needs be true,
 To what is loveliest upon earth."
 An image seem'd to pass the door,
 To look at her with slight and say,
 "But now thy beauty flows away,
 So be alone for evermore."
 "O cruel heart," she changed her tone,
 "And cruel love, whose end is scorn,
 Is this the end to be left alone,
 To live forgotten, and die forlorn!"

Professor Smyth of Cambridge (late Professor of Modern History) has two lines in his ode "To Pity" ("English Lyrics," 1815), which touchingly describe the forsaken maiden:

The love-lorn maid that long believed,
 Now sinking wan, now undeceived.

FRANCIS COVENTRY,

Perpetual Curate of Edgware, was the author of a satirical romance entitled "Pompey the Little." He died young of the small-pox in 1759.

INSCRIPTION FOR AN OAK IN PENSHURST PARK, PLANTED ON THE DAY ON WHICH SIR PHILIP SID- NEY WAS BORN.

(Dodsley's "Collection of Poems," 1782, IV. 59.)

Stranger, kneel here! to age due homage pay!
 When great Eliza held Britannia's sway
 My growth began—the same illustrious morn,
 Joy to the hour! saw gallant Sidney born;
 Sidney, the darling of Arcadia's swains!
 Sidney, the terror of the martial plains!
 He perish'd early; I just stay behind
 An hundred years, and lo! my clefted rind,
 My wither'd boughs, foretell destruction nigh;
 We all are mortal; oaks and heroes die.

Ben Jonson commemorates this tree:

That taller tree, which of a nut was set,
 At his great birth, where all the Muses met.

And Waller thus links it with his passion for Sacharissa :

Go, boy, and carve this passion on the bark
Of that old tree, which stands the sacred mark
Of noble Sidney's birth——

Southey, in an inscription "For a Tablet at Penshurst," thus commemorates the old tree :

Upon his natal day an acorn here
Was planted : it grew up a stately oak,
And in the beauty of its strength it stood
And flourish'd, when his perishable part
Had moulder'd, dust to dust. That stately oak
Itself hath moulder'd now, but Sidney's fame
Endureth in his own immortal works.

The oak is still standing, though much decayed. A fence has been placed round it, to protect the trunk from injury.

RICHARD GOUGH.

The illustrious antiquary, worthily called the Camden of the 18th century. Born 1735. Died 1809.

A GREAT LITERARY UNDERTAKING,

With which the following epigram is connected, renders it interesting. It is preserved, with the accompanying account of it, in Nichols' "Literary Anecdotes," VI. 284: "He (Gough) assisted Mr. Nichols in the 'Collection of Royal and Noble Wills,' 1780, to which he wrote the preface, and compiled the glossary." . . . "The first projector of this curious work was Dr. Ducarel; and by the joint assistance of that eminent civilian and Mr. Gough it was conducted through the press, not without a very considerable inconvenience to the printer, who paid the whole expense occasioned by the various notes added by his learned friends; a circumstance thus pleasantly alluded to by one of them." The epigram is signed "R. G., Nov. 1779":

"Who shall decide when doctors disagree"
Between the learn'd civilian and R. G.?
Revis'd and *sic orig.* the Doctor cries,
Nor once t' elucidate the puzzle tries.
"Write notes," the Director says: "Again revise,"
And wearies out the text with grave surmise.
Nichols o'erruns, and finds at last to 's cost
The plague is his, and only ours the boast.
While the compositor's and Pouncey's fees
Mount high, we scratch and scribble at our ease,

Scrawl *crooked lines* and *words* that none can read :
And *thus far* only are we both agreed.

9.

The first line is from Pope's "Moral Essays," Epistle III. 1.
Pouncey or Pounoy was an eminent engraver, who was occasionally Dr. Ducarel's amanuensis.

DR. JOHN LANGHORNE,

A poet and miscellaneous writer, was born in Westmoreland, in 1735. He was a Prebendary of Wells, and is well known as the translator, with his brother William, of Plutarch's "Lives." He died in 1779.

*WRITTEN IN A SEAT IN MR. BAMPFYLDE'S WOODS
AT HESTER COMBE, NEAR TAUNTON,*

Called the Witches' Parlour, and which commanded the prospect of his pleasant grounds.

O'er Bampfylde's woods by Nature's beauties grac'd,
A witch presides—but then that witch is Taste.

This is not in Langhorne's Poetical Works, but is commonly ascribed to him.

In Graves' "Euphrosyne," 1783, I. 45, is a poem addressed "To C. W. Bampfylde, Esq., after a slight Fit of the Gout," in which the Witches' Parlour is alluded to under the name of Urganda's cave :

But could'st thou reach Urganda's cave,
And thence direct thine eye,
Where tow'ring oaks their branches wave
And pierce the azure sky.

* * * *

That scene should lull thy cares to rest,
Which still uncloy'd you view :
Tho' thy own skill the scene has drest,
Its charms are always new.

DR. JOHN WOLCOT,

Better known as Peter Pindar, was born in Devonshire in 1738. He became a physician, and in that capacity accompanied Sir William Trelawny when he went to Jamaica as Governor. He received holy orders from the Bishop of London, and, returning to the island, held a living or curacy there. On leaving Jamaica at the Governor's death, he settled in Cornwall, and resumed practice as a physician. He after-

wards went to London, where he became noted for his satires, which were severe and popular. He died in 1819. He occasionally wrote with feeling and propriety, but the following epigrams are scarcely a fair specimen of his usual style, which was coarsely satirical and vulgarly personal. His Works were published in 5 vols. in 1812.

TO CHLOE.

Dear Chloe, well I know the swain
Who gladly would embrace thy chain;
And who, alas! can blame him?
Affect not, Chloe, a surprise:
Look but a moment on *these* eyes;
Thou'lt ask me not to *name* him.

Shenstone has some epigrammatic stanzas, on the willingness of the British youth to embrace the chains forged for them by the fair sex, which thus conclude:

Nor pointed spear nor links of steel,
Could e'er those gallant minds subdue,
Who beauty's wounds with pleasure feel,
And boast the fetters wrought by you.

Spenser, however, warns against embracing the chain in his 37th sonnet:

Fondness it were for any, being free,
To covet fetters, though they golden be!

TO LORD NELSON.

Dr. Wolcot, when on a visit to Lord Nelson at Merton, was reading in bed, and accidentally set fire to the night-cap he was wearing, which had been lent to him by his host. He returned the cap with the following lines:

Take your night-cap again, my good lord, I desire,
For I wish not to keep it a minute:
What belongs to a Nelson, where'er there's a *fire*,
Is sure to be instantly *in it*.

The following impromptu is good. On the victory of the Nile, referring to Nelson's previous loss of an eye and an arm (Kett's "Flowers of Wit," 1814, I. 198):

Frenchmen, no more with Britons vie,—
Nelson destroys your naval band,
Sees your designs with half an eye,
And fights and beats you with one hand.

The following, "Upo
5th Duke of Devonshire
("Gentleman's Magazin

Of had Br
Divine pro
Generous a
Britons fro
To crown th
God gave tl

THE LAST TO
On the Princess Anne
With all the vi
To charm the w
Life's taper losi
The fair Amelia
"Faint on the
My spirit from
Not long the lig
My Friend, m
Oh wear a dau
Receive the token

These beautiful lines are
are given in the "Gentleman'
565. They are very unlike h
such verses, his reputation as
it now standa.

Dr. Wolcott

TO

importunity, at length stopped it by sending him the following epigram :

And, doctor, do you really think
That ass' milk I ought to drink ?
'Twould quite remove my cough you say,
And drive my old complaints away.
It cured yourself—I grant it true ;
But then—'twas *mother's milk* to you.

This is not found in Dr. Wolcot's Works, but is ascribed to him in "Flowers of Anecdote, Wit, Humour, &c.," 1829, 160.

EPITAPH ON A FRIEND.

Though here in death thy relics lie,
Thy worth shall live in Memory's eye ;
Who oft at night's pale moon shall stray,
To bathe with tears thy lonely clay.

Here Pity, too, in weeds forlorn,
Shall, mingling sighs, be heard to mourn ;
With Genius drooping o'er thy tomb,
In sorrow for a brother's doom.

Remarkably similar to the opening of the first stanza are two lines in Professor Carlyle's translation of an Arabian ode "On the Tomb of Mano," by Hassan Alasady ("Specimens of Arabian Poetry," 1796, 12) :

But tho' in dust thy relics lie,
Thy virtues, Mano, ne'er shall die.

BAPTIST NOEL TURNER,

Was born in 1739, and named after his godfather, Baptist Noel, Earl of Gainsborough. He became Fellow of Emanuel College, Cambridge, and subsequently married and resided at Denton, in Lincolnshire, the rectory of which he held. He was highly esteemed by many of the literary luminaries of the day, and especially by Dr. Johnson, with whom he was on intimate terms. He died in 1826, at the age of 86. The following and other pieces of his poetry are preserved in Nichols' "Illustrations of the Literary History of the 18th Century," Vol. VI.

ON AN OLD GOSSIP,

Who had slandered a young lady, to whom one of the Fellows of Emanuel College was engaged to be married.

When will Belisa's envious tongue
The charming Pattilinda spare?
When will she cease th' insidious wrong,
Nor sneer at gifts she cannot share?
'Twill be—you need not doubt how long—
'Twill be as soon as she's as fair,
As good, as happy, and as young!

In a volume of newspaper cuttings in the British Museum ("Miscellaneous Poetical Extracts from Newspapers"), is a severe epigram on a Belisa of Bath, entitled, "Impromptu on an unpretty, middle-aged, malevolent Female, who lodges, feeds, and fibs not a thousand miles from Pierpoint-street, Bath." It is perhaps a fair specimen of the scandal and wit of that fashionable city in the last century:

Secure from scandal, Delia still may rail,
Invent the spiteful fib, the slanderous tale;
Paint, with the poison of a serpent's tooth,
The fame of beauty and the bliss of youth:
Safe from retort of belles, or youth, or men,
Safe as a bloated spider in a den—
To rail at Delia not a tongue will stir—
For *nought is scandal you can say of her.*

It is probable that the Delia of this severe epigram may be Lady Mary Wortley Montague, who was much at Bath, and was lampooned under the name of Lady Bath. It suits her character very well, and the particular mention of "Pierpoint-street" seems to refer to her family name, as she was the daughter of Evelyn Pierrepont, Duke of Kingston.

THE UNCANONICAL NATURE OF POETRY.

Alas! we rectors must resign
All claims upon the Muses blithe;
The blithesome Muses are but nine,
And so we've none, you see, for tithe.

In another epigram, however, "To the Rev. George Crabbe, on the General Failure of the Laurel-tree in 1814," Turner holds that the Muses are not averse to smile on the clergy:

In you, my dear friend, we've a proof that the Nine
 May propitiously smile on the soundest divine;
 And as now in these plains you no longer will stay,
 See the laurels, alas! are all fading away.

BRYAN EDWARDS,

Who is chiefly known as the author of a "History of the West Indies," was born at Westbury, in Wiltshire, in 1743. Owing to the narrow means of his father, his education was neglected, until he was sent for to Jamaica by a wealthy maternal uncle, whose property he inherited, and at whose death he returned to England, and entered Parliament for the borough of Grampound, which he represented until his death in 1800.

TO MISS ———.

("Select Epigrams," 1797, II. 51.)

O clear that cruel, doubting brow,
 I'll call on mighty Jove
 To witness this eternal vow;—
 'Tis you alone I love!

"Pray leave the god to soft repose,"
 The smiling maid replies,
 "For Jove but laughs at lovers' oaths,
 And lovers' perjuries."

By honour'd Beauty's gentle pow'r!
 By Friendship's holy flame!
 "Ah! what is beauty but a flow'r,
 And friendship but a name?"

By those dear tempting lips, I cried,—
 With arch, ambiguous look;
 Convinc'd, my Chloe glanc'd aside,
 And bade me *kiss the book*.

The point of the epigram is found in a passage in Massinger ("The Maid of Honour," Act IV. sc. 4):

Bert. I am wholly yours.

Aurel. On this book seal it.

Gonz. What, hand and lip too! then the bargain's sure.

A lovely sky,
A rainbow

So, Burns, in his "Elegy on
We saw thee shine in
And virtue's light,
But like the sun eclips'd
Thou left'st us dark

GEORGE

Born in 1744, was the son of N
House of Commons from 1731 to
Trinity College, Cambridge; in
the Queen; in 1787 Senior Justice
and Radnor; and in 1789 Attorney
Parliament as member for Old
high in his profession; and held
in 1816. The first Viscount Harcourt
were his nephews.

ON BURNING A WORK OF

(Nichols' "Illustrations

With laurel crown'd
Or mercenary victim
Whose fear of shame
And brav'd in mask

The *Author*—who ex
—A culprit sentence
Puts verse or prose in

In reference to Mr. Hardinge's work, the destruction of which he commemorates in these lines, it is said: "On the suggestion of a gentleman on whose judgment he had great reliance, he destroyed one of his early productions, on which he had bestowed much labour" (Nichols, as above).

Joseph Scaliger has a Latin epigram on true heroism ("Delitiæ Delitiarum," 53):

Ambition's goal—the love of praise,
A fever in the mind doth raise:
Renown contemn'd more greatness shows
Than Glory's self, when sought, bestows.

ON THE NAMES OF JOB'S THREE DAUGHTERS.

(Bland's "Collections from the Greek Anthology," 1813, 490.)

Translated from the Latin by Merivale (last line altered).

Six glasses the name of Jemima will cover,
And (reckoning the h's) Kheziah claims seven;
But alas! Kerenhappuch's unfortunate lover
Will surely be tipsy with more than eleven.

It was anciently the custom to toast a mistress in as many glasses as her name had letters. Martial has an epigram on this, the original probably of Hardinge's (Book I. 72); translated by D:

Seven glasses Justina, and Nævia six,
Lycas five, Lyde four, Ida three, for toasts fix;
As each fair one determines, we'll the reck'ning keep;
But since none will come to me, come thou, god of sleep.

Cumberland translates a fragment of Pherecrates, who flourished B.C. 436, on the invention of large drinking glasses, in which the fault of deep potations is laid, not upon the ladies' names, but upon their example ("Observer," No. 78):

Remark how wisely ancient art provides
The broad-brimm'd cup, with flat expanded sides,
A cup contriv'd for man's discreeter use,
And sober portions of the generous juice:
But woman's more ambitious thirsty soul
Soon long'd to revel in the plenteous bowl.
Deep and capacious as the swelling hold
Of some strong bark, she shap'd the hollow mould;
Then turning out a vessel like a tun,
Simpering exclaim'd—"Observe! I drink but one."

The custom of making the number of glasses correspond with the letters of a name, is alluded to by Butler in "Hudibras" (Part II. Canto i. 565):

I'll carve your name on barks of trees,
 With true-love-knots and flourishes,
 That shall infuse eternal spring,
 And everlasting flourishing ;
 Drink every letter on't in stum,
 And make it brisk champaign become.

The subject recalls "The Five Reasons for Drinking" of Dr. Aldrich, the celebrated Dean of Christ Church, at the close of the 17th century :

Good wine ; a friend ; or being dry ;
 Or lest we should be by and by ;
 Or, any other reason why.

HANNAH MORE.

Born 1746. Died 1833.

ON MRS. POWELL'S SECOND MARRIAGE.

The buskin'd muse, when Powell was no more,
 Her tresses rent, and deeper sable wore.
 Aside her mask Thalia mournful laid,
 And tragic weeds belied the comic maid ;
 "Nay, let the devil wear black," his widow cried,
 Disconsolate, "I'll mourn a fidler's bride."

The marriage of Mrs. Powell (relict of Mr. Powell, one of the managers of Covent Garden Theatre) with Mr. Fidler, was obliged to be postponed till Powell's monument was erected, which styled her "hi sdisconsolate widow." The epigram is ascribed to Hannah More on the authority of the "New Foundling Hospital for Wit," 1784, I. 209, which is not always accurate, and it is certainly not in accordance with her usual style. The thought is taken from "Hamlet" (Act I. sc. 2):

Frailty, thy name is woman !—
 A little month ; or ere those shoes were old,
 With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
 Like Niobe, all tears :—why she, even she,—
 (O heaven ! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,
 Would have mourn'd longer),—married with my uncle,
 My father's brother ; but no more like my father,
 Than I to Hercules.

*EPITAPH ON THE MONUMENT OF ADMIRAL SAMUEL
BARRINGTON; IN SHRIVENHAM CHURCH.*

(Nichols' "Literary Anecdotes," VI. 644.)

Here rests the Hero, who in glory's page,
Wrote his fair deeds for more than half an age.
Here rests the Patriot, who for England's good,
Each toil encountered, and each clime withstood;
Here rests the Christian, his the loftier theme,
To seize the conquest yet renounce the fame.
He, when his arm S. Lucia's trophies boasts,
Ascribes the glory to the Lord of Hosts;
And when the harder task remain'd behind,
The passive courage and the will resign'd,
Patient the veteran victor yields his breath,
Secure in Him who conquered sin and death.

The action at S. Lucia, alluded to in the epitaph, conferred much honour on Admiral Barrington, who repulsed the French fleet, though far superior in force, and thus saved the transports, with provisions and stores for the army, which would otherwise have fallen into the hands of the enemy.

In illustration of the line, "And when the harder task remain'd behind," may be given an epitaph in Chichester churchyard, 1798 ("Gentleman's Magazine," LXIX. Part II. 1072):

Here lies an old soldier whom all must applaud,
Since he suffer'd much hardship at home and abroad;
But the hardest engagement he ever was in,
Was the battle of Self in the conquest of Sin.

An anonymous epigram may be added which is found in "Wit Restored" (ed. 1817, II. 234):

When I was young, in wars I shed my blood,
Both for my king, and for my country's good:
In elder years, my care was chief to be
Soldier to Him that shed His blood for me.

EPITAPH ON GENERAL LAWRENCE,

Memorable for his conquests in India, and for his clemency to the
vanquished.

(More's Poems.) •

Born to command, to conquer, and to spare,
As mercy mild, yet terrible as war,

Here Lawrence rests in death ; while living fame
 From Thames to Ganges wafts his honour'd name.
 To him this frail memorial Friendship rears,
 Whose noblest monument's a nation's tears :
 Whose deeds on fairer columns stand engrav'd,
 In provinces preserv'd and cities saved.

Petronius Arbiter has the following lines in his "Satyricon," ed. Amstel. 1669, 52, on Mercy, translated by Kelly :

Contempt is loathsome ; glorious 'tis to sway
 Obedient minds ; I love to have my way.
 The wise themselves will oft resent an ill ;
 But they are victors most who spare to kill.

We may compare an epigram "Upon Cruelty," in "A Collection of Miscellany Poems, never before Published," 1737, 117 :

Let heroes boast of hearts for slaughter made
 Of iron hearts, where pity can't invade ;
 Let them with joy the blood of nations spill,
 And call it merit to betray and kill ;
 Laugh at the fool who gives the poor relief,
 Or, mov'd with pity, feels another's grief :
 Yet if, with justice, we their actions scan,
 The most compassionate is most a man.

ANNA SEWARD,

Daughter of the Rev. Thomas Seward, Canon of Lichfield, was born in 1747. She early showed a taste for poetry, which her father, himself a poet, sedulously cultivated, and she afterwards became well known as an authoress. Her celebrity, however, rests rather upon her friendship with Sir Walter Scott, than upon her own productions. She died in 1809.

TO MAJOR ROOKE ;

On the Publication of his Diurnal Register of the Winds for the last Two Years. October, 1796.

No gale unlucky may thy fortunes find,
 Benign historian of the wayward wind !
 But when it rises with proverbial sway,
 O ! may it cast all fickleness away ;
 On grateful wings, from blight and tempest free,
 Blow only good, from every point, to thee.

Thomas Tusser, born in 1515, who has gained the title of the English Varro, by his "Hundreth Good Pointes of Husbandrie," has the following moral reflections on the wind blowing good to men, in that curious didactic poem :

Though winds do rage, as winds were wood,*
 And cause spring-tides to raise great flood ;
 And lofty ships leave anchor in mud,
 Bereaving many of life and of blood ;
 Yet true it is, as cow chews cud,
 And trees, at spring, doth yield forth bud,
 Except wind stands as never it stood,
 It is an ill wind turns none to good.

INSCRIPTION FOR AN URN IN A GENTLEMAN'S GARDEN,

Amid the mountainous parts of Scotland, where two lovers had been killed by the fall of an impending precipice.

Blow, winter wind, these desert rocks around,
 No blight from thee my cypress garland fears !
 Away, ye months, with light and roses crown'd !
 But, melting April, steep it in thy tears !
 Here the fond lover to his fair one told
 The tale of tenderness and gay delight,
 When from its base, th' incumbent mountain roll'd,
 And Beauty, Youth, and Love, were whelm'd in night.
 Ah ! gentle stranger, pensive o'er me bend,
 Who, in these deathful scenes, am doom'd to prove,
 A sad memorial of the timeless end,
 And living grave of Beauty, Youth, and Love !

The same event is probably commemorated in the following "Epitaph on Two Lovers, who when sitting at the foot of a hill were buried alive by the earth falling suddenly in upon them," taken from "Newspaper Cuttings—Poetry and Miscellaneous," in the British Museum :

Whether 'tis pity or compassion lead,
 Or pensive thoughts thy footsteps hither guide,
 A moment pause—the mournful scroll to read,
 Sacred to love—for here the lovers died.

Here sat the pair, untaught in falsehood's wiles,
 Truth form'd each vow, and rapture gave it birth ;
 Till jealous Fate, like Hymen dress'd in smiles,
 Stole on their joys—and wedded them in death.

* Wood, i.e. mad with rage.

Riot and rudeness hence be far away,
Gently, ye lovers, o'er these ashes move,
Whilst musing melancholy marks the lay,
And pity rests upon the grave of love.

Pope wrote an epitaph on two lovers, John Hewet and Mary Drew, who were struck dead by lightning whilst working together in the fields. An account of the catastrophe and of the epitaph is given in a letter from the poet Gay to Mr. F——, in Pope's Works (ed. 1770, VIII. 153):

When Eastern lovers feed the fun'ral fire,
On the same pile the faithful pair expire.
Here pitying Heav'n that virtue mutual found,
And blasted both, that it might neither wound.
Hearts so sincere th' Almighty saw well pleas'd;
Sent his own lightning, and the victims seiz'd.

Lady Mary Wortley Montague wrote an epitaph on the lovers at Pope's request, and sent it to the poet. It is in singularly bad taste (Lady M. W. Montague's Letters).

Thomson's striking lines on Celadon and Amelia in the "Seasons" will be read with interest (Summer, 1191):

The tempest caught them on the tender walk,

* * * * *

"Fear not," he said,
"Sweet Innocence! thou stranger to offence,
And inward storm! He who yon skies involves
In frowns of darkness, ever smiles on thee
With kind regard. O'er thee the secret shaft
That wastes at midnight, or th' undreaded hour
Of noon, flies harmless, and that very voice
Which thunders terror thro' the guilty heart,
With tongues of seraphs whispers peace to thine.
'Tis safety to be near thee, sure, and thus
To clasp perfection!" From his void embrace,
Mysterious Heaven! that moment to the ground,
A blackened corse, was struck the beauteous maid.

FREDERICK HOWARD, FIFTH EARL OF CARLISLE.

Born 1748. Died 1825.

TO THE DUKE OF BEDFORD, ON HIS GROUP OF THE
THREE GRACES, BY CANOVA.

("Miscellanies," by Lord Carlisle, 1820.)

'Tis well in stone to have three Graces
With lovely limbs, and lovely faces ;
But better far, and not in stone,
To have the Three combin'd in One.

The Duchess, to whom this elegant compliment was paid, was probably Lady Georgiana Elizabeth Byng, daughter of the 4th Viscount Torrington, and first wife of the 6th Duke of Bedford.

The following was written on viewing the same group ("Gentleman's Magazine," XCIV. Part I. 359):

Conceal'd in marble-bed the Graces lay,
For safety left by Phidias there, no doubt :—
Vain was all search,—till wandering that way,
Matchless Canova found the sleepers out.
Released by him, and to the light awake—
They breathe !—and silently our homage take.

THOMAS, LORD ERSKINE.

Born 1748. Died 1823.

FRENCH TASTE.

The French have taste in all they do,
Which we are quite without ;
For Nature, that to them gave *goût*,
To us gave only gout.

Rogers' dictum on this epigram was, "Far from bad" ("Table Talk," 1856, 54).

*IMPROMPTU ON THE PUBLICATION OF SIR WALTER
SCOTT'S POEM, "THE FIELD OF WATERLOO."*

(Campbell's "Lives of the Lord Chancellors," 4th ed. IX. 87.)

On Waterloo's ensanguined plain
Lie tens of thousands of the slain ;
But none by sabre or by shot,
Fell half as flat as Walter Scott.

The poem was published in 1815. Sir Walter was aware of its imperfections, for which he apologizes in an "Advertisement" prefixed to it, by saying, "that it was composed hastily, and during a short tour upon the Continent, but its best apology is, that it was written for the purpose of assisting the Waterloo Subscription."

GENERAL RICHARD FITZPATRICK,

Son of John, 1st Earl of Upper Ossory, uncle of the 2nd Lord Holland, and of the 1st Marquis of Lansdowne, born 1748, was Secretary-at-War in 1783, and again in 1806, and Member of Parliament for the county of Bedford. He died in 1815.

ON SHAKESPEARE'S MONUMENT.

Written in the Album at Stratford-upon-Avon ("Gentleman's Magazine," LXXXV. Part I. 390).

Stranger, to whom this monument is shown,
Invoke the poet's curse upon Malone !
Whose meddling zeal his barbarous taste displays,
And smears his tombstone, as he marr'd his plays.

The bust of Shakespeare in Stratford Church was coloured to resemble a living countenance. Malone, thinking this absurd and tasteless, caused it to be covered with a coat of white paint. This may have been unjustifiable, but General Fitzpatrick would have been nearer the truth if he had written the last line of the epigram :

And smears his tomb, *though he restor'd his plays.*

ON GEORGE CANNING.

(Sir Henry Bulwer's "Historical Characters"—Canning.)

The turning of coats so common is grown,
That no one would think to attack it;
But no case until now was so flagrantly known
Of a school-boy turning his jacket.

Canning had originally been imbued with Whig principles, and his friends were principally of that party; but circumstances produced a change in his mind, and, on his entrance into public life in 1793, he left the Whigs, and joined the Tories under Pitt, upon which Fitzpatrick revenged the former by the above epigram.

EPITAPH ON HIMSELF.

Inscribed on his tomb in the churchyard of Sunninghill, Berks.

(Nichols' "Illustrations of Literary History," VII. 633.)

Whose turn is next? this monitory stone
Replies, vain passenger, perhaps thy own.
If, idly curious, thou wilt seek to know
Whose relics mingle with the dust below,
Enough to tell thee, that his destin'd span
On earth he dwelt,—and, like thyself, a man.
Nor distant far th' inevitable day
When thou, poor mortal, shalt like him be clay.
Through life he walk'd unemulous of fame,
Nor wish'd beyond it to preserve a name.
Content, if friendship, o'er his humble bier,
Drop but the heart-felt tribute of a tear;
Though countless ages should unconscious glide,
Nor learn that ever he had liv'd, or died.

An epigram by Paul the Silentiary may be compared (Jacobs IV. 71, lxxvii.). The following translation by Cowper preserves well the character of the original, and is accurate, with the exception that in the Greek the epigram assumes the form of question and answer:

My name—my country—what are they to thee?
What, whether base or proud my pedigree?
Perhaps I far surpass'd all other men—
Perhaps I fell below them all—what then?

Suffice it, stranger! that thou seest a tomb:
Thou know'st its use—it hides—no matter whom.

CHARLES JAMES FOX.

Born 1749. Died 1806.

TO MRS. FOX, ON THE WRITER'S BIRTHDAY.

("The Metrical Miscellany," 2nd ed. 1803, 175.)

Of years I have now half a century past,
Yet not one of the fifty so blest as the last:
How it happens my troubles thus daily should cease,
And my happiness still with my years should increase,
This defiance to nature's more general laws,
You alone can explain, who alone are the cause.

Mr. Justice Hardinge wrote some lines on a similar occasion, "My Birthday, to my First Love" (Nichols' "Illustrations of Literary History," III. 818):

Again, the destined orbit roll'd,
An added year to life is told;
Nor yet, by mis-adventure cross'd,
Is love decay'd, or friendship lost.

* * * * *
Mine is *another natal morn*;
When I was loved, then *I was born*;
The day, the hour, on which it fell,
Perhaps thy register can tell;
The *birthday* that's preferr'd by me
Is Time's record of *Love* and *thee*.

Samuel Bishop, in lines presented to his wife with a ring on their wedding-day, has:

Those virtues, whose progressive claim,
Endearing wedlock's very name,
My soul enjoys, my song approves,
For conscience sake, as well as love's.

ROBERT FERGUSON,

The son of a mercantile clerk, was born at Edinburgh, in 1750. Being intended for the ministry of the Scotch Establishment, he studied at the University of S. Andrew's, but resigning all thoughts of a ministerial life, he became an assistant in the office of the commissary clerk of Edinburgh. He cultivated the poetical talents with which he was largely endowed by nature, but unfortunately made tavern parties and clubs the spheres for the display of his wit and his vocal powers. Spoilt by praise, and made reckless by dissipation, he fell into habits of intemperance, and died miserably in a madhouse, in 1774. In 1787, Burns erected a monument to his memory, in the Canongate Churchyard, on which he inscribed this epitaph :

No sculptur'd marble here, nor pompous lay,
No storied urn nor animated bust,
This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way,
To pour her sorrows o'er her poet's dust.

It is surprising that Burns should have found nothing more original for his second line than a copy from Gray's "Elegy."

Fergusson wrote much, considering the early age at which he died. His Works, which fill an 8vo vol., were published in London in 1807.

*ON BEING ASKED WHICH OF THREE SISTERS WAS THE
MOST BEAUTIFUL.*

When Paris gave his voice, in Ida's grove,
For the resistless Venus, queen of love,
'Twas no great task to pass a judgment there,
Where she alone was exquisitely fair :
But here, what could his ablest judgment teach,
When wisdom, power, and beauty, reign in each ?
The youth, non-plused, behoved to join with me,
And wish the apple had been cut in three.

Something similar is the point of a Greek epigram by Rufinus, thus freely translated by Graves, in the "Festoon" (Jacobs III. 99, iii.) :

Three lovely nymphs, contending for the prize,
Display'd their charms before my critic eyes :
Superior beauties heighten'd ev'ry grace,
And seem'd to mark them of celestial race :
But I, who, bless'd like Paris, fear'd his fall,
Swore each a Venus was—and pleas'd them all.

*ON THE DEATH OF MR. THOMAS LANCASHIRE,
COMEDIAN.*

Alas, poor Tom! how oft, with merry heart,
Have we beheld thee play the sexton's part?
Each comic heart must now be grieved to see
The sexton's dreary part performed on thee.

Perhaps the sexton who performed the "dreary part" on "poor Tom," did so with as "merry heart" as the comedian when he played it, if he were like the grave-digger in "Hamlet" (Act V. sc. 1), of whom Hamlet says: "Has this fellow no feeling of his business? he sings at grave-making."

*ON THE NUMEROUS EPITAPHS FOR GENERAL WOLFE;
FOR THE BEST OF WHICH A PREMIUM OF £100 WAS
PROMISED.*

The Muse, a shameless, mercenary jade!
Has now assumed the arch-tongued lawyer's trade;
In Wolfe's deserving praises silent she,
Till flattered with the prospect of a fee.

The premium was, perhaps, offered for the epitaph for Wolfe's monument in Westminster Abbey, the money for which was voted by Parliament in 1759, and which was completed in 1773. In 1760, a monument to his memory was placed in the church of Westerham, his native parish, on which the following epitaph is inscribed ("Festoon," 1767, 153):

While George in sorrow bows his laurel'd head,
And bids the artist grace the soldier dead,—
We raise no sculptur'd trophy to thy name,
Brave youth! the fairest in the lists of fame.
Proud of thy birth, we boast th' auspicious year;
Struck with thy fall, we shed the gen'ral tear:
With humble grief inscribe one artless stone,—
And from thy matchless honour date our own.

Graves, in "Euphrosyne," 1783, I. 293, has some epigrammatic lines on Wolfe's death, which are pithy and true:

A world subdu'd unknown to Ammon's son,
What could'st thou more, great Wolfe? 'Thy work was done.
Enough to Virtue and to Fame was given—
Tho' early slain, thou died'st mature for heaven.

ROBERT NARES,

Son of Dr. James Nares, for many years organist and composer to Kings George II. and III., was born in 1753. He was Archdeacon of Stafford, and held other Church preferment. He died in 1829.

ON HIMSELF.

(Nichols' "Illustrations of Literary History," VII. 584.)

Time has not thinn'd my flowing hair,
Nor laid my aged temples bare;
But he has play'd the barber's part,
And powder'd me with wondrous art,
Meaning, no doubt, to let me see,
He thinks to make mere dust of me;
But let him know that on a day,
God will re-animate this clay,
And life unchangeable will give
When Time himself shall cease to live.

The epigram is stated in Nichols' "Illustrations," as above, to have been written in 1826; but it is given, though with considerable variations, in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for the year 1817, LXXXVII. Part I. 445, where the first line is placed within inverted commas as a quotation. From what poet? It is almost word for word the same as a line in Wordsworth's "Three Cottage Girls," but that piece is amongst Poems not published until 1821 (Wordsworth's "Poems," 1846, IV. 162).

Time cannot thin thy flowing hair.

JAMES DOUGLAS,

Was born not later than 1757 (the exact date is unknown), and entered the army. He afterwards became a clergyman, and held the livings of Middleton in Sussex, and Kenton in Suffolk. He was an accomplished antiquary, and published several works on subjects connected with his favourite study. He died in 1819.

ON MR. GROSE, ASLEEP.

Written under his portrait, "inscribed to those members of the Antiquarian Society who adjourn to the 'Somerset,' by one of their devoted brethren."

(Nichols' "Literary Anecdotes," III. 659.)

Now Grose, like bright Phœbus, has sunk into rest,
Society droops for the loss of his jest;

Antiquarian debates unseason'd with mirth,
 To genius and learning will never give birth.
 Then wake, brother member, our friend from his sleep,
 Lest Apollo should frown, and Bacchus should weep.

This was Francis Grose, the eminent antiquary, who travelled through the country taking views and examining antiquities, an account of which he afterwards published in his well-known *Works*. When he died the following epitaph was proposed for him, and inserted in the "S. James' Chronicle" of May 26, 1791 :

Here lies Francis Grose.
 On Thursday, May 12th, 1791,
 Death put an end to
 His *Views* and *Prospects*.

A print of the portrait of Grose sleeping in a chair, under which the above epigram was written, is given in Hone's "Every-day Book," ed. 1831, 655.

RICHARD PORSON,

The most eminent Greek scholar of modern times, was born in 1759, at East Ruston, in Norfolk, where his father was parish clerk. The vicar, Mr. Norris, discovering the boy's genius, sent him to Eton, whence he proceeded to Trinity College, Cambridge, and in 1793 became Greek Professor. His learning and critical acumen made him celebrated among scholars throughout Europe. His eccentricities vexed his friends and amused the public, and his habits of intemperance disgraced himself. He died in 1808.

PITT AND HENRY DUNDAS

Went, on one occasion, drunk to the House of Commons. Pitt wanted to speak, but was prevented by those around him, who saw his condition. Dundas sat silent. Porson is said to have made one hundred and one epigrams on the subject in one evening. The following is one of the best (Watson's "Life of Porson," 1861, 217):

When Billy found he scarce could stand,
 "Help, help!" he cried, and stretched his hand,
 To faithful Henry calling :
 Quoth Hal, "My friend, I'm sorry for't ;
 'Tis not my practice to support
 A minister that's falling."

In the 158th No. of the "Quarterly Review," the following story is told in reference to the scene in the House : "On one celebrated and single occasion, Mr. Pitt came into the House with Dundas, both under the influence of wine : for which the Speaker's decorum gently chided him the

next morning, by saying that it had so disturbed the clerk at the table as to give him a violent headache. Pitt replied that 'he thought it an excellent arrangement that *he* should have the wine, and the *clerk* the headache.'

The occasion was too good for the "Rolliad" to pass over, and the following epigram appeared in that caustic publication:

Pitt. I cannot see the Speaker! Hal, can you?

Dundas. Not see the Speaker? Hang it, I see *two*.

INTEMPERANCE

Never produced any shame in Porson, but from the following epigram, he seems to have considered it a privilege accorded to the learned ("Facetiæ Cantabrigienses," 1825, 3):

I went to Frankfort and got drunk
With that most learned Professor Brunck:
I went to Wortz and got more drunken
With that more learned Professor Ruhnken.

This epigram gave currency to the belief that Porson had visited Antwerp and Wortz—a mistake; for he was never out of England. His potations with the Professors were only imaginary, and in the matter of drinking imagination went a long way with him. Give him anything to drink, and he would easily fancy it to be wine or spirits. Many stories in reference to this are told of him. Perhaps the best is, that, while sitting with a gentleman after dinner, in the chambers of a mutual friend, a Templar, who was ill and confined to bed, a servant came into the room for a bottle of embrocation which was on the chimney-piece: "I drank it an hour ago," said Porson.

HERMANN,

The editor of a work on Greek metre, accused Porson of being very dogmatical upon that subject. This attack produced the following epigram ("Facetiæ Cantabrigienses," 1825, 39):

The Germans in Greek
Are sadly to seek;
Not five in five score,
But ninety-five more,—
All, save only Hermann,
And Hermann's a German.

This is not original. It is taken from a Greek epigram by Phocylides (who flourished B.C. 544), with which, of course, Porson was acquainted. A story is told of an occasion on which Bentley quoted this epigram (Nichols' "Illustrations of Literary History," I. 729). Mr. Nicholas Hardinge, formerly Fellow of King's, had suggested a correc-

tion in some lines of Horace, which was mentioned to Bentley: "‘Good,’ said he, ‘*very good!*—and *sound*; but that *Hardinge* is a *King’s-man!*—is he not?—Those *King’s-men* are bad fellows—not one, or another, but all of them—except *Hardinge*—and *Hardinge* is a *King’s-man!*’ He immediately recollected an epigram of Phocylides, which he repeated, laughing all the time."

The epigram (Jacobs I. 54, x.) is translated (or rather paraphrased, for the original is a distich) by Mr. Justice Hardinge, the son of the *King’s-man*, and the relater of the anecdote:

I hate those *Lyricks*—they are trump’ry men—
It is not one, or two, or nine in ten,—
I hate ’em *all*, *Phocylides* exclaim’d,
Except that *Procles*, whom you just have nam’d:
He’s an exception to the worthless crew;
And yet, that *Procles* is a *Lyric* too.

Demodocus has an epigram against the Chians, precisely similar (Jacobs II. 56, i.).

In the "Gentleman's Magazine," LXXXVIII. Part II. 196, it is suggested that Bentley's dislike to the King's-men "was founded, not upon any imperfections in their learning, but upon their Tory politics."

ON THE LATIN GERUNDS.

Porson used to say he could make verses upon anything. Being asked to do so on the Latin gerunds, he immediately produced the following (Watson's "Life of Porson," 1861, 418):

When Dido found Æneas would not come,
She mourn'd in silence, and was Di-do-dum.

He has been much praised for his ready wit in these lines, but undeservedly, for he was, doubtless, acquainted with Owen's "Latin Epigrams," where, in Book VIII. 31, something similar may be seen.

ON A FELLOW OF TRINITY, WHO ALWAYS PRONOUNCED THE "A" IN EUPHRATES SHORT.

Venit ad Euphraten rapidis perterritus undis,
Ut cito transiret, corripuit fluvium.

The following admirable translation appeared in "Notes and Queries," 2nd S. XII. 17, borrowing the witty rendering of Jekyll of the last few words:

With fear on the Euphrates' shore
The wild waves made him shiver;
But he thought to pass more quickly o'er,
And so abridged the river.

The Fellow, at whose expense Porson amused himself and the world,

Great Ganges; and immortall Eúphrates.

Labienus

ROBERT BURNS.

O thou whom Poetry abhors,
Whom Prose has turned out of doors,
Heard'st thou that groan—proceed no further,
'Twas laurell'd Martial roaring murder.

Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful jollity,

Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
 Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,
 Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
 And love to live in dimple sleek;
 Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
 And Laughter holding both his sides.

* * * *
 * * * *
 * * * *

These delights if thou canst give,
 Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

There is a stanza on Wisdom and Folly in "An invitation into the Country, from Dr. Ridley to Mr. Spence, in imitation of Horace, Book IV. Ode 12" (Nichols' "Collection of Poems," VIII. 80, 1782):

Come, let the press stand still a day:
 True wisdom must have some allay,
 To make it sterling; time and place
 Give Folly's self a pleasing grace.

Pope has a line in the "Essay on Man" (Epistle II. 288), which may be compared with the last line of Burns' epigram:

In folly's cup still laughs the bubble, joy.

POLITICS.

In politics if thou would'st mix,
 And mean thy fortunes be;
 Bear this in mind, be deaf and blind,
 Let great folks hear and see.

Bias, one of the seven sages, who flourished about B.C. 540, gives advice, *mutatis mutandis*, of similar character. The translation is by Merivale (Jacobs I. 87, iii.):

Whilst in the city 'tis your wish to dwell,
 Seek how to please all men of each estate:
 Thus may you prosper. Hate and Discord fell
 Too oft pursue the proud and obstinate.

EPITAPH ON ROBERT AIKEN, ESQ.

Know thou, O stranger to the fame
 Of this much lov'd, much honour'd name,
 (For none that knew him need be told)
 A warmer heart Death ne'er made cold.

Similar in spirit is an epitaph by Charles Cotton on Mr. Robert Port:

Here lies he, whom the tyrant's rage
 Snatch'd in a venerable age;
 And here, with him, entomb'd do lie
 Honour and Hospitality.

FREDERIC SCHILLER,

Was born at Marbach in the Duchy of Wurtemberg in 1759. He was patronised by the Duke of Saxe-Weimar, who appointed him Professor of History and Philosophy in the University of Jena, where he composed his most celebrated work, the "History of the Thirty Years' War in Germany." He died in 1805. The following epigrams are translated from the German by Lord Lytton.

THE CHILD IN THE CRADLE.

Within that narrow bed, glad babe, to thee
 A boundless world is spread!
 Unto thy soul, the boundless world shall be
 When man, a narrow bed!

Lord Lytton, in a note to his translation of Schiller, says, "This epigram has a considerable resemblance to the epitaph on Alexander the Great," a translation of which he gives from "Blackwood's Magazine" for April, 1838:

A little tomb sufficeth him whom not sufficed all:
 The small is now as great to him as once the great was small.

In Pettigrew's "Chronicles of the Tombs," 1857, 290, a translation (not a very exact one) is given of the Latin epitaph on Henry II. at Fontevrault (another version is given in the "Festoon"):

Here lies King Henry II., who many realms
 Did erst subdue, and was both count and king;
 Though all the regions of the earth could not
 Suffice me once, eight feet of ground are now
 Sufficient for me. Reader, think of death,
 And look on me as what all men must come to.

The very similar words which Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Prince Henry, when standing over the body of Hotspur ("King Henry IV." Part I. Act v. sc. 4), will occur to every one:

When that this body did contain a spirit,
 A kingdom for it was too small a bound;
 But now two paces of the vilest earth
 Is room enough.

But this thought is not original in any of the passages cited. It was expressed ages ago by the Greek epigrammatist, Leonidas of Tarentum,

who has a fine epitaph "On a Rich Man;" thus translated by Dr. Charles Merivale, in Bland's "Collections from the Greek Anthology," ed. 1833 (Jacobs I. 172, lxix.):

I am the tomb of Crethon : here you read
His name ; himself is number'd with the dead ;
Who once had wealth, not less than Gyges' gold ;
Who once was rich in stable, stall, and fold ;
Who once was blest above all living men —
With lands, how narrow now ! so ample then !

THE SCIENCE OF POLITICS.

All that thou dost be right—to that alone confine thy view,
And halt within the certain rule—the All that's right to do !
True zeal *the what already is* would sound and perfect see,
False zeal would sound and perfect make the something
that's to be !

It might be well if this epigram were written in letters of gold on the wall of the House of Commons.

Schiller excelled in short epigrams. In the few following, the *multum in parvo* is very striking :

THE IMMUTABLE.

Time flies on restless pinions—constant never.
Be constant—and thou chainest time for ever.

JOVE TO HERCULES.

'Twas not my nectar made thy strength divine,
But 'twas thy strength which made my nectar thine ! ♣

VALUE AND WORTH.

If thou *hast* something, bring thy goods—a fair return be
thine ;
If thou *art* something, bring thy soul and interchange with
mine.

THE BEST GOVERNED STATE.

How the best state to know ?—it is found out ;
Like the best woman—that least talked about.

RICHARD COLLEY, MARQUIS WELLESLEY.

Born 1760. Died 1842.

(The following Epigrams are taken from the Marquis Wellesley's
"Primitiæ et Reliquiæ," Londini, 1840.)

ON MILTON.

Translated from the Latin by C.

Blind, poor, and mark'd by party's ruthless zeal,
See Milton still sublimest powers reveal;
Scorn a degenerate age, and rise elate
Above the frown of fortune or of fate.
Though light no more illum'd his visual ray,
Though left to dreary poverty a prey,
Still, fancy-led, the Muse enraptur'd pours
Visions of glory on his darken'd hours.—
Who soars at will beyond Creation's bound,
Earth's transient evils lack the power to wound.

Barry Cornwall (Bryan Procter) has some "Lines written under an Engraving of Milton," which open with sentiments very similar to the latter part of the Marquis' :

He, tho' he dwelt in seeming night,
Scattered imperishable light
Around, and to the regions of the day
Sent his winged thoughts away,
And bade them search the ways on high
For the bright flame of Poetry.

* * * *

Gray's fine lines, in his "Progress of Poesy," on the cause of Milton's blindness, cannot be omitted :

Nor second he that rode sublime
Upon the seraph-wings of ecstasy,
The secrets of the abyss to spy;
He pass'd the flaming bounds of space and time:
The living throne, the sapphire blaze,
Where Angels tremble while they gaze,
He saw; but, blasted with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night.

Wordsworth, in "The Excursion," Book VI., says with reference to Milton :

And know we not that from the blind have flowed
The highest, holiest, raptures of the lyre ;
And wisdom married to immortal verse ?

TO THE PROVOST OF ETON.

Dr. Hodgson, Provost of Eton, in acknowledging the receipt of the bust of Lord Wellesley, which the Fellows desired to place in the Library of the College, wrote some complimentary Latin verses, to which the Marquis replied in the same language; and afterwards thus rendered his lines into English :

On my last steps Fame sheds her purest rays,
And wreaths with Bays the Cypress and the Yew ;
Eton, blest guardian of my youthful days,
Greets my retiring age with honours new.

*ON THE STATUE OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON IN
FRONT OF THE ROYAL EXCHANGE, ERECTED BY THE
CITIZENS OF LONDON.*

Europe and Asia, saved by Thee, proclaim
Invincible in War thy deathless name,—
Now round Thy Brows the Civic Oak we twine,
That every earthly glory may be Thine.

There is a Latin version of this, also by the Marquis.

Angelus Politianus, an Italian poet, born in 1454, has a Latin distich ("Delitiæ Delitiarum," 124), addressed "To Laurentius," thus translated by James Wright :

The civic oaken crown you well may have,
Who do not one, but every subject save.

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES,

Of a Wiltshire family, was born in 1762. He was for some years Curate of Donhead S. Andrew, in Wiltshire, and subsequently Vicar of Bremhill, in the same county; of Dumbleton, in Gloucestershire; and Canon of Salisbury. He resided chiefly at Bremhill, in the quiet discharge of his pastoral duties, and in the pursuits of literature. He died in 1850.

AGE.

Age, thou the loss of health and friends shalt mourn !
But thou art passing to that night-still bourn,

Where labour sleeps. The linnet, chattering loud,
To the May morn shall sing; thou, in thy shroud,
Forgetful and forgotten, sink to rest;
And grass-green be the sod upon thy breast!

The sorrows of old age are expressed in "Macbeth" (Act V. sc. 3):

I have liv'd long enough : my way of life
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf :
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have.

Scott, in "The Lady of the Lake," Canto I. xxxi., sings of the rest of the grave :

Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.
No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
* * * *

Yet the lark's shrill fife may come
At the day-break from the fallow,
And the bittern sound his drum,
Booming from the sedgy shallow.

INSCRIPTION FOR A COLD BATH,

Encompassed by rock-work, into which fell a little rill, in the garden
of Bremhill vicarage.

Mark where, above the small cascade,
Quiver th' uncertain light and shade :
Such shadows human hopes supply,
That tremble restless, and then die.
Stranger, thoughtful tread the cave—
No light is fix'd, but that beyond the grave.

Very similar in sentiment, though dissimilar in the form in which it is expressed, are Bishop Heber's lines "On Heavenly and Earthly Hope" :

Reflected on the lake, I love
To see the stars of evening glow,
So tranquil in the heavens above,
So restless in the wave below.

Thus heavenly hope is all serene,
But earthly hope, how bright soe'er,
Still fluctuates o'er this changing scene
As false and fleeting as 'tis fair.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

Born 1763. Died 1855.

TO —.

Go—you may call it madness, folly ;
 You shall not chase my gloom away.
 There's such a charm in melancholy,
 I would not, if I could, be gay.

Oh, if you knew the pensive pleasure
 That fills my bosom when I sigh,
 You would not rob me of a treasure
 Monarchs are too poor to buy.

There is a pretty song on Melancholy in Beaumont and Fletcher's
 "Nice Valour : or, Passionate Madman" (Act III. sc. 1), of which the
 following is part :

There's nought in this life sweet,
 If man were wise to see 't,
 But only melancholy ;
 Oh, sweetest melancholy !
 Welcome, folded arms, and fixed eyes,
 A sigh that piercing mortifies,
 A look that's fasten'd to the ground,
 A tongue chain'd up without a sound !

The lines near the beginning of Milton's "Il Penseroso" will be remembered :

But hail, thou goddess, sage and holy,
 Hail, divinest Melancholy,
 Whose saintly visage is too bright
 To hit the sense of human sight,
 And therefore to our weaker view
 O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue.

It is noted by Thomas Warton, that Milton was indebted for many thoughts in "Il Penseroso" to a poem prefixed to the first edition of Burton's "Anatomie of Melancholy," written, he conjectures, about the year 1600. A few lines from this forgotten poem may be interesting :

When I go musing all alone,
 Thinking of diverse things foreknown ;
 When I build castles in the air,
 Void of sorrow, void of fear :
 Pleasing myself with phantasms sweet,
 Methinks the time runs very fleet.
 All my joys to this are folly,
 Nought so sweet as Melancholy !

ON J. W. WARD (*AFTERWARDS EARL OF DUDLEY*).

(Rogers' "Table Talk," 1856, 152.)

Ward has no heart, they say ; but I deny it ;—
 He has a heart, and gets his speeches by it.

Rogers wrote this epigram, "with some little assistance from Richard Sharp," to revenge himself for a hostile critique on his "Columbus," written for the "Quarterly Review," by Ward, in 1813 ("Table Talk," as above).

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD,

The son of a cottager, was born near Bury, in Suffolk, in 1766. When about eleven years of age, he was taken into the service of his uncle by marriage as farmer's boy ; but the work proving too hard for his delicate constitution, he went to London as a shoemaker's apprentice. He had early shown a taste for poetry, and the publication of the "Farmer's Boy" gave him notoriety. He ventured into the book trade, but failed ; and the grief which this caused seriously affected his health. He retired to Shefford, in Bedfordshire, in 1815, and died in 1823.

ON HEARING OF THE TRANSLATION OF PART OF THE
 "FARMER'S BOY" INTO LATIN BY THE REV.— C—.

Hey, Giles ! in what new garb art dress'd ?
 For lads like you methinks a bold one ;
 I'm glad to see thee so caress'd ;
 But, hark ye ! don't despise your old one.
 Thou'rt not the first by many a boy
 Who've found abroad good friends to own 'em.
 Then, in such coats have shown their joy,
 E'en their *own fathers* have not known 'em.

Of very different character are some lines by Cowper on a similar subject : "To the Spanish Admiral Count Gravina, on his translating the author's Song on a Rose into Italian Verse" :

My rose, Gravina, blooms anew,
 And steep'd not now in rain,
 But in Castalian streams by you,
 Will never fade again.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Born 1770. Died 1850.

INTENDED FOR A STONE IN THE GROUNDS OF RYDAL MOUNT.

In these fair vales hath many a Tree
 At Wordsworth's suit been spared ;
 And from the builder's hand this Stone,
 For some rude beauty of its own,
 Was rescued by the Bard :
 So let it rest ; and time will come
 When here the tender-hearted
 May heave a gentle sigh for him,
 As one of the departed.

A little similar, though written under very different circumstances,
 are some lines by Byron, "Written in an Album":

As o'er the cold sepulchral stone
 Some name arrests the passer-by,
 Thus, when thou view'st this page alone,
 May mine attract thy pensive eye !

And when by thee that name is read,
 Perchance in some succeeding year,
 Reflect on me as on the dead,
 And think my heart is buried here.

WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF A CHILD.

Small service is true service while it lasts,
 Of Friends, however humble, scorn not one,
 The Daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
 Protects the lingering dew-drop from the Sun.

Southwell, the Jesuit, in Queen Elizabeth's reign, has some stanzas
 on the theme, "Scorn not the Least," one of which is striking, and the
 last two lines illustrative of the epigram:

In Human's pomp poor Mordochæus wept,
 Yet God did turn his fate upon his foe.
 The Lazar pin'd, while Dives' feast was kept,
 Yet he to heaven, to hell did Dives go.
 We trample grass, and prize the flowers of May,
 Yet grass is green when flowers do fade away.

The first line of the epigram recalls another passage of Wordsworth ("Tintern Abbey"):

. . . That best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love.

A LESSON.

If this great world of joy and pain
Revolve in one sure track;
If Freedom, set, will rise again,
And Virtue, flown, come back;
Woe to the purblind crew who fill
The heart with each day's care:
Nor gain, from past or future, skill
To bear, and to forbear!

Shelley seems to have been one of those who could not "bear" with Wordsworth, in his belief that it was not necessary continually to harp upon the subject of freedom, which, if set, would assuredly rise again ("To Wordsworth"):

Poet of Nature, thou hast wept to know
That things depart which never may return!
Childhood and youth, friendship and love's first glow,
Have fled like sweet dreams, leaving thee to mourn.
These common woes I feel. One loss is mine
Which thou too feel'st; yet I alone deplore.
Thou wert as a lone star, whose light did shine
On some frail bark in winter's midnight roar:
Thou hast like to a rock-built refuge stood
Above the blind and battling multitude.
In honour'd poverty thy voice did weave
Songs consecrate to truth and liberty,—
Deserting these, thou leavest me to grieve,
Thus having been, that thou should'st cease to be.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Born 1771. Died 1832.

WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF THE BELL-ROCK LIGHT-
HOUSE.*Pharos loquitur.*

Far in the bosom of the deep,
 O'er these wild shelves my watch I keep;
 A ruddy gem of changeful light,
 Bound on the dusky brow of night,
 The seaman bids my lustre hail,
 And scorns to strike his timorous sail.

It is not probable that Sir Walter took this from a Greek epigram, but the thought is almost identical in one, by an uncertain author, on the Pharos at Smyrna (Jacobs IV. 196, ccclxxii.); translated by D:

Dreading no more the shrouding mists of night,
 The sailor boldly steers within my light:
 For all who navigate the wat'ry deep,
 A meteor, gleaming far, my watch I keep:
 In mem'ry of Asclepiades' toil,
 I stand aloft 'mid ocean's wild turmoil.

TO A LADY; WITH FLOWERS FROM A ROMAN WALL.

Take these flowers, which, purple waving,
 On the ruin'd rampart grew,
 Where, the sons of freedom braving,
 Rome's imperial standards flew.

Warriors from the breach of danger
 Pluck no longer laurels there:
 They but yield the passing stranger
 Wild-flower wreath for Beauty's hair.

Aytoun, in "The Old Camp, written in a Roman Fortification in Bavaria," after saying, that nothing save the thought of Rome is stirring in his mind, proceeds to express the change which has passed over the scene:

I could not feel the breezes bring
 Rich odours from the trees,
 I could not hear the linnets sing,
 And think on themes like these.

The painted insects as they pass
 In swift and motley strife,
 The very lizard in the grass
 Would scare me back to life.

EPITAPH ON THE REV. GEORGE SCOTT.

To youth, to age, alike, this tablet pale
 Tells the brief moral of its tragic tale.
 Art thou a parent? Reverence this bier,
 The parents' fondest hopes lie buried here.
 Art thou a youth, prepared on life to start,
 With opening talents and a generous heart,
 Fair hopes and flattering prospects all thine own?
 Lo! here their end—a monumental stone. •
 But let submission tame each sorrowing thought,
 Heaven crown'd its champion ere the fight was fought.

The Rev. George Scott, son of Sir Walter's relative, Hugh Scott of Harden, became Rector of Kentisbere, in Devonshire, in 1828, and died there in 1830. The epitaph is inscribed on his tomb in the chancel.

Kindred in spirit is a beautiful epitaph in the churchyard of Stalbridge, Dorsetshire ("Notes and Queries," 1st S. VIII. 289):

So fond, so young, so gentle, so sincere,
 So loved, so early lost, may claim a tear:
 Yet mourn not, if the life, resumed by Heaven,
 Was spent for ev'ry end for which 'twas given.
 Could he too soon escape this world of sin?
 Or could eternal life too soon begin?
 Then cease his death too fondly to deplore,
 What could the longest life have added more?

An anonymous epigram, on "Long and Short Life," in the "Gentleman's Magazine," XC. Part I. 448, is very pithy:

Circles are praised, not that abound
 In largeness but exactly round;
 So life we praise, that does excel
 Not in much time, but acting well.

JEFF
Witty a
As great
Short, th
Riding o

ON A SORE THROAT
HAD

That throat so ve
Where wine descends
Much injured organs
Spits turn to do the
Passion and punch,
And all that's said

The intimate connection to
"Edinburgh Review" is well
Song in "The Camp;" enlisted
by Archdeacon Nares, connects
here (Nichols' "Illustrations of

Jeffrey. You little Reviewer,
But first, prithee, answer

Reviewer. I long, master Jeffrey
For I'm hungry, and
Jef. First, can you rail well?

Rev. Neatly, neatly.
Jef. Flourish in sentiments

Rev. Sweetly, sweetly.
Jef. Cut up an author well!

Rev. O, completely.
Jef. The answers are honest
Go on, and in time you
When author

Jef. Next, can you lie well?

Rev. Roundly, roundly.

Jef. Scout Universities?

Rev. Soundly, soundly.

Jef. Prate when you're ignorant?

Rev. O, profoundly.

Jef. The answers are honest, bold, and fair,
Come dip in this gall, and a Critic you are.

Byron, in "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," is equally severe:

A man must serve his time to every trade,
Save censure—critics all are ready made.
Take hackney'd jokes from Miller, got by rote,
With just enough of learning to misquote;
A mind well skill'd to find or forge a fault,
A turn for punning, call it Attic salt;
To Jeffrey go, be silent and discreet,
His pay is just ten sterling pounds per sheet:
Fear not to lie, 'twill seem a lucky hit;
Shrink not from blasphemy, 'twill pass for wit;
Care not for feeling—pass your proper jest,
And stand a critic, hated yet caress'd.

ON PROFESSOR AIREY, THE ASTRONOMER AND MATHE-
MATICIAN, AND HIS BEAUTIFUL WIFE.

Airey alone has gain'd that double prize
Which forced musicians to divide the crown:
His works have raised a mortal to the skies,
His marriage vows have drawn an angel down.

This is, probably, taken from the close of Dryden's "Alexander's Feast":

At last divine Cecilia came.

* * * *

Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He rais'd a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down.

So, with some variation, Christopher Pitt, in his ode "To Celia Playing on the Lute":

Of old to raise one shade from hell
To Orpheus was it given,
But every tune of yours calls down
An angel from his heaven.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

Born 1772. Died 1834.

ON IMITATION.

All are not born to soar—and ah! how few
 In tracks where wisdom leads, their paths pursue!
 Contagious when to wit or wealth allied,
 Folly and vice diffuse their venom wide.
 On folly every fool his talent tries;
 It asks some toil to imitate the wise;
 Tho' few like Fox can speak—like Pitt can think—
 Yet all like Fox can game—like Pitt can drink.

This thought has a parallel in Lord Clarendon's fine eulogium on Archbishop Laud, after giving the history of his trial and execution: "His learning, piety, and virtue have been attained by very few, and the greatest of his infirmities are common to all, even to the best men" ("History of the Rebellion," Book VIII. year 1644).

THE EXCHANGE.

We pledged our hearts my love and I,
 I in my arms the maiden clasping;
 I could not tell the reason why,
 But, oh! I trembled like an aspen.

Her father's love she bade me gain;
 I went and shook like any reed!
 I strove to act the man in vain!
 We had exchanged our hearts indeed.

This exchange of hearts may remind the reader of the beautiful ditty of Sir Philip Sidney (Ellis' "Specimens of the Early English Poets," 1803, II. 263):

My true love hath my heart, and I have his,
 By just exchange one for another given;
 I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss,
 There never was a better bargain driven;
 My true love hath my heart, and I have his.

His heart in me keeps him and me in one,
 My heart in him his thoughts and senses guides;
 He loves my heart, for once it was his own,
 I cherish his, because in me it bides;
 My true love hath my heart, and I have his.

EPITAPH ON AN INFANT.

Its balmy lips the infant blest
 Relaxing from its mother's breast,
 How sweet it heaves the happy sigh
 Of innocent satiety!

And such my infant's latest sigh!
 O tell, rude stone! the passer by,
 That here a pretty babe doth lie,
 Death sang to sleep with lullaby.

The last two lines are almost verbatim from Herrick, "Upon a Child":

Here a pretty baby lies
 Sung asleep with lullabies;
 Pray be silent, and not stirre
 Th' easie earth that covers her.

EPITAPH ON AN INFANT.

Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade,
 Death came with friendly care;
 The opening bud to heaven conveyed,
 And bade it blossom there.

Coleridge sent the volume of Poems, in which this epitaph was included, to Charles Lamb before publication, proposing to leave some out; and suggesting particularly the omission of one piece. Lamb writes to dissuade him: "Let me protest strongly against your rejecting the 'Complaint of Ninathoma.' If a vicarious substitute be wanting, sacrifice (and 'twill be a piece of self-denial too) the '*Epitaph on an Infant*,' of which its author seems so proud, so tenacious. Or if your heart be set on *perpetuating* the four-line wonder, I'll tell you what do: sell the copyright of it at once to a country statuary; commence in this manner Death's prime poet laureate; and let your verses be adopted in every village round, instead of those hitherto famous ones:

'Afflictions sore long time I bore,
Physicians were in vain.'

(*"Final Memorials of Charles Lamb,"* 1848, I. 66.)

Coleridge wisely declined to omit the epitaph; and the world has not endorsed Lamb's adverse criticism.

EPITAPH FOR HIMSELF.

Stop, Christian passer-by!—stop, child of God,
And read with gentle breast. Beneath this sod
A poet lies, or that which once seem'd he.—
O, lift one thought in prayer for S. T. C.;
That he who many a year with toil of breath
Found death in life, may here find life in death!
Mercy for praise—to be forgiven for fame
He ask'd, and hoped, through Christ. Do thou the same!

The following lines were written by Mrs. Hemans, "On Reading Coleridge's Epitaph, Written by Himself":

Spirit! so oft in radiant freedom soaring,
High through seraphic mysteries unconfined,
And oft, a diver through the deep of mind,
Its caverns, far below its waves, exploring;
And oft such strains of breezy music pouring,
As, with the floating sweetness of their sighs,
Could still all fevers of the heart, restoring
Awhile that freshness left in Paradise;
Say, of those glorious wanderings what the goal?
What the rich fruitage to man's kindred soul
From wealth of thine bequeathed? O strong and high
And sceptred intellect! thy goal confessed
Was the Redeemer's Cross—thy last bequest
One lesson breathing thence profound humility.

JAMES HOGG.

The Ettrick Shepherd. Born 1772. Died 1835.

WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM AT ULVA.

I've roam'd 'mong the peaks and the headlands of Mull,
Her fields are neglected, uncultur'd and weedy;
Her bosom is dust, and her haven is dull:
Her sons *may* be brave, but they're horribly greedy!

HENRY RICHARD VASSALL, THIRD LORD HOLLAND. 491

Under this is written the following retort by an anonymous bard:

O Shepherd of Ettrick, O why thus complain
That our boatmen are greedy of grog?
The beauties of Staffa, by this you proclaim,
Are but pearls thrown away on a Hogg!

HENRY RICHARD VASSALL, THIRD LORD
HOLLAND.

Born 1773. Died 1840.

INSCRIBED ON A SUMMER-HOUSE IN THE GROUNDS OF
HOLLAND HOUSE.

(“Notes and Queries,” 3rd S. VII. 92.)

Here Rogers sat, and here for ever dwell
To me, those pleasures that he sings so well.

A more elegant compliment than this has rarely been paid to a poet
and friend.

“The following stanzas,” says Rogers in a note to “The Dismal Swamp,”

Lord Holland wrote in August 1820. When
there was a call of the House of Lords 17 Aug.
relation to the Paris & Peninsular War (young
Lord Caroline)

In this terrible meeting which brings us to Town
we shall all be knocked up if we are not knocked down
some surely will perish by this call of the House
I can almost see, perhaps I can see and - from

Anthony & Richard Hobson Esq. for 1820.

CHARLES LAMB.

Born 1775. Died 1834.

ON MACKINTOSH.

(Talfourd's "Final Memorials of Charles Lamb," 1848, I. 132.)

Though thou'rt like Judas, an apostate black,
 In the resemblance one thing thou dost lack;
 When he had gotten his ill-purchas'd pelf,
 He went away, and wisely hang'd himself:
 This thou may do at last, yet much I doubt
 If thou hast any bowels to gush out!

Lamb calls this "An epigram on Mackintosh, the Vindiciæ-Gallickman—who has got a place at last." It is inordinately, and, perhaps, unfairly severe. The "Vindiciæ Gallicæ," published in 1791, met with the greatest applause, and at once raised the author to fame. When he accepted from Mr. Addington the Recordership of Bombay, his friends were offended, and his enemies branded him as a traitor to his principles. This was the "place" which produced the epigram. Dr. Parr was equally severe—and to the offender's face. Mackintosh asked him how Quigley (an Irish priest who had been executed for high treason) could have been worse? Parr replied: "I'll tell you, Jemmy; Quigley was an Irishman—he might have been a Scotchman; he was a priest—he might have been a lawyer; he was a traitor—he might have been an apostate" ("Quarterly Review," No. CCXLVI. 406).

JAMES SMITH,

Was born in 1775, and succeeded his father as Solicitor to the Board of Ordnance. He was celebrated for his wit and his conversational powers. On the occasion of the re-opening of Drury Lane Theatre in 1812, he produced, in conjunction with his brother Horace, the well-known volume of "Rejected Addresses." He died in 1839. The first of the following epigrams is taken from Barham's "Life and Remains of Theodore Hook," 1849. The others from Smith's "Memoirs, Letters, and Comic Miscellanies," 1840.

CRAFT.

Smith produced the following witty epigram, *extempore*, at a dinner at Lincoln's Inn, at which Sir George Rose was present:

In Craven Street, Strand, ten attorneys find place,
 And ten dark coal-barges are moored at its base:

Fly, Honesty, fly to some safer retreat,
There's *craft* in the river, and *craft* in the street.

Sir George Rose *immediately* replied :

Why should Honesty seek any safer retreat,
From the lawyers or barges, odd-rot 'em ?
For the lawyers are *just* at the top of the street,
And the barges are *just* at the bottom.

ON MR. STRAHAN, THE KING'S PRINTER.

Your lower limbs seem'd far from stout,
When last I saw you walk ;
The cause I presently found out,
When you began to talk.

The power that props the body's length
In due proportion spread,
In you mounts upwards, and the strength
All settles in the head.

At a dinner-party Smith met Mr. Strahan, who was then suffering from gout and old age, though his intellectual faculties remained unimpaired, and the next morning sent him the above. Horace Smith, the editor of his brother's "Memoirs, Letters, and Comic Miscellanies," says: "This compliment proved so highly acceptable to the old gentleman, that he made an immediate codicil to his will, by which he bequeathed to the writer the sum of three hundred pounds! Since the days of Sannazarius it may be questioned whether any bard has been more liberally remunerated for an equal number of lines."

A quaint epigram by Sir John Davies shows a man, whose "strength" took an opposite course to that of Mr. Strahan (Ep. 12):

Quintus his wit infus'd into his brain,
Mislikes the place, and fled into his feet ;
And there it wanders up and down the street,
Dabbled in the dirt, and soaked in the rain.
Doubtless his wit intends not to aspire,
Which leaves his head, to travel in the mire.

EDMUND BURKE.

The sage of Beaconsfield, who wrote
The crimes of Gaul's degenerate crew,
But little thought his name would note
The murd'rous deeds his pencil drew.

His anti-Jacobinic work
 Still lives—his name preserves it still;
 And—verb impassable—"to Burke,"
 Implies to kidnap and to kill.

Although unconnected with the above, an epigram on Burke may be given here, found in "An Asylum for Fugitive Pieces," 1785, 167, entitled "Burke's Glasgow Promotion":

Unqualified in senates in declaim,
 Burke gains a post well suited to his knowledge:
 Scotch pedants zealous to enlarge his fame,
 Have chose him lordly rector of a college.

May Burke o'er beardless and o'er bearded boys,
 His pow'r sublime, unenvied, long maintain!
 And though S. Stephen will not bear his noise,
 In learned cells unrivall'd may it reign!

The absurdity of the first line of this epigram must strike all modern readers. The attack upon Burke was, perhaps, occasioned by the unpopularity of the coalition ministry formed in 1783, in which he held the office of Paymaster of the Forces.

WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

As late the Trades' Unions, by way of a show,
 O'er Westminster Bridge strutted five in a row,
 "I feel for the bridge," whisper'd Dick, with a shiver,
 "Thus tried by the mob, it may sink in the river."
 Quoth Tom, a crown lawyer, "Abandon your fears;
 As a bridge, it can only be tried by its piers."

The same pun is in the following "Impromptu on the Prince's Absence from the Ceremony of Laying the First Stone of Vauxhall Bridge," which is found in "The Spirit of the Public Journals," XV. 209, taken from the "Morning Chronicle" of May 11, 1811. It is signed "T. H."—Theodore Hook:

An *arch* wag has declar'd, that he truly can say
 Why the Prince did not lay the first stone t'other day:
 The Restrictions prevented—the reason is clear;
 The Regent can't meddle in making a *pier*.

SLAVERY.—AN IMPROMPTU WRITTEN AT GORE HOUSE.

Mild Wilberforce, by all beloved,
 Once own'd this hallow'd spot,
 Whose zealous eloquence improved
 The fetter'd Negro's lot.
 Yet here still slavery attacks
 Whom Blessington invites;
 The chains from which he freed the Blacks,
 She rivets on the Whites.

Gore House, once the residence of Wilberforce, afterwards became that of Lady Blessington.

Campbell has the same thought in a "Song on our Queen":

Victoria's sceptre o'er the deep
 Has touch'd and broken Slavery's chain;
 Yet, strange magician! she enslaves
 Our hearts within her own domain.

Her spirit is devout, and burns
 With thought's averse to bigotry;
 Yet she herself, the idol, turns
 Our thoughts into idolatry.



THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Born 1777. Died 1844.

WRITTEN IN FLORINE'S ALBUM.

("Notes and Queries," 1st S. X. 44.)

Could I recall lost youth again,
 And be what I have been,
 I'd court you in a gallant strain,
 My young and fair Florine.

But mine's the chilling age that chides
 Affection's tender glow;
 And Love—that conquers all besides—
 Finds Time a conquering foe.

AND when I
Still I lov

Snows came
Yet gentle
For still I lov
What coul

The first stanza of
Sidney," is very similar

Why c
Into
Could
Or sh
That ti
From ti

TO A YOUNG LADY,
THING OR

An original some
To write—but ho
For I fear I have
Excepting Origin

A request, equally diffic
to Mr. Pleydell Wilton, to
thus answered ("Geology,

Write on noth
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SIR JOHN CHETHAM MORTLOCK.

Born 1778. Died 1845. He was a banker at Cambridge, and a Commissioner of the Excise. He was knighted in 1816.

TWO OF A NAME.

("Notes and Queries," 3rd S. IV. 303.)

"Simultaneously with the election of the late Professor Scholefield to the Chair of Greek in the University of Cambridge, a namesake, convicted of an offence then capital, with difficulty obtained a commutation of his sentence. The Professor was supposed to owe his election to the following capricious chance. In the absence of one of the electors, the Master of Christ's (John Kaye, also Bishop of Lincoln), the *locum tenens*, not holding the Master's proxy, but exercising an independent right of choice, asked a friend for whom the Master of Trinity intended to vote? 'For Hugh James Rose,' was the answer. 'Then I shall vote for Scholefield,' was the ready, if not reasonable, reply of the *locum tenens*."

In reading the epigram, it must be remembered that "Golgotha" was the name given to the unsightly gallery which formerly ran across S. Mary's Church, and in which the heads of houses and professors sat during the University sermon; and that the Johnians have the reputation of being the most expert punsters in Cambridge:

Two Scholefields in London and Cambridge of late
Have met, I am told, with a similar fate:
The one was transported to Botany Bay,
The other translated to Golgotha;
And the Johnians all say, there were lacking, that day,
The noose of Jack Ketch and the *voûs* of John Kaye.

This epigram was probably suggested by an anonymous one, produced by the following circumstance. Dr. Shute Barrington, Bishop of Salisbury, was translated to Durham in 1791. About the same time Barrington, the pickpocket, was transported for stealing a foreign nobleman's gold snuff-box at a court levée ("Notes and Queries," 3rd S. IV. 245):

Two of a name—both great in their way—
At *Court* lately well did bestir 'em;
The one was transported to *Botany Bay*,
The other translated to Durham.

It was this noted pickpocket who spoke the often-quoted prologue at the opening of the theatre at Sydney, which commences:

From distant climes o'er wide-spread seas we come,
Though not with much *eclat* or beat of drum,
True patriots all—for be it understood,
We left our country for our country's good.

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So, Sir Walter Scott, in his "Conclusion" to the "Lord of the Isles," says of Harriet, Duchess of Buccleuch, who died in 1814, just before the publication of the poem :

All angel now—yet little less than all,
While still a pilgrim in our world below !

In all these verses there is a singular confusion between different orders of created beings. That any of the descendants of Adam can become angels in another world is a doctrine of poets but not of divines. More correct in this respect was John Oldham, who, in his poem addressed "To Madam L. E. upon her recovery from a late sickness," says (Oldham's "Remains," 1694, 52) :

Such the bright bodies of the Blessed are,
When they for raiment cloth'd with light appear,
And should you visit now the seat of bliss,
You need not wear another form but this.

Campbell is true both to Revelation and natural feeling, when, in his lines "On Getting Home the Portrait of a Female Child," he says :

For children, in Creation, are
The only things that could be given
Back, and alive—unchanged—to Heaven.

A SPECULATION.

Of all speculations the market holds forth,
The best that I know for a lover of pelf,
Is to buy Marcus up, at the price he is worth,
And then sell him at that which he sets on himself.

Dr. Wolcot (Peter Pindar) is equally severe upon a conceited block-head (Wolcot's "Works," 1812, IV. 138):

See Clodio, happy in *his own* dear sense !
And, hark ! the world cries, "Coxcomb in th' excess :"
Now let me undertake the fop's defence ;—
What man could ever be content with *less* ?

LORD WELLINGTON AND THE MINISTERS. 1813.

So gentle in peace, Alcibiades smiled,
While in battle he shone forth so terribly grand,
That the emblem they graved on his seal was a child,
With a thunderbolt placed in its innocent hand.

Oh, Wellington ! long as such Ministers wield
 Your magnificent arm, the same emblem will do ;
 For, while they're in the council and you in the field,
 We've the *babies* in *them* and the *thunder* in *you* !

The opportunity may be taken to give here an anonymous epigram on Wellington, though very different in style and subject from Moore's, which is preserved in "Notes and Queries," 2nd S. III. 405. It was occasioned by the Duke's life being once endangered by one of the small bones of the wing of a partridge, on which he was dining, becoming fixed in his throat :

Strange that the Duke, whose life was charm'd
 'Gainst injury by ball and cartridge,
 Nor by th' Imperial Eagle harm'd,
 Should be endangered by a partridge !

'Twould surely every one astony,
 As soon as ever it was known,
 That the great Conqueror of Boney,
 Himself was conquer'd by a bone !

TO LADY HOLLAND.

On Napoleon's Legacy of a Snuff-Box.

Gift of the Hero, on his dying day,
 To her, whose pity watch'd for ever nigh ;
 Oh ! could he see the proud, the happy ray,
 This relic lights up in her generous eye,
 Sighing, he'd feel how easy 'tis to pay
 A friendship all his kingdoms could not buy.

This lady was Elizabeth, wife of Henry Richard, 3rd Lord Holland. The Earl of Carlisle (Frederick, 5th Earl) addressed some lines to her, persuading her to reject the snuff-box which Napoleon had bequeathed. The first stanza is ("Gentleman's Magazine," XCI. Part II. 457):

Lady, reject the gift ! 'tis ting'd with gore !
 Those crimson spots a dreadful tale relate ;
 It has been grasp'd by an infernal Power
 And by that hand which seal'd young Enghien's fate.

On reading this, Byron, who had no love for his relative, Lord Carlisle, wrote the following parody (Lake's "Life of Byron") :

Lady, accept the gift a hero wore,
 In spite of all this elegiac stuff :
 Let not seven stanzas written by a bore
 Prevent your ladyship from taking snuff.

*ON LORD KENMARE AND O'CONNELL HESITATING TO
FIGHT A DUEL WITH SIR C. SAXTON,*

The one on account of his sick daughter, the other through the
interference of his wife.

(Lord Russell's "Memoirs of Thomas Moore," 1853, IV. 116.)

These heroes of Erin, abhorrent of slaughter,
Improve on the Jewish command;
One honours his wife, and the other his daughter,
That their days may be long in the land.

This is the old story versified of a marshal, who replied to an officer, on his asking leave of absence at the opening of a campaign, under pretence of an order of recall from his parents: "Honour thy father and mother, that thy days may be long in the land."

Moore's epigram got into print, and annoyed O'Connell so much, that a lasting feud between the two Irishmen was the consequence.

In the "Festoon," 1767, 73, is an epigram addressed "To an angry Rival," giving a very tender reason for refusing to fight a duel:

'Tis not the fear of death or smart
Makes me averse to fight;
But to preserve a tender heart,
Not mine but Cælia's right.
Then let your fury be suppress'd,
Not me, but Cælia spare;
Your sword is welcome to my breast,
When Cælia is not there.

ROBERT SURTEES.

The historian of Durham. Born 1780. Died 1834. He was a celebrated antiquary, and had considerable poetical power, especially in the imitation of ancient ballads. In Sir Walter Scott's "Border Minstrelsy" there are two, "The Death of Featherstonhaugh" and "Barthram's Dirge," which he wrote, and palmed upon Sir Walter as ancient. He probably only intended the imposition as a literary joke, and did not expect that his compositions would be printed; perhaps did not think they had sufficient merit to deceive Sir Walter's critical judgment. His Poems were published by the Surtees Society.

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So now the subtle pow'r his time espies,
 And threw two barbed darts in Celia's eyes:
 Many were broke before he could succeed;
 But that of gold flew whizzing thro' her head:
 These were his last reserve.—When others fail,
 Then the refulgent metal must prevail.
 Pleasure produc'd by money now appears,
 Coaches-and-six run rattling in her ears.
 O liv'ry men! attendants! household plate!
 Court-posts and visits! pompous air and state!

The well-known epigram will recur to many:

Lucia thinks happiness consists in state;
 She weds an idiot—but she eats on plate.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

Born 1785. Died 1806.

ON ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

Bloomfield, thy happy-omen'd name
 Ensures continuance of thy fame;
 Both sense and truth this verdict give,
 While *fields* shall *bloom* thy name shall live!

There is a similar play on Bloomfield's name in an "Impromptu on seeing Flowerdew's Poems on the same shelf with the 'Farmer's Boy' at Bloomfield's Cottage," by Thomas Park, a man remarkable for his knowledge of old poetical literature, and who assisted Ellis in his "Specimens of the Early English Poets" ("Poetical Register" for 1805, 31):

Though scant be the poet's domain,
 Most ample I know is his mind;
 The applauses of all he can gain,
 His applauses to none are confin'd.
 Hence, even his book-stor'd retreat
 This liberal thought seems to yield—
 That the *dew* of a *flower* may be sweet;
 Though it match not the *bloom* of a *field*.

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unwilling to display his enmity. The epigram was occasioned by a pamphlet which the Earl, who was a great admirer of the classic drama, published, to show the propriety and necessity of small theatres. The donation of a thousand pounds, for some public purpose, happened to be given on the day on which the pamphlet appeared in print. Lord Byron is never seen to less advantage than when he shows his spleen, as in this epigram. It is to his credit, that he publicly acknowledged himself in the wrong in his lament for Major Frederick Howard, of the 10th Hussars, Lord Carlisle's third son, who was killed at Waterloo ("Childe Harold," Canto III. xxix.):

Their praise is hymn'd by loftier harps than mine;
 Yet one I would select from that proud throng,
 Partly because they blend me with his line,
 And partly that I did his sire some wrong,
 And partly that bright names will hallow song;
 And his was of the bravest, and when shower'd
 The death-bolts deadliest the thinn'd files along,
 Even where the thickest of war's tempest lower'd,
 They reach'd no nobler breast than thine, young, gallant Howard!

TO MR. HOBHOUSE ON HIS ELECTION FOR WESTMINSTER.
 1820.

Would you get to the House through the true gate,
 Much quicker than ever Whig Charley went,
 Let Parliament send you to Newgate—
 And Newgate will send you to—Parliament.

Mr. John Cam Hobhouse, afterwards Lord Broughton, published "Letters to an Englishman," in which the opinions advanced were so Radical that he was committed to Newgate. The populace looked upon him as a martyr, and soon after his release, the enthusiasm in his favour was displayed by his return as member for Westminster in the Radical interest.

ON THE BUST OF HELEN BY CANOVA.

In this beloved marble view,
 Above the works and thoughts of man,
 What Nature *could*, but *would not*, do,
 And Beauty and Canova *can*!
 Beyond imagination's power,
 Beyond the bard's defeated art,
 With immortality her dower,
 Behold the *Helen* of the *heart*!

Elsum, in his "Epigrams on Paintings," has one on the Helen of Zeuxis, in which the same idea is expressed, of the work being the creation of the artist, as by Byron. The first few lines are given, but they are too rough to please after the polished elegance of that poet's verses (Ep. 4):

Behold a Beauty, that's the painter's creature !
A Beauty never parallel'd by Nature :
The sev'ral graces that lie scatter'd there,
Are all collected and united here.

LINES FOUND IN HIS BIBLE.

Within this awful volume lies
The mystery of mysteries.
Oh ! happiest they of human race,
To whom our God has given grace
To hear, to read, to fear, to pray,
To lift the latch, and force the way ;
But better had they ne'er been born,
Who read to doubt, or read to scorn.

These lines are preserved in "Literary Anecdotes, &c., of Porson and others. From the MS. Papers of the late E. H. Barker, Esq.," 1852, I. 17. They were published in a newspaper in 1825, as the production of Lord Byron. Neither in sentiment nor composition do they bear much resemblance to his usual style. If found at all in a Bible belonging to him, it is more likely that he had copied them. Even in that case they must be a curiosity. The Bible used by Byron is described in Dr. Kennedy's "Conversations on Religion with Lord Byron and Others held in Cephalonia": "'I read more of the Bible than you are aware,' said Lord B. ; 'I have a Bible which my sister gave me, who is an excellent woman, and I read it very often.' He went into his bedroom on saying this, and brought out a pocket Bible, finely bound, and showed it to me."

It may be interesting to see some other verses "Found in His Bible," which are authentic,—by Sir Walter Raleigh (Ellis' "Specimens of the Early English Poets," 1803, II. 224):

E'en such is time ; which takes in trust
Our youth, our joys, and all we have !
And pays us nought but age and dust,
Which in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wander'd all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days.
And from which grave, and earth, and dust,
The Lord shall raise me up, I trust.

EDMUND HENRY BARKER,

Born in 1788, went to Trinity College, Cambridge, but, from religious scruples, took no degree. He settled at Thetford, and was constantly engaged in literary pursuits, but fell into difficulties and was imprisoned in the Fleet. On his release he spent his time in bad society, and died miserably in a lodging-house in London in 1839. The original of the following lines, written at Cambridge, gained the medal for the best Latin epigram :

VIGOROUS IDLENESS.

Translated from the Latin in "Literary Anecdotes, &c., of Porson and Others, from Barker's MS. Papers."

Idly-busy squirrel, say
Wherefore spend the live-long day
In hopeless, fruitless toil?
The cylinder, you roll in vain,
Obeys you, but revolves again,
And mocks in quick recoil.
You never can and wherefore try
Your whirling passion thus to fly?
Laborious indolence!
'Tis self you follow, self you shun,
From rising to the setting sun,
Nought doing! great pretence!
Stranger to rest, yet idling thus!
Labours the shade of Sisyphus!

So, Horace ("Epistles," Book I. xi. 28), translated by Francis :

Anxious through seas and land to search for rest,
Is but laborious idleness at best.

The same pregnant expression, "*Strenua inertia*," is used by Barker. But "*Laborious indolence*" is a happier rendering than Francis' "*Laborious idleness*."

Gibbon, in his "*Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*," says of the Emperor Romanus II., that his hours "*were consumed in strenuous idleness*."

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

Born 1792. Died 1822.

TO-MORROW.

Where art thou, beloved To-morrow?
 When young and old, and strong and weak,
 Rich and poor, through joy and sorrow,
 Thy sweet smiles we ever seek,—
 In thy place—ah! well-a-day!
 We find the thing we fled—To-day.

Owen has an epigram on To-day and To-morrow (Book III. 50); thus translated by Harvey:

This day was yesterday to-morrow nam'd :
 To-morrow shall be yesterday proclaim'd :
 To-morrow not yet come, nor far away,
 What shall to-morrow then be call'd? To-day.

THE BEGINNING AND THE END.

The babe is at peace within the womb,
 The corpse is at rest within the tomb,
 We begin in what we end.

This melancholy view of life—that before birth or in death is peace only to be found—is common in heathen writers. A fragment of Theognis, who flourished B.C. 540, is thus translated by Hookham Frere ("Works of Hesiod, &c.," 1856, 481):

Not to be born—never to see the sun—
 No worldly blessing is a greater one!
 And the next best is speedily to die,
 And lapt beneath a load of earth to lie!

That not to be born is best, but without any reference to the blessing of death, is expressed by Bacchylides, who flourished B.C. 472; thus translated by Merivale (Jacobs I. 83, vii.):

Not to be born 'twere best,
 Nor view the light o' th' sun;
 Since to be ever blest
 Is giv'n to none.

Prior seems to have had this in mind when he wrote in his "Solomon" (Book III. 235):

But O! beyond description happiest he,
 Who ne'er must roll on Life's tumultuous sea;
 Who, with bless'd freedom, from the general doom
 Exempt, must never force the teeming womb!
 Nor see the sun, nor sink into the tomb!
 Who breathes, must suffer; and who thinks, must mourn;
 And he alone is bless'd, who ne'er was born.

EPITAPH ON KEATS, THE AUTHOR OF "ADONAIIS."

The first line was written by Keats for his own tomb.

"Here lieth one whose name was writ on water!"
 But ere the breath that could erase it blew,
 Death, in remorse for that fell slaughter,
 Death, the immortalizing winter flew,
 Athwart the stream, and Time's monthless torrent grew
 A scroll of crystal, blazoning the name
 Of Adonais!—

Hartley Coleridge has some lines on the same subject, taking as his text the words of Keats, "I have written my name on water":

And if thou hast, where could'st thou write it better
 Than on the feeder of all lives that live?
 The tide, the stream, will bear away the letter,
 And all that formal is and fugitive:
 Still shall thy Genius be a vital power,
 Feeding the root of many a beauteous flower.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

Son of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Born 1797. Died 1849.

*WRITTEN ON THE FLYLEAF OF SWIFT'S WORKS, IN THE
 AUTHOR'S COPY OF ANDERSON'S "BRITISH POETS."*

First in the list behold the caustic Dean,
 Whose muse was like himself compact of spleen;
 Whose sport was ireful, and his laugh severe,
 His very kindness cutting, cold, austere.

Swift gloried in his power of satire, as may be seen in his "Dialogue between an Eminent Lawyer and Dr. Jonathan Swift," in which he asks:

Since there are persons who complain
 There's too much satire in my vein ;
 That I am often found exceeding
 The rules of raillery and breeding ;
 With too much freedom treat my betters,
 Not sparing even men of letters :
 You who are skill'd in lawyers' lore,
 What's your advice? Shall I give o'er ?
 Nor ever fools or knaves expose
 • Either in verse or humorous prose ;
 And, to avoid all future ill,
 In my scrutoire lock up my quill ?

The third line of Coleridge's epigram recalls the celebrated Latin one on Erasmus, thus translated by T. Corbett ("Notes and Queries," 1st S. IV. 437):

Erasmus, standing 'fore hell's tribunal, said,
 For writing jest I am in earnest paid.
 The judge replied, jests will in earnest hurt,
 Sport was thy fault, then let thy pain be sport.

ON A MAIDEN.

She is not fair to outward view
 As many maidens be,
 Her loveliness I never knew
 Until she smiled on me ;
 Oh ! then I saw her eye was bright,
 A well of love, a spring of light.

But now her looks are coy and cold,
 To mine they ne'er reply,
 And yet I cease not to behold
 The love-light in her eye ;
 Her very frowns are fairer far,
 Than smiles of other maidens are.

There is so much of kindred feeling in the first part of this and some stanzas by Wordsworth, that Coleridge may have been indebted for the thought to his father's friend. "To ——" (No. XV. of the "Poems Founded on the Affections"):

Let other bards of angels sing,
 Bright suns without a spot ;
 But thou art no such perfect thing :
 Rejoice that thou art not !

Heed not though none should call thee fair ;
 So, Mary, let it be,
 If nought in loveliness compare
 With what thou art to me.

True beauty dwells in deep retreats,
 Whose veil is unremoved
 Till heart with heart in concord beats,
 And the lover is beloved.

EPITAPH ON A MOTHER AND THREE INFANTS.

From God they came, to God they went again ;
 No sin they knew, and knew but little pain :
 And here they lie, by their fond mother's side,
 Who lived to love and lose them, then she died.

The simplicity of the close of this epitaph cannot fail to be admired, so finely expressive of the love of the mother, who could not live after her children's death. A beautiful epigram on maternal love, by Wernicke, is translated from the German in Hone's "Table-Book," ed. 1831, II. 479 :

Ere yet her child has drawn its earliest breath
 A mother's love begins—it glows till death—
 Lives before life—with death not dies—but seems
 The very substance of immortal dreams.

THOMAS HOOD.

Born 1798. Died 1845.

YOUTH AND AGE.

Impatient of his childhood,
 "Ah me!" exclaims young Arthur,
 Whilst roving in the wild wood,
 "I wish I were my father!"

Meanwhile, to see his Arthur
 So skip, and play, and run,
 "Ah me!" exclaims the father,
 "I wish I were my son!"

The last stanza recalls some pretty lines, translated from the Arabic by Professor Carlyle, addressed "To Youth, by Ebn Alrabia, in his Old Age" ("Specimens of Arabian Poetry," 1796, 165):

Yes, youth, thou'rt fled, and I am left,
Like yonder desolated bower,
By winter's ruthless hand bereft
Of every leaf and every flower.

With heaving heart and streaming eyes,
I woo'd thee to prolong thy stay,
But vain were all my tears and sighs,
Thou only fled'st more fast away.

Yet tho' thou fled'st away so fast,
I can recall thee if I will;
For I can talk of what is past,
And while I talk, enjoy thee still.

Byron says ("Childe Harold," Canto II. xxiii.):

Ah! happy years! once more who would not be a boy?

THE HEART COMPARED TO A WATCH.

My heart's wound up just like a watch,
As far as springs will take—
It wants but one more evil turn,
And then the cords will break!

Herrick long ago compared, not the heart, but the life, to a watch:

Man is a watch, wound up at first, but never
Wound up again: once down, he's down for ever.
The watch once downe, all motions then do cease;
And man's pulse stopt, all passions sleep in peace.

HONOURABLE SIR GEORGE ROSE.

Master in Chancery; Bencher of the Inner Temple; and formerly a Judge of the Court of Review.

None of the following epigrams have, it is believed, appeared in print, with the exception of the "Record of a Case." They have been obtained through an intimate friend of Sir George Rose.

WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF THE HOTEL AT ROSS, THE
MOTTO OF WHICH IS "ICI L'ON RAJEUNIT."

"Ici l'on rajeunit!"—'Tis true,
I'll prove to any man alive;
For I came here at sixty-two,
And found myself at forty-five.
Presuming on my spring of life,
I made a sad mistake indeed,
For, oh! I ventur'd on a wife,
And found that I *was* rajeuni'd:
"Ici l'on rajeunit," I ween,
Has only made a Grey-goose, green!

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

O thou who read'st what's written here,
Commiserate the lot severe,
By which, compell'd, I write them.—
In vain Sophia I withstand,
For Anna adds her dread command;
I tremble—and indite them.
Blame Eve, who, feeble to withstand
One single devil, rais'd her hand,
And gather'd our damnation;
But do not me or Adam blame,
'Tempted by two, who did the same—
His Wife—and her Relation.

THE VEILED LADY.

A morning visitor, having been shown into Sir George Rose's drawing-room, retired on seeing a lady sitting there, whom he mistook for a stranger. The lady was a near relation of Sir George, and one of his family; and on afterwards learning his mistake, the visitor addressed some verses to her, begging pardon for his apparent rudeness, and ascribing his error to her wearing a thick veil. Sir George, seeing the verses, sent him the following:

Dear Duby! I've pleaded in vain for your crime,
I've urg'd every reason, I've tried every rhyme;

Bedazzl'd, beblinded,
But this very veil, be
That mortals may ver

The gentleman familiarly ad
whose name in full could less e
It is possible that when writin
Sir George Rose may have had
Lost" (Act IV. sc. 3), in which

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At the first openin
Bows not his vassal h
Kisses the base gro
What peremptory eag
Dares look upon th
That is not blinded b

RECORD O

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Mr. Leach made
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Mr. Hart, on the
Was right, but
Mr. Parker made
Which was da
Mr. Cook quoted
And the Chanc

The Chancellor was Lord Eldon. Mr. Leach became Sir John Leach, Vice-Chancellor and Master of the Rolls. Mr. Hart became Vice-Chancellor of Ireland.

"I doubt," was Lord Eldon's favourite expression. A few weeks after the epigram became public, and when it was in every one's mouth, Sir George (then Mr.) Rose argued a case very earnestly in the Chancellor's Court, which was given against him. Lord Eldon, than whom no one was more fond of a joke, looked hard at the defeated counsel, and said: "The judgment must be against your clients; *and here, Mr. Rose, the Chancellor does not doubt.*" (Lord Campbell's "Lives of the Lord Chancellors," 1847, VII. 640.)

On Lord Eldon's favourite expression, the following epigram, "The Derivation of Chancellor," is found in the "Spirit of the Public Journals" for 1814, XVIII. 330, taken from the "Morning Chronicle":

The Chancellor, so says Lord Coke,
His title from *cancello* took;
And every cause before him tried,
It was his duty to decide.
Lord Eldon, hesitating ever,
Takes it from *chanceler*, to waver;
And thinks, as this may bear him out,
His bounden duty is to doubt.

The following epigram, "On Mr. (afterwards Sir John) Leach going over from the Opposition to the Tories," appeared in "Notes and Queries," 1st S. XI. 300:

The Leach you've just bought should first have been tried,
To examine its nature and powers;
You can hardly expect it will stick to *your* side,
Having fall'n off so lately from *ours*.

ON SAMUEL WARREN, ESQ., Q.C., AND RECORDER OF HULL,
AUTHOR OF "TEN THOUSAND A YEAR," "NOW AND
THEN," &c.

Warren, though able, yet vainest of men,
Could he guide with discretion his tongue and his pen,
His course would be clear for—"Ten thousand a Year,"
But limited else to a brief—"Now and Then."

These lines were a joke between friends, and were received by the gentleman on whom they were written in the same spirit of playful good-nature in which they were composed.

THE TWO STALLS.

A connection of Sir George Rose, living in the country, had taken a pony belonging to him to keep through the winter : and on returning it, wrote word that he had just been made Honorary Canon of Chichester. Sir George replied :

If that my little grateful mare
 Could vent her gratitude in prayer,
 Thus would her vows incline :

“ May Allen every good befall,
 Be he as happy in his stall,
 As he made me in mine !”

ON BANNISTER, THE ACTOR, WHEN SEVENTY YEARS OF AGE.

With seventy years upon his back,
 My honest friend is still “ Young Jack,”
 Nor spirits check’d, nor fancy slack,
 But fresh as any daisy.

Tho’ Time has knock’d his stumps about,
 He cannot bowl his temper out,
 And all the Bannister is stout,
 Altho’ the steps be crazy !

DR. ROBERT SCOTT.

Master of Balliol College, Oxford.

ON DR. WISEMAN BEING APPOINTED (TITULAR) ARCH-BISHOP OF WESTMINSTER BY POPE PIUS, AT THE TIME OF THE “POPISH AGGRESSION.”

Cum Sapiente Pius nostras juravit in aras ;
 Impius heu ! Sapiens, desipiensque Pius !

Translated (it is believed) by the author of the epigram (“ Guardian ” newspaper of March 8, 1865):

Pius with Wiseman tries
 Our English church to ban ;
 O Pius, man unwise !
 O impious Wise-man !

ANONYMOUS MODERN EPIGRAMS.

EPITAPH ON FAIR ROSAMUND.

Translated from the Latin by Basil Kennet.

(Camden's "Britannia"—Oxfordshire.)

Rose of the world, not rose the fresh, pure flow'r,
Within this tomb hath taken up her bow'r :
She scenteth now and nothing sweet doth smell,
Which erst was wont to savour passing well.

This is the well-known monkish epitaph in the nunnery at Godstow. "In Corio's 'History of Milan' it is stated to have been first placed on the tomb of Rosamunda, Queen of the Lombards, who died in the sixth century" ("Notes and Queries," 2nd S. X. 88).

Two stanzas in Warner's "Albion's England," on Queen Eleanor's discovery of Rosamund's bower, and treatment of her, are interesting in connection with the epitaph. The first is singularly beautiful (chap. 41) :

With that she dasht her on the lippes,
So dyed them doubly red :
Hard was the heart that gave the blow,
Soft were those lippes that bled.

* * *

Thus did faire Rose (no longer rose
Nor faire, in scent, or sight)
Whome pensive Henry did inter,
And soone her wrong did right.

LINES FOUND BY MICHAEL ANGELO ON THE PEDESTAL OF HIS STATUE OF "NIGHT."

Translated from the Italian by Bland, in "Collections from the Greek Anthology," 1813, 407.

Night in this lovely posture you behold :
An angel's art to rugged marble gives
This slumbering form. Because she sleeps, she lives.
Doubt you? Then wake her ; by herself be told.

Michael Angelo thus answered for the goddess (translated by Bland) :

Grateful is sleep—but more to be of stone,
While guilt and shame upon the earth appear.
My lot is happy nor to see nor hear :
Then wake me not—I fain would slumber on.

The lines found by Michael Angelo on the pedestal of his statue are attributed to Giovanni Strozzi.

GALLATÈA.—BATTUS.

("The Mastive, or Young-Whelp of the Olde-Dogge. Epigrams and Satyrs." By H. P.)

Vera Filia Patris.

Why strives young Gallatèa for the wall ?
If needs you'll know the cause (quoth one) you shall :
Her father was a *mason*, and, they say,
It makes her ladyship lean much that way.

Ebrius Dissimulans.

Battus (though bound from drinking wine of late)
Can thus far with his oath equivocate :
He will not drink, and yet be drunk ere noon,
His manner is to eat it with a spoon.

The volume from which these epigrams are taken is ascribed by some to Henry Parrot ; but this is, probably, a mistake, as the epigrams are very different in style, and very inferior in wit, to those in "*Laquei Ridiculosi*" by that author. Others, with better reason, ascribe it to Henry Peacham, the author of "*The Compleat Gentleman*."

*ON THE GRAVESTONE OF SHAKESPEARE, IN
STRATFORD CHURCH.*

(Malone's "Shakespeare," 1821, II. 506.)

Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear
To dig the dust enclosed here :
Bless'd be the man that spares these stones,
And curs'd be he that moves my bones.

Similar execrations are found in many ancient Latin epitaphs ; and it is probable that such lines were common in Shakespeare's time. They are supposed to allude to the custom of removing skeletons after

a certain period, and depositing them in charnel-houses. There is no reason to believe that Shakespeare wrote the lines himself. They were probably placed on his gravestone by those who had the care of his funeral. A correspondent of "Notes and Queries," (3rd S. II. 164), states that he found a similar inscription in Wimbledon Churchyard, on a tomb of the date of 1847.

EPITAPH ON THE WIFE OF SIR COPE D'OYLY. 1618.

(Burke's "Extinct Baronetage.")

Would'st thou (Reader) draw to life
 The perfect copy of a wife,
 Read on, and then redeem from shame,
 That lost, that honourable name.
 This dust was once in spirit a Jael,
 Rebecca in grace, in heart an Abigail,
 In works a Dorcas, to the Church a Hannah,
 And to her spouse Susanna.
 Prudently simple, providently warie,
 To the world a Martha, and to Heaven a Marie.

In "Wit Restored," 1658, ed. 1817, II. 233, there is a quaint epitaph of similar character on a matron :

Here lies a wife was chaste, a mother blest;
 A modest matron, all these in one chest :
Sarah unto her mate, *Mary* to God,
Martha to men whilst here she had abode.

In the "Gentleman's Magazine," LXXX. Part II. 527, an epitaph of similar character at Grays, in Essex, is given :

Behold the silent grave ; it doth embrace
 A virtuous wife, with Rachel's lovely face,
Sarah's obedience, *Lydia's* open heart,
Martha's kind care, and *Mary's* better part.

EPITAPH ON WILLIAM WHEATLY.

(Wood's "Athenæ Oxonienses," ed. 1813, II. 639.)

The conceits of the writers known as the Metaphysical Poets, of whom Dr. Johnson, in his "Life of Cowley," has given a masterly account, were sometimes carried to an extent which might appear almost incredible. . An example is exhibited in an epitaph in the

churchyard of Banbury over the grave of William Whatelle, or Wheatly, the vicar, a man of much learning, who died in 1639 :

Whatsoe'er thou'lt say who passest by,
Why? here's enshrin'd celestial dust ;
His bones, whose name and fame can't die,
These stones, as feoffees, weep in trust.
It's William Wheatly that here lies
Who swam to 's tomb in 's people's eyes.

There is a Latin distich of a period a little earlier, by Bernardus Bauhusius, on the death of Lipsius, in which the conceit by which grief is expressed is almost as singular. The translation, by James Wright, is of a date but little later ("Delitiæ Delitiarum," 204) :

Some in rich Parian stone, in ivory
And marble some, Lipsius in tears doth lie.

In "A Farther Discourse on Epitaphs," by Camden, in Hearne's "Collection of Curious Discourses," an epigram is preserved "On the Removal of Queen Elizabeth's Body from Richmond to Whitehall by Water" :

The Queen was brought by water to Whitehall,
At every stroke the oars tears let fall :
More clung about the barge, fish under water
Wept out their eyes of pearl, and swom blind after.
I think the bargemen might with easier thighs,
Have rowed her thither in her people's eyes.
For howsoe'er, thus much my thoughts have scann'd,
Sh'ad come by water, had she come by land.

Camden calls this "doleful"; Horace Walpole says it is "a most perfect example of the bathos."

HUGO GROTIUS,

When confined in the fortress of Loevestein on suspicion of favouring the Arminians, obtained permission to borrow books, which came in and were returned in chests. His wife enabled him to effect his escape by concealing him in one of these chests, supposed by the guards to contain books. The following epigram was made on the event. It is translated from the Latin in "Selections from the French Anas," 1797, II. 17:

This chest, which to its master did convey
Full many a massy volume every day,
Unconscious now of greater weight and cares,
A living library in Grotius bears.

Owen addressed a Latin epigram "To Roger Owen, a learned Knight" (Book IV. 245), which Harvey thus translates :

Thou know'st the Britons' laws, their old, new rites,
And all that their whole history recites :
In thy discourse, thou'rt so profoundly read,
A living library seems in thine head.

Cowper, in the second of his odes "On the burning of Lord Mansfield's Library," rejoices in the care which preserved "his sacred head from harm," and adds :

There Memory, like the bee that's fed
From Flora's balmy store,
The quintessence of all he read
Had treasured up before.

ON A GARDENER.

("Wit Restored," published 1658. Reprinted 1817, II. 232.)

Could he forget his death that every hour
Was emblem'd to it, by the fading flower?
Should he not mind his end? Yes, sure he must,
That still was conversant 'mongst beds of dust.

Unhappily, it is too commonly the case that those who are "emblemmed to" death are the very persons who think the least of their own end. The callousness which is bred by habit is inimitably drawn out by Shakespeare in the grave-diggers' scene in "Hamlet," where the singing of the one clown and the play of wit of both, is only interrupted by the order of the one to the other, "Go, get thee to Yaughan, and fetch me a stoup of liquor."

COLONEL JOHN LILBURN,

Born in 1618, was called, says Granger, "Freeborn John," and was the most hardened and refractory of all the seditious libellers of the time. He was, moreover, of such a quarrelsome disposition, that it was appositely said of him, Wood tells us, "that, if there was none living but he, John would be against Lilburn, and Lilburn against John." This saying was probably the origin of the following epigram on his death, which is found in Grey's notes to Butler's "Hudibras," ed. 1806, II. 271; and in other places :

Is John departed, and is Lilburn gone?
Farewell to both, to Lilburn and to John.

Yet being dead, take this advice from me,
 Let them not both in one grave buried be :
 Lay John here, and Lilburn thereabout,
 For if they both should meet, they would fall out.

Butler is supposed to allude to Lilburn in his description of the perverse haberdasher ("Hudibras," Part III. Canto ii. 437) :

For he at any time would hang,
 For th' opportunity t' harangue ;
 And rather on a gibbet dangle,
 Than miss his dear delight to wrangle.

An old anonymous "Epitaph on a Litigious Man," given in a "Collection of Epitaphs, &c.," 1806, I. 124, may be compared with the epigram on Lilburn :

Here lies a man who in his life
 With every man had law and strife,
 But now he's dead and laid in grave,
 His bones no quiet rest can have :
 For lay your ear unto this stone,
 And you shall hear how every bone
 Doth knock and beat against each other ;
 Pray for his soul's health, gentle brother.

M. Blainville, in his "Travels," preserves a droll epitaph on a man and his wife, from a marble found near the church of S. Agnes at Rome ; thus translated from the Latin by C :

Stay, traveller—a miracle behold !
 A man and wife lie here, and do not scold ;
 But who we are I name not.—Then do I ;
 The drunken Bebrus, traveller, here doth lie,
 He who calls me a drunkard.—Ha ! true wife,
 That tongue still wrangles, e'en deprived of life.

*EPITAPH ON ROBERT BARGRAVE, WHO DIED IN 1659,
 AGED FIVE YEARS. IN CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.*

("History and Antiquities of the Cathedral Church of Rochester,
 &c., &c.," 1723, 60.)

Farewell, sweet boy ! and farewell all in thee,
 Blest parents can in their best children see ;
 Thy life to woo us unto heaven was lent us,
 Thy death to wean us from the world is sent us.

An epitaph by Mrs. Barber, on a son of Lord Mountcashell, who died in childhood, may be compared (Barber's "Poems on Several Occasions," 1735, 147) :

Children are snatch'd away, sometimes,
 To punish parents for their crimes.
 Thy mother's merit was so great,
 Heav'n hasten'd thy untimely fate, }
 To make her character complete.
 Tho' many virtues fill'd her breast,
 'Twas resignation crown'd the rest.

KING CHARLES I.

Sir Isaac Newton, when at school at Grantham, busied himself very much in drawing, and furnished his room in the house of Mr. Clarke, the apothecary, where he lodged, with pictures of his own making. Mrs. Vincent, whose mother was Mr. Clarke's second wife, and who lived in the same house with Sir Isaac, told Dr. Stukeley that he wrote the following verses under a picture of King Charles I., and *thinks* that he made them himself (Letter from Dr. Stukeley to Dr. Mead, Nichols' "Illustrations of Literary History," IV. 30):

A secret art my soul requires to try,
 If prayers can give me what the wars deny.
 Three crowns distinguish'd here in order do
 Present their objects to my knowing view.
 Earth's crown, thus at my feet, I can disdain,
 Which heavy is, and, at the best, but vain.
 But now a crown of thorns I gladly greet,
 Sharp is this crown, but not so sharp as sweet:
 The crown of glory that I yonder see
 Is full of bliss and of eternity.

There is something incongruous in quoting the revolutionary Milton after these touching lines on the Martyr King; but the following passage, at the close of the second book of "Paradise Regained," is applicable to the thought expressed by the monarch:

Yet not for that a crown,
 Golden in show, is but a wreath of thorns,
 Brings dangers, troubles, cares, and sleepless nights,
 To him who wears the regal diadem,
 When on his shoulders each man's burden lies.

* * * *

Yet he, who reigns within himself, and rules
 Passions, desires, and fears, is more a king.

Preserving li
But thou, mo
Hast eat thy

THE COMMONS

("Gentleman

In all hum
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Beseechin
Betray'd h
And if he
His sceptre
We'll make
The greatest

Charles at th
Thanks you

This lampoon was commonly
been almost invariably ascribed
respondent in the "Gentleman
previous to the Earl of Rochester
Discovery of certaine Reall Pass
yeare 1642, 4to." It was written
poem of nine stanzas, which the
says, "he thought fit to deliver i

In all humility t
Their Sovereigne

And if he would awhile lay downe
 His sceptre, majesty, and crowne,
 He should be made for time to come
 'The greatest Prince in Christendome.
 Charles at this time not having need,
 Thank'd them as much as if he did.
 This is the happy wisht event
 Of privilege of Parliament.

*WRITTEN UNDER A PRINT OF A LADY OF GREAT
 BEAUTY.*

(Granger's "Biographical History of England," 1779, III. 148.)

Lo, here a beauty in her morn, who shakes
 Day from her hair; and whose perfection makes
 The sun amaz'd, a heaven on earth to view:
 So much can birth and education do.

Granger says the print is an ugly one of a great beauty, "her hair dressed in many formal curls, which nearly resemble bottle-screws." The lady was Elizabeth, only daughter and heiress of Laurence Washington, of Garsdon, Wilts, who married the first Earl Ferrers.

Such ascriptions of power over the sun and light by the Fair, are not uncommon. Davenant, in one of his songs addressed to a lady, has:

Awake—awake! the morn will never rise,
 Till she can dress her beauty at your eyes.

Lovelace, writing to Amarantha about her hair, says:

But shake your head and scatter day.

The same idea is very beautifully expressed in Mariana's song in "Measure for Measure" (Act IV. sc. 1):

Take, oh take those lips away,
 That so sweetly were forsworn;
 And those eyes, the break of day,
 Lights that do mislead the morn:
 But my kisses bring again,
 Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.

The second
But he who

Nichols, in a note, in
verses addressed to
says, that he much d
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TO 1
(Granger's "Biographica

To you a tribute
The whole poetic
For none but you
Could add to *Davi*

Purcell, the celebrated com
organist of West.

theatre, that neither could properly call him her own. Hence the reference, in the last line of the epigram, to his power in adding to the beauties of David's Psalms, and in making even the second-rate plays of D'Urfey, who was a wit and dramatic writer of the day, acceptable to the public. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, where his epitaph records, much in the taste of that period, that he "is gone to that blessed place, where only his harmony can be exceeded."

The following epigram was written "On Tom D'Urfey" ("Festoon," 1767, 137):

Here lies the Lyric, who with tale and song,
Did life to threescore years and ten prolong:
His tale was pleasant, and his song was sweet;
His heart was cheerful - but his thirst was great.
Grieve, reader! grieve, that he, too soon grown old,
His song has ended, and his tale has told.

ON THE DEATH OF MOLIERE.

(Latin, in Chalmers' "Biographical Dictionary"—Molière.)

In Molière's play of "*Le Malade Imaginaire*," the chief person represented is a sick man, who on one occasion pretends to be dead. It is related that when acted for the fourth time, Feb. 17th, 1673, Molière, in personating the dead man, really expired. Upon this incident a variety of *jeux d'esprit* were written. One of the best is a Latin one, which has thus been translated:

Here Molière lies, the Roscius of his age,
Whose pleasure, while he liv'd, was to engage
With human nature in a comic strife,
And personate her actions to the life.
But surely Death, offended at his play,
Would not be jok'd with in so free a way;
He, when he mimick'd him, his breath restrain'd,
And made him act in earnest what he feign'd.

It is not the fact that Molière expired during the representation of the play; but he was taken ill whilst performing his part, and died a few hours afterwards.

THE STAGE OF LIFE.

Our life's a journey in a winter's day;
Some only break their fast, and so away;
Others stay dinner, and depart full-fed,
The deepest age but sups and goes to bed:

He's most in debt that lingers out the day;
Who dies betimes has less and less to pay.

This is taken from the "Festoon," ed. 1767, 98, but the lines are probably much older than the date of that publication. They seem to have formed a very usual inscription for grave-stones. Several versions, all more or less differing from each other and from the above, may be found in the pages of "Notes and Queries," and in the various collections of epigrams. The idea is at least as old as Quarles, who in his thirteenth Hieroglyphic has:

Time voids the table, dinner's done ;
And now our day's declining sun
Hath hurried his diurnal load
To th' borders of the western road.

* * *

Our blazing taper now hath lost
Her better half ; nature hath crost
Her forenoon book, and clear'd that score,
But scarce gives trust for so much more.

The epigram at the close of his fourteenth Hieroglyphic, addressed "To the Youth," has the thought still more complete :

Seest thou this good old man ? He represents
Thy future, thou his preterperfect tense :
Thou go'st to labours, he prepares to rest :
Thou break'st thy fast, he sups ; now which is best ?

In Pettigrew's "Chronicles of the Tombs," 1857, 220, the lines are given from inscriptions in a Cumberland and a Cornish churchyard (thus showing they are not confined to any one locality), but the opening is varied by reference to an inn instead of a journey :

Life's like an inn ; think man this truth upon.
Some only breakfast and are quickly gone.

* * *

This reference to an inn is found in an epitaph of similar character in the churchyard of Melton-Mowbray ("Notes and Queries," 1st. S. VII. 178):

This world's an inn, and I her guest :
I've eat and drank and took my rest
With her awhile, and now I pay
Her lavish bill, and go my way.

Bishop Horne, in a poem "Written at an Inn," has the following stanza (Works, 1809, I. 242) :

The world is like an inn ; for there
Men call, and storm, and drink, and swear,
While undisturb'd a Christian waits,
And reads, and writes, and meditates.

The same idea of the world, as only an inn in which to rest, is found in an epitaph by R. Fletcher, who published "*Martial, his Epigrams translated, with Sundry Poems and Fancies*. London, 1656":

Earth for a while bespake his stay,
Only to bait and so away :
So that what here he doated on
Was mere accommodation.

A different view of our earthly inn appears in an epitaph in the churchyard of Kinver, near Stourbridge, given in "*Notes and Queries*." 1st S. VII. 177:

Tired with wand'ring thro' a world of sin,
Hither we came to Nature's common inn,
To rest our wearied bodies for a night,
In hopes to rise that Christ may give us light.

So, Spenser, in the "*Faërie Queene*" (Book II. Canto i. 59):

"Palmer," quoth he, "death is an equall doome
To good and bad, the common in of rest."

And again (Book III. Canto iii. 30):

And, if he then with victorie can lin,
He shall his dayes with peace bring to his earthly in.

FOUND ON THE CHURCH-DOOR AT WHITEHALL,
Jan. 30, 1696.

("Poems on Affairs of State," II. 267, 1703.)

What, fast and pray,
For the horrid murder of the day !
And at the same time drive the son away,
The royal father and the royal son ?
While by your praying you their rights do own.
Go ask your learned bishop and your dean,
What these strange contradictions mean ;
And cease to fast and pray and trouble Heaven,
Sins, whilst unrepented, cannot be forgiven.

In the same volume, p. 323, the last stanza of "*An Allusion to the Seventh Epode of Horace, 1690*," refers to the same unrepented sin :

Yes, Britons, yes, you groan beneath the weight
Of Charles the Martyr's undeserved fate ;
Too well you know his unrepented fall
Entails this curse, and will confound you all.

**ON SORREL, THE HORSE, WHICH, BY STUMBLING OVER A
MOLEHILL, CAUSED THE DEATH OF WILLIAM III.**

(“ Poems on Affairs of State,” II. 323, 1703.)

Illustrious steed, who should the zodiac grace,
To thee the lion and the bull give place :
Blest be the dam that fed thee, blest the earth
Which first receiv'd thee, and first gave thee birth !
Did wrong'd Hibernia, to revenge her slain,
Produce thee, or murder'd Fenwick strain,
Or barbarously massacred Glencoes claim ?
Whence e'er thou art, be thou for ever blest,
And spend the remnant of thy days in rest ;
No servile use thy noble limbs profane,
No weight thy back, no curb thy mouth restrain ;
No more be thou, no more mankind a slave,
But both enjoy that liberty you gave.

In the same volume, p. 408, there is an answer to this panegyric commencing :

Insulting ass ! who basely could'st revile
The guardian angel of our wretched isle.

And ending :

And may for ever that unlucky steed
Only on briars and on thistles feed !

Sorrel was caressed and honoured by the Tories for causing William's death, and in their merry meetings they used

To drink the horse's health that threw him down.

Even the mole, over whose hill Sorrel stumbled, came in for his share of praise, and was toasted as “ The little gentleman in black velvet ” by those who looked upon the revolution in the same light as the author of the following epigram, “ To an Usurper ” :

Usurpers are the giddy faction's tools,
They know not what they're doing ;
Chose not because of parts, but that they're fools,
And smell not what the world's a-brewing.
Poor thoughtless Thing ! how bitter is thy cup !
How tott'ring is thy empty crown !
Despis'd alike by those who set thee up,
And those who strive to pull thee down.

This is taken from “ Poems on Various Subjects and Occasions. By the Honourable Alexander Robertson of Struan, Esquire,” Edinburgh, no date, 187, a volume of which Gough, the antiquary, thus speaks in a

letter to the Rev. Michael Tyson: "I have looked into the poet of Struan, which Pennant so praises, and find a strange motley mixture of Jacobitism, obscenity, devotion, and some fancy, in his *Poematia*" (Nichols' "Literary Anecdotes," VIII. 584).

EPITAPH ON KING WILLIAM. 1702.

("Poems on Affairs of State," II. 267, 1703.)

William the Third lies here, th' Almighty's friend,
 A scourge to France, a check t' imperious Rome,
 Who did our rights and liberties defend,
 And rescu'd England from its threaten'd doom;
 Heav'n snatch'd him from us whom our hearts caress'd,
 And now he's king in heaven among the blest;
 Grief stops my pen; reader, pray weep the rest. }

The following epigram by Alexander Robertson ("Poems on Various Subjects and Occasions," 107) takes a very different view of the Dutch Prince's worth:

Bright is his diadem in heav'n's abode
 Who lost his crown rather than change his God;
 While the perfidious wretch who stole the prize,
 Pines in eternal dread of earth and skies.

ARCHBISHOP TENISON'S PETITION.

(Noble's continuation of Granger's "Biographical History of England," 1806, II. 203.)

Admiral Sir Cloudesley Shovel, in command of a portion of the English Fleet, was wrecked on the rocks called the "Bishop and his Clerks," off the Scilly Isles, in October, 1707, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, where a monument was erected to his memory. In the previous April, Archbishop Tenison, in a formulary to be used "for imploring the Divine blessing on our fleets and armies," had used the expression, "The Rock of our might," which the wits of the day did not fail to remember, and the following epigram was laid on Sir Cloudesley's tomb:

As Lambeth pray'd, so was the dire event,
 Else we had wanted here a monument:
 That to our fleet kind Heaven would be a rock;
 Nor did kind Heaven the wise petition mock:
 To what the Metropolitan did pen,
 The "Bishop and his Clerks" replied, Amen.

DR. WHITE KENNET,

Dean of Peterborough (afterwards Bishop of that See), gave great offence to the High Church and Tory party in church and state by his change of opinions, and the support which he gave by his writings to the Whigs. When, in 1710, the Tories came into power consequent upon the trial of Sacheverell, an address was presented to the Queen by the Bishop and clergy of London, which the Dean, who held the living of S. Botolph, Aldgate, refused to sign. For this he was represented as an enemy to the Queen and her Ministers, and various methods were taken to expose him: one, in particular, by Dr. Welton, Rector of Whitechapel, who caused an altar-piece of the Last Supper to be placed in his church, in which Judas was painted so closely to resemble Dr. Kennet, that no one could mistake the likeness. Upon this a Latin epigram was made, which has been attributed to Atterbury, but there is not sufficient authority for ascribing it to him. It is, perhaps, one of the most severe strokes of satire ever penned:

Falleris hâc qui te pingi sub imagine credis,
Non similis Judas est tibi—pœnituit.

Think not that here *thou* art represented,
Thou'rt not like Judas—for *he* repented.

Compton, Bishop of London, ordered the picture to be removed. It is said to have been purchased by a Captain Polehampton and given to S. Alban's Church, where it formed the altar-piece for many years, but was afterwards removed to the chapel behind the high altar.

A print of this singular picture is (or was) in the Library of the Society of Antiquaries, and has the following manuscript lines by Mr. Maittaire attached to it:

To say the picture does to him belong,
Kennet does Judas and the painter wrong.
False is the image, the resemblance faint;
Judas compar'd to Kennet is a saint.

See Nichols' "Literary Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century," I. 396, and VIII. 369, where some further curious particulars respecting the picture are given.

*ON THEOBALD (PRONOUNCED AND OFTEN WRITTEN
TIBBALD), THE POET AND CRITIC.*

("Certain Epigrams in Laud and Praise of the Gentlemen of the Dunciad." Without date. Ep. 19.)

"Tis generous, Tibbald! in thee and thy brothers
To help us thus to read the works of others:
Never for this can just returns be shown;
For who will help us e'er to read thy own?

"For some time, once a week or fortnight, he (Theobald) printed in *Mist's Journal* a single remark, or poor conjecture, on some word or pointing of Shakespeare, either in his own name, or in letters to himself as from others without name." (Annotator of the "*Dunciad*," in 1729.)

In 1725, Pope published his edition of Shakespeare, and early in the following year Theobald published a criticism upon it, which so offended that irritable poet, that in the "*Dunciad*" he revenged himself by giving to Theobald the place of Hero, or King of the Dunces, who before his elevation to that dignity is thus seen by the Goddess of Dulness (8vo edition of 1729, Book I.):

She ey'd the bard, where supperless he sate,
And pin'd unconscious of his rising fate;
Studious he sate, with all his books around,
Sinking from thought to thought a vast profound!
Plung'd for his sense, but found no bottom there;
Then writ and flounder'd on in mere despair.

Such accumulated insults induced Theobald to prove his capacity by publishing an edition of Shakespeare, which might be compared by the public with that of Pope. The verdict of the world showed that his position in Pope's satire was a great blemish in that clever but scurrilous poem, and consequently in the edition of 1742, Pope deposed him from his high estate, and Colley Cibber reigned in his stead.

Theobald gave Pope an advantage over him, and exposed himself to the keenest severity of his satire by the escape of one unlucky line in his "*Double Falsehood*":

None but himself can be his parallel.

And yet the line is not original. The Rev. E. Kynaston, in the "*Gentleman's Magazine*," L. 507, says that Theobald "might have pleaded the authority of Seneca; in whose '*Hercules Furens*' we have the following very extraordinary passage:

" '—— quæris Alcidiæ parem?
Nemo est nisi ipse: bella jam secum gerat.' "

Granger, in his "*Biog. Hist.*" 1779, III. 378, gives a passage yet more exactly similar. It occurs in the following lines under the portrait of Colonel Giles Strangeways, of Melbury Sampford, in Dorsetshire, who was Member of Parliament for that county, and one of the Privy Council to Charles II.:

The rest fame speaks, and makes his virtues known,
By 's zeal for the church, and loyalty to the throne.
The artist in his draught doth art excel,
None but himself, himself can parallel.
But if his steel could his great mind express,
That would appear in a much nobler dress.

Granger remarks upon this: "The thought is so very singular, that it is extremely improbable that two persons should have hit upon it, and varied so little in the expression. Sir William Temple has varied

more; where, speaking of Cæsar, he says, that he was 'equal only to himself.' See the 'Essay on the Gardens of Epicurus.'"

On the ill feeling which existed between Theobald and Pope, William Duncombe has an epigram, entitled, "The Judgment of Apollo, or the Controversy between Mr. Pope and Mr. Theobald, 1729" (Nichols' "Collection of Poems," VI. 7, 1780):

In Pope's melodious verse the Graces smile;
In Theobald is display'd sagacious toil;
The critic's ivy crowns his subtle brow,
While in Pope's numbers wit and music flow.
These bards (so Fortune will'd) were mortal foes,
And all Parnassus in their quarrel rose.
This the dire cause of their unbounded rage,
Who best could blanch dark Shakespeare's blotted page.
Apollo heard, and weigh'd each party's plea,
Then thus pronounc'd th' immutable decree:
"Theobald, 'tis thine to show what Shakespeare writ;
But Pope shall reign supreme in poetry and wit."

APOLLO'S REVENGE ON DAPHNE.

("Certain Epigrams in Laud and Praise of the Gentlemen of the Dunciad." Without date. Ep. 13.)

When Phœbus gave the skittish Daphne chase,
And grasp'd a tree in his deceiv'd embrace;
The god, in pique prophetic, thus express'd
His certain vengeance, and the nymph address'd:
Thou hast, fair vegetable, 'scap'd my pow'r,
But to that form art chang'd in luckless hour;
Since thy coy pride the god of wit declin'd,
Thy leaves still curst shall witless temples bind.

Many epigrams were produced by the publication of the "Dunciad," several of which are given in the notes to that cruel poem. Colley Cibber, the king of the dunces, *vice* Theobald deposed, was attacked on all sides. He and Pope had long been at variance, and when he resented the insults of the latter he was treated with contempt by all the Pope clique. The following epigram is a specimen (Notes to the "Dunciad"):

Quoth Cibber to Pope, though in verse you foreclose,
I'll have the last word; for by Jove I'll write prose.
Poor Colley! thy reas'ning is none of the strongest,
For know, the last word is the word that lasts longest.

THE RIVAL SINGERS.

(Noble's continuation of Granger's "Biographical History of England," 1806, III. 413.)

Faustina Bordoni and Francesca Cuzzoni were rival singers at the Italian Opera in London, in the reign of George I. The former was of extreme beauty. The latter was of the worst character: she afterwards married Signor Sandoni, whom she poisoned, for which she was tried and condemned to death, but the punishment was remitted. Both had their backers. The Countess of Pembroke and her party asserted the pre-eminence of Cuzzoni; the Countess of Burlington that of the lovely rival. The cantatrices came to blows, and the countesses were with difficulty prevented from taking the same course. The whole town was divided between the two factions, and innumerable squibs and epigrams kept up the excitement. Lady Pembroke was accused of encouraging the *cat-calling* of Faustina, which produced the following epigram, noticeable, not for its merit, but for the evidence it exhibits of the bitterness of the party feeling:

Old poets sing, that beasts did dance
Whenever Orpheus pleas'd;
So to Faustina's charming voice,
Wise Pembroke's asses bray'd.

Faustina won the day, and Cuzzoni's popularity ceased; upon which these lines appeared as the introduction to "*Faustina: or the Roman Songstress, a Satyr on the Luxury and Effeminacy of the Age,*" London, without date; but, in Lord Wharncliffe's "*Letters and Works of Lady Mary Wortley Montague,*" stated to have been published in 1726:

Cuzzoni can no longer charm,
Faustina now does all alarm,
And we must buy her pipe so clear
With hundreds twenty-five a year:
Either we've money over plenty,
Or else our skulls are wondrous empty!
But if Faustina or Cuzzoni
E'er touch a penny of my money
I'll give 'em leave to call me Tony.

Ambrose Philips has some very pretty lines on Cuzzoni, whom he seems to have thought a dangerous guest:

Little Siren of the stage,
Charmer of an idle age,
Empty warbler, breathing lyre,
Wanton gale of fond desire,
Bane of every manly art,
Sweet enfeeblor of the heart!

O, too pleasing in thy strain,
Hence, to southern climes again ;
Tuneful mischief, vocal spell,
To this island bid farewell ;
Leave us as we ought to be,
Leave the Britons rough and free.

"The Devil to Pay at S. James's: or a full and true account of a most horrid and bloody battle between Madam Faustina and Madam Cuzzoni," is the title of one of Dr. Arbuthnot's humorous pieces. See his "Miscellaneous Works," 1751, I. 213.

TO MRS. ROBINSON, A CELEBRATED ACTRESS.

("Festoon," 1767, 21.)

When *Salvia* sings, or acts the heroine's part,
The fiction's ill-supported by her art :
Still something vulgar, thro' the rich disguise,
Betrays the mimic, and offends the eyes :
But when *your* voice is heard, and beauty seen,
You seem a *goddess*, whilst you act a *queen*.

This was Anastasia Robinson, of whom the celebrated Earl of Peterborough was enamoured. He married her privately, but before his death acknowledged her as his wife. Her character was never called in question, but of her beauty a less favourable notion is given in an epigram by Mallet, "On a certain Lord's Passion for a Singer" :

Nerina's angel-voice delights ;
Nerina's devil-face affrights :
How whimsical her Strephon's fate,
Condemn'd at once to like and hate !
But be she cruel, be she kind,
Love ! strike her dumb, or make him blind.

DR. HODY'S POETRY.

(Noble's continuation of Granger's "Biographical History of England," 1806, II. 116.)

Dr. Humphrey Hody, successively chaplain to Archbishops Tillotson and Tenison, and Greek Professor at Oxford, was a man of great learning. He published several works on Biblical criticism, which proved his erudition ; but his attempts at poetry were miserable failures, which occasioned the following epigram :

Of old, we read, there was nobody
Made verses like to Humphrey Hody ;

But now each chandler knows full well
That Lloyd and Gardiner bear the bell.

"Lloyd was probably the head of a house at Oxford. Gardiner was Warden of All Souls'" (Noble, as above).

MORNING.

("Epigrams in Distich," 1740, 14.)

The dawn increases, and retires the shade :
Boors quit their bed, and Beaux the masquerade.

This recalls a story told, by Rogers, of the Duke of Devonshire, husband of the beautiful Duchess Georgiana : "The Duke when walking home from Brookes's, about daybreak, used frequently to pass the stall of a cobbler who had already commenced his work. As they were the only persons stirring in that quarter, they always saluted each other. 'Good night, friend,' said the Duke. 'Good morning, sir,' said the cobbler" (Rogers' "Table Talk," 1856, 191).

EPITAPH ON EDWARD RICHARDS, AN IDIOT BOY, WHO
DIED IN 1728, AGED 17. IN EDGBASTON CHURCH.

If innocents are the favourites of Heaven,
And God but little asks where little's given,
My great Creator has for me in store
Eternal joys ; what wise man can have more ?

Much interest attaches to this epitaph, from the fact that it was cut on the tombstone by the celebrated typographer, Baskerville. It is given in "A Description of Modern Birmingham ; whereunto are annexed, Observations made during an Excursion round the Town, &c., in the Summer of 1818." By Charles Pye. After mentioning a tombstone with an inscription cut by Baskerville at Handsworth, the author proceeds : "Mr. Baskerville was originally a stonecutter, and afterwards kept a school at Birmingham. There is only one more of his cutting known to be in existence, and that has lately been removed and placed within the church at Edgbaston. The stone being of a flaky nature, the inscription is not quite perfect, but whoever takes delight in looking at well-formed letters, may here be gratified." In the "Gentleman's Magazine" for 1825, XCV. Part I. 394, a correspondent states, that the inscription was *written* as well as cut by Baskerville, but he gives no proof. He also states, that when he was at Edgbaston two years before, the stone was "on the north-east side of the churchyard." He gives the epitaph, with a very slight variation in the first line.

ON MILTON'S EXECUTIONER.

(Disraeli's "Curiosities of Literature," 1st S. Art. "Bentley's Milton.")

Did Milton's prose, O Charles! thy death defend?
 A furious foe, unconscious, proves a friend;
 On Milton's verse, does Bentley comment? know,
 A weak officious friend becomes a foe.
 While he would seem his author's fame to further,
 The murderous critic has aveng'd thy murder.

This severe epigram appeared at the time of the publication of Dr. Bentley's edition of Milton. On Milton's treatment of King Charles in his prose Works, Yalden has some striking lines, "On the reprinting Milton's Prose Works with his Poems." The following is the last stanza:

Like the fall'n angels in their happy state,
 Thou shar'dst their nature, insolence, and fate:
 To harps divine, immortal hymns they sung,
 As sweet thy voice, as sweet thy lyre was strung.
 As they did rebels to th' Almighty grow,
 So thou profan'st his image here below.
 Apostate bard! may not thy guilty ghost,
 Discover to its own eternal cost,
 That as they heaven, thou paradise hast lost!

LIFE.

("Collection of Epigrams," 1735, II. Ep. 395.)

In travel, pilgrims do oft ask, and know,
 What miles they've gone, and what they have to go;
 Their way is tedious, and their limbs oppress,
 And their desire is to be at rest.

In life's more tedious journey, man delays
 T' enquire out the number of his days:
 He cares, not he, how slow his hours spend,
 The *journey's* better than the journey's end.

The unwillingness to part with life is beautifully expressed in the following lines by Mrs. Barbauld, written when she was very old—the last stanza of "Life"—of which Rogers said, "I know few lines finer":

Life! we've been long together,
 Through pleasant and through cloudy weather :
 'Tis hard to part when friends are dear ;
 Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear ;
 Then steal away, give little warning,
 Choose thine own time,
 Say not Good Night, but in some brighter clime
 Bid me Good Morning.

Happy are those who can seriously feel that they require but "little warning" to prepare them for a "brighter clime."

FRONTISPIECE OF THE "DUNCIAD."

A correspondent of "Notes and Queries," 2nd S. II. 182, states that he found the following epigram on the fly-leaf of a copy of the "Dunciad," 8vo ed. 1729; with a note that it appeared in the "Daily Gazetteer" about Dec. 18, 1738:

Pallas for wisdom priz'd her favourite owl,
 Pope for its dulness chose the self-same fowl :
 Which shall we choose, or which shall we despise ?
 If Pope is witty, Pallas is not wise.

It is well known that the early editions of the "Dunciad" had an owl as the frontispiece. Some false editions appearing with the same, the true ones discarded the owl, and placed an ass laden with authors as the distinguishing mark. This being also copied in a spurious reprint, the owl again appeared in the octavo edition. Thus the editions came to be known as those of the owl and those of the ass.

An interesting collection might be made of such emblems on title-pages. One prefixed to the "Scribleriad" is worth noticing,—Satire leading an ass carrying an unconscious Sphinx (representing false science), which Satire has overthrown.

ON THE DEATH OF GENERAL WOLFE.

("New Foundling Hospital for Wit," 1784, V. 188.)

All-conq'ring, cruel death, more hard than rocks,
 Thou should'st have spar'd the *Wolfe* and took the *Fox*.

At the period of the taking of Quebec and the death of Wolfe, Mr. Fox (afterwards Lord Holland) was Paymaster of the Forces, and had rendered himself unpopular by accumulating a considerable fortune by the perquisites of office and the interest of money in hand. Hence the satirical play upon his name in the epigram. That his peculations had been enormous is evident from the fact, that after his death his executor was compelled to pay into the Treasury the sum of £200,000.

ON MRS.

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ON MRS. BARB

But so much innocence adorns her fears,
And with such grace her modesty she wears,
By her disorder all her charms increase,
And, had she *better* sung, she'd pleas'd us *less*.

This lady seems to have overcome her "bashful awe," and to have attained reputation as a singer; but the only notice of her in the "Gentleman's Magazine" is in the obituary for 1737: "Feb. 5. Mrs. Barbier, formerly a noted singer in the operas."

There is a severe epigram "On Nicolini's Leaving the Stage," in Steele's collection (possibly by Steele himself), of which the latter half only can fitly be given here (Nichols' "Collection of Poems," IV. 75, 1780):

Hence with thy curst deluding song! away!
Shall British freedom thus become thy prey?
Freedom which we so dearly us'd to prize,
We scorn to yield it—but to British eyes.
Assist, ye gales; with expeditious care
Waft this preposterous idol of the Fair;
Consent ye Fair, and let the trifler go,
Nor bribe with wishes adverse winds to blow:
Nonsense grew pleasing by his Siren arts,
And stole from Shakespeare's self our easy hearts.

TRUE RICHES.

("Festoon," 1767, 99.)

Irus, tho' wanting gold and lands,
Lives cheerful, easy, and content;—
Corvus unblest'd, with twenty hands
Employ'd to count his yearly rent.
Sages of *Lombard*! tell me which
Of these you think possesses more?
One, with his poverty, is rich;
And one, with all his wealth, is poor.

There are many Greek epigrams which express this truth. An amusing one, by Lucian, on the gout (Jacobs III. 26, xxvii.), may, perhaps, come home to some readers who have experienced this accompaniment of wealth and luxury. The translation, which is rather free, is from a "Selection of Greek Epigrams for the Use of Winchester School," 1791:

Goddess who shunn'at the cottage gate,
Companion of the rich and great;
To feet of strangers you confide;
Your arms a crutch on either side:

Whilst tottering round the gilded room,
 You fling the costly rich perfume ;
 To you the table's sumptuous fare
 And rose-encircl'd wreath are dear ;
 For you the mantling bowl shall flow,
 Joys, which the poor can never know,
 In whose sad path, with thorns o'erspread,
 Your pamper'd form shall never tread ;
 But to the purple couch shall go,
 Where lies in state the great man's toe.

REYNOLDS' PORTRAIT OF MRS. COLLYER.

(Northcote's "Life of Reynolds," 1819, I. 156.)

In 1766, Sir Joshua Reynolds painted a portrait of Mrs. Collyer, an eminent beauty of that time. Her face is seen in profile, and has a pensive air, as if contemplating the death of a favourite sparrow, which appears laid on the table before her.

Sorrow too deep for him to trace,
 Timanthes did conceal ;
 The anguish in the father's face,
 He covered with a veil.

The lightning of bright Collyer's eyes
 Reynolds despairs to show ;
 That vivid fire his art defies ;
 He bids a tear to flow.

Timanthes was a painter of Sicyon in the reign of Philip, the father of Alexander the Great. He executed a celebrated picture of Iphigenia about to be immolated, with her father Agamemnon standing by, whose face he covered with a veil, thus leaving his deep sorrow to be realized by imagination. In Elsum's "Epigrams on Paintings," 1700, there is one on this picture (Ep. 1) :

See how her near relations all lament
 To lose a virgin fair and innocent.
 The under-mourners are so full of grief,
 The painter's puzzled to express the chief ;
 He finds the pencil is for this too frail,
 And therefore o'er his eyes he casts the veil.
 Thus wisely covering *Agamemnon's* face,
 He turns the art's defect into a grace.

Waller refers to the picture in his poem, "Of his Majesty receiving the news of the Duke of Buckingham's death" :

The famous painter could allow no place
 For private sorrow in a prince's face :
 Yet, that his piece might not exceed belief,
 He casts a veil upon supposed grief.

WRITTEN ON A LEAF OF LOWTH'S GRAMMAR, PRESENTED TO A YOUNG LADY.

("Newspaper Cuttings, Poetry and Miscellaneous," in the British Museum.)

Fair miniature of all thy mother's grace,
Gentle Theresa; whose first op'ning bloom,
Foretells a lovely flower of rich perfume:
Now that thy tender mind doth quick embrace
Each character impressed; these pages trace
With studious eye, and let thy thoughts assume,
Such classic dress as grac'd the maids of Rome;
Free, elegant, and, as thy manners, chaste.

These lines, which have all the simplicity and elegance of a Greek epigram, are stated to be by the Dean of Waterford, but as there is no date to the newspaper cuttings, which seem to range over many years of the second half of the last century, it cannot be decided who is the dean meant. Bishop Lowth's "Short Introduction to English Grammar" was first published in 1762, but, as it has gone through many editions, this gives little clue to the date of the epigram.

ON ARCHBISHOP MOORE.

(Nichols' "Literary Anecdotes," VIII. 94.)

Dr. John Moore was in 1771 appointed Dean of Canterbury, and in 1775 consecrated Bishop of Bangor, which occasioned the following "Word of Comfort from Bangor to Canterbury on the Loss of her Dean":

Cease, Canterbury, to deplore
The loss of your accomplish'd Moore,
Repining at my gain;
I soon may have most cause to mourn:
To *you* he'll probably return,
With *me* will scarce remain.

This was answered from Canterbury:

To *me*, you prophesy, our mitred Moore
Revolving years may probably restore,
And thus in vain attempt my tears to dry:
I scarcely know my masters but by name,
Triennial visits, and the voice of fame,
For, ah! my palaces in ruins lie.

On the death of Dr. Cornwallis in 1783, the archiepiscopal see was offered to Bishops Hurd and Lowth, who both declined it, the one from advancing years and love of lettered ease, the other from affection to his diocese. It was reported that, upon this, the King desired each of them to recommend the bishop whom they thought most fitted for the primacy, and that, without any previous concert of opinion, they both mentioned Dr. Moore, who was, in consequence, appointed Metropolitan. After his promotion, "Bangor's Word of Comfort to Canterbury no Prophecy" appeared (Nichols, as above, 95):

An impartial and competent judge of desert
At such a conclusion must have needs been expert:
And to baffle detraction I'll venture thus far—
If Moore rose like a *meteor*, he'll shine a *true star*.

KING GEORGE III. AND DR. FRANKLIN.

("Life and Writings of Benjamin Franklin." By his Grandson,
W. T. Franklin, 1818, II. 81.)

In the year 1777 an angry controversy arose, in consequence of Dr. Franklin having advocated pointed lightning-conductors, as preferable to the rounded ones. George III., who detested Franklin for the part he took in the American rebellion, was unwise enough to show his dislike by having the old pointed conductors removed, and replaced by rounded ones at Buckingham Palace, then called "The Queen's House." This was during the heat of the American war, and occasioned the following epigram:

While you, great George! for safety hunt,
And sharp conductors change for blunt,
The empire's out of joint:
Franklin a wiser course pursues;
And all your thunder fearless views,
By keeping to the *point*.

In the "New Foundling Hospital for Wit," II. 158, there is another epigram on the same subject and occasion:

Our public buildings to defend
From the keen lightning's brunt,
Some pointed rods would recommend,
Others prefer the *Blunt*.

Let me, too, midst this learned throng
Show how to save our structures;
Alas! we've tried the blunt too long,
We now want *Sharp Conductors*.

KEPPEL AND RODNEY.

("Gentleman's Magazine," L. 149.)

The freedom of the city of London was presented to Admiral Keppel in a box made of oak ; and subsequently to Admiral Rodney in a gold one. After the court which decided on the latter presentation, the following epigram appeared in the public papers :

Your wisdom, London's council, far
Our highest praise exceeds ;
In giving each illustrious tar
The very thing he needs.

For Rodney, brave, but low in cash,
You *golden gifts* bespoke :
To Keppel, rich, but not so rash,
You gave a *heart of oak*.

Admiral Sir George Rodney nearly ruined himself, in 1768, in a contested election for the borough of Northampton.

Admiral (afterwards Viscount) Keppel was tried for neglect of duty in an engagement with the French fleet off Ushant, July 12, 1778, upon charges brought by Admiral Sir Hugh Palliser, the second in command. Keppel was not only acquitted, but received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament. Palliser was then tried, when the unfortunate escape of the French fleet was clearly proved to have been caused by his own neglect of orders. He was only censured, but the popular feeling against him was so strong, that he was compelled to resign his offices under Government and his seat in Parliament. Notwithstanding the general opinion in favour of Keppel, the last two lines of the epigram refer to the Ushant engagement, as there were some who took a different view, and sought to make him unpopular.

In a letter from Horace Walpole to Sir Horace Mann, the following epigram is given on the freedom of the city being presented to Pitt and Fox :

The two great rivals London might content,
If what he values most to each were sent :
Ill was the franchise coupled with the box,
Give Pitt the freedom, and the gold to Fox.

ON THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE

Canvassing for Charles James Fox at the Westminster Election in 1780.

("Asylum for Fugitive Pieces," 1785, 61.)

Array'd in matchless beauty, Devon's Fair
In Fox's favour takes a zealous part :
But, oh ! where'er the pilf'rer comes—beware !
She *supplicates* a vote and *steals* a heart.

This is the duchess with whose name Lord Macaulay winds up his magnificent description of Westminster Hall, at the opening of the trial of Warren Hastings : "And there the ladies whose lips, more persuasive than those of Fox himself, had carried the Westminster election against palace and treasury, shone round Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire."

THE EARL OF CHATHAM.

The following epigram, from Owen's "Weekly Chronicle" for 1761, appeared at the time of the fall of the elder Pitt's cabinet in that year, when, as a reward for his services, his wife was created Baroness Chatham, and a pension of £3000 was settled on the lives of himself, his wife, and his eldest son :

No letters more full or expressive can be
Than the once so respectable W. P. ;
The first stands for wisdom, war, wonder, and wit,
The last points to peerage, and pension, and Pitt.

When, in 1766, Pitt was himself created a peer, he was attacked in an epigram found in the "New Foundling Hospital for Wit," 1784, IV. 83 :

Says great William Pitt, with his usual emotion,
"The peers are no more than a drop in the ocean."
The city adores him ; how charming a thing !
To pull down the peers, and to humble the king ;
But summon'd to court, he reflects on his words,
And to balance the State, takes a seat with the lords.

But after his death, the epigrams on the great statesman were of a very different character. The following, "Written in 1782, upon the Bust of the Earl of Chatham," is from "An Asylum for Fugitive Pieces," 1785, 33 :

Her trophies faded, and revers'd her spear,
See England's genius bend o'er Chatham's bier.
No more her sails through every clime unfurl'd,
Shall spread his dictates o'er th' admiring world ;

No more shall accents nervous, bold, and strong,
Flow in full periods from his matchless tongue.
Yet shall thy name, great Shade, from age to age,
Bright in poetic and historic page,
Thine, and thy country's fate congenial tell,
By thee she triumph'd, and with thee she fell.

The *triumphs* of England under the administration of Lord Chatham are the theme of every historian. How great was her danger of *falling*, in the year in which the above epigram was written, is thus expressed by Sir A. Alison: "Russia, Sweden, Denmark, were united in a hostile league—America, Spain, and France in an armed confederacy against Great Britain: the combined fleets rode triumphant in the British Channel; and, however strange it may sound to modern ears, it is historically certain that England was more nearly subdued by the wisdom of Louis XVI. and the talent of Vergennes, than by the genius of Napoleon and the address of Talleyrand" (Alison's "History of Europe," 1849, I. 318).

Lord Chatham and his illustrious son, William Pitt, are commemorated together in the following epigram, preserved in Lord Stanhope's "Miscellanies," 1863, 92, who says: "These lines were sent to me in November, 1861, by the Rev. Thomas Pascoe, of S. Hilary's, Marazion, Cornwall, who states in his letter that he was born in 1786, and that he remembers hearing them recited 'when quite a boy'":

Great Chatham, who from humbled France
Acquired a deathless fame,
The first of statesmen stands confessed,
And nations owned the claim.

Yet by one act he weaker made
His claim instead of stronger;
He gave the admiring world a son,
And then was first no longer.

Inferior in merit as an epigram, but equally complimentary to the two great statesmen, is the following, found in "An Asylum for Fugitive Pieces," 1785, 53:

When Chatham died, Britannia bow'd,
And mourn'd his absence long in vain;
Till Heav'n another Pitt bestow'd,
And Chatham's spirit rais'd again!

But even the younger Pitt could not give universal satisfaction. In 1784, when First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer, he raised the window-tax, and continued the imposition of the candle-tax. This produced an epigram which appeared in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for that year, LIV. 693. It is said that the author was a Westminster scholar, who sent it to the minister:

God said, "Let there be light"—and lo,
It instant was, and freely given,
To every creature under heaven;
Says Pitt, "I will not have it so—

Darkness much better suits my views;
 Let darkness o'er the land diffuse.
 Henceforth I will, that all shall pay
 For every light by night and day."
 He said—and, as he'd been a God,
 The venal herd obey'd his nod.

When Pitt's statue by Nollekens was placed in the Senate House at Cambridge, the emblematic statue of "Glory," by Barotta of Florence, was removed to the Law Schools to make room for it; upon which a lady wrote:

Sons of Sapience! you here a fair emblem display,
 For wherever Pitt went, he drove Glory away!

This was answered by a Pittite of the University:

Why thus exclaim, and thus exert your wit,
 At making Glory here give way to Pitt?
 We'll raise his statue of the finest stone,
 For never here a brighter Glory shone.

The following "Extempore on the Death of Mr. Pitt," is by Theodore Hook ("Spirit of the Public Journals," X. 150):

To heav'n he wings his glorious flight,
 In death immortal, as in living bright;
 He sinks to rise—his earthly course now run,
 Clasp'd in his father's arms lives Chatham's son!
 Almighty Lord, attend to England's pray'r,
 Thy wonted goodness to our isle declare:
 Grant her the aid she most requires,
 When Nelson falls, and Pitt expires!

*ON A BLACK MARBLE STATUE OF A SLAVE WHICH
 SUPPORTED A SUN-DIAL IN CLEMENT'S INN.*

("New Foundling Hospital for Wit," 1784, VI. 222.)

In vain, poor sable son of woe,
 Thou seek'st a tender ear;
 In vain thy tears with anguish flow,
 For mercy dwells not here.
 From cannibals thou fliest in vain;
 Lawyers less quarter give;
 The first won't eat you till you're slain,
 The last will do't alive.

Lawyers, like physicians, have proved a prolific source of epigrammatic wit. Butler, in one of his "Miscellaneous Thoughts" on this subject, is as caustic as usual:

The law can take a purse in open court,
 Whilst it condemns a less delinquent for 't.

Fergusson, the Scotch poet, has an epigram "On a Lawyer desiring one of the Tribe to look with respect to a Gibbet" ("Poetical Works," 1807, 209):

The lawyers may revere that tree,
 Where thieves so oft have strung,
 Since, by the law's most wise decree,
 Her thieves are never hung.

WRITTEN, IN THE TIME OF WAR, ON A BEAUTIFUL
 LITTLE BOY BEING KILLED BY THE FALL OF A
 STONE FROM A CHURCH-TOWER.

("Asylum for Fugitive Pieces," 1785, 165.)

One summer's day, invited by the shade,
 As near a time-shook tower an *Infant* play'd,
 From the high summit whence a *Pigeon* fled,
 A sever'd fragment crush'd his harmless head!
 Ye ruthless hosts, whose desolating skill
 Make lightnings flash, and mimic thunders kill;
 Destructive engines, need your rage employ,
 When *Time* can temples, *Doves* can life destroy?

With this may be compared Martial's epigram, On a Boy killed by the Fall of an Icicle (Book IV. 18). The translation is by Hay:

'Twas from a spout which pours into the street,
 And makes the pavement slippery to the feet,
 An icicle depending grew, until
 By its own weight the ponderous ruin fell;
 Struck on the neck a boy upon the ground;
 Wounded to death; then melted in the wound.
 From cruel fortune can we more endure?
 If waters stab, where can we be secure?

ON A YOUNG LADY WISHING TO ASCEND IN A
 BALLOON.

Forbear, sweet girl, your scheme forego,
 And thus our anxious troubles end;
 Swiftly you'll mount, full well we know,
 And greatly fear—you'll not *descend*!

When angels see a mortal rise,
 So beautiful, divine, and fair,
 They'll not release you from the skies,
 But keep their *sister-angel* there!

The young lady, on whom this epigram was written, seems to have had a high spirit, for it must refer to a very early balloon ascent. It appeared in "An Asylum for Fugitive Pieces," published in 1785 (P. 52). The *first* recorded ascent took place in France on the 21st of November, 1783, when the Marquis d'Arlandes and M. Pilâtre de Rozier performed the feat, which was considered very marvellous, from the Chateau de la Muette, near Passy. The first *aërial* voyage made in England was by Vincentio Lunardi, from the London Artillery Ground, September 15, 1784. On this ascent the following epigram was made, found in the same "Asylum for Fugitive Pieces," 54:

When brave Lunardi soar'd on high,
 And danger boldly spurn'd;
 What breast but heav'd an anxious sigh,
 And wish'd him safe return'd?

Of heroes Britain owns her share,
 In water, earth, and flame;
 But yet no hero had in air,
 Till great Lunardi came!

Lunardi gained so much fame by this balloon ascent, that various articles of dress were called after his name.

In a small volume published at Florence in 1784, entitled "The Arno Miscellany, being a Collection of Fugitive Pieces written by Members of a Society called the Oziosi at Florence," is the following epigram, "On the Air Balloon, as it appeared in the 'Florence Gazette,' by the Abbé C.; translated from the Latin by Mr. N.":

The land alone sufficed of yore
 To glut pale Death's destructive train;
 Next 'mid the waves was felt his power,
 And now he rules th' *aërial* plain.
 Mankind to surer ruin run,
 Death has three realms instead of one.

GREEK PROVERB.

Hesiod has a Greek proverb, "The half is better than the whole," originating in the advice to a friend, to accept a friendly accommodation rather than enter upon a litigious lawsuit. Upon this proverb the following epigram is based:

What means then Hesiod? "Half excels the whole."
 Read me the riddle, there's a clever soul.

Lady, the answer in yourself appears,
For twenty-five, you'd give your fifty years.

Addison heads the 195th No. of the "Spectator" with another adaptation of the proverb :

Fools, not to know that half exceeds the whole,
How blest the sparing meal and temperate bowl !

This version is, however, incorrect in the use of the word "exceeds." The Greek is *πλεον*, a well-known term for "of more worth or value" : "exceeds" hardly expresses this in modern usage.

EPITAPH ON THOMAS EVANS.

("Gentleman's Magazine," LIV. Part I. 396.)

Cropt by th' untimely hand of death, here lies,
If "life's a jest," one who was truly wise ;
If cares were jests, its jests were all his care,
Till life and jest dispers'd in empty air.
Then take this sigh, thou poor departed shade !
For all the pleasantries thy life display'd :
Alas ! 'tis all that's now in friendship's power ;
The sad exchange for many a cheerful hour.

The quotation "Life's a jest" is from Gay's epitaph for himself.

Thomas Evans was a London bookseller of eminence, who died in 1784. He possessed a more than ordinary share of wit and humour, and his love of pleasantry was a passion strong in death ; for in his will, after directing that his funeral should be conducted in a very plain manner, he added, "it would be ridiculous to make a coxcomb of a grave man." Goldsmith has a similar joke in his lines on Caleb Whitefoord, a postscript to "Retaliation" :

Here Whitefoord reclines, and deny it who can,
Though he merrily liv'd, he is now a grave man.

Evans was the bookseller, who inserted an article offensive to Goldsmith in the "Universal Magazine," of which he was editor, upon which the poet went to his shop and caned him, but by the interference of friends the matter was adjusted. One of these friends was Johnson, which is amusing when it is remembered that he himself treated Osborne, another bookseller, in much the same way. Cradock, in his "Memoirs," gives an extempore epigram on Johnson's feat :

When Johnson, with tremendous step and slow,
Fully determin'd, deigns to fell the foe,
E'en the earth trembles, thunders roll around,
And mighty Osborne's self lies levell'd with the ground.

A DISTINGUISHING CHARACTERISTIC.

("Select Epigrams," 1797, II. 125.)

Can you tell me (cried Celia to Damon) from whence
I may know a coquette from a woman of sense?
Where the difference lies?—*Yes, said Damon, I can ;
Ev'ry man courts the one, t'other courts every man.*

This is sound advice for a man who is seeking a wife. A Greek epigram by Rufinus will give him some help in choosing between two extremes. The translation, taken from "Select Epigrams," is correct but free (Jacobs III. 106, xxxv.):

The damsel too prudishly shy,
Or too forward, what swain would possess?
For the one will too often deny,
And the other too soon will say Yes.

Martial has an epigram of similar character (Book I. 58), thus freely translated in the "Collection of Epigrams," 1735:

Dick, would you know, if I should change my life,
What kind of girl I'd choose to make my wife?
I would not have her be so fond to say,
Yes at first dash; nor dwell too long on Nay:
These two extremes I hate; then let her be
'Twixt both; nor too hard-hearted, nor too free.

MISS HORNSBY'S LOVERS.

("Notes and Queries," 2nd S. XI. 233 and 295.)

A fellow of Brazenose, named Halliwell, obtained the sobriquet of Dr. Toe from his lameness. He wooed and won Bell Hornsby, the daughter of the Professor of Astronomy. The day was fixed for the wedding, but ere it arrived Bell eloped with her father's footman. This occasioned the following epigram, ascribed by some to the daughter of Canon Burton, of Christ Church, who was usually known as *Jack* Burton; by others, and probably with more truth, to Heber, then resident in Oxford; it was perhaps the joint production of some of the Common-room wits:

'Twixt footman John and Dr. Toe
A rivalry befell,
Which of the two should be the beau
To bear away sweet Bell.
To footman John she gave her heart;
Who could blame her? no man.
The whole succeeded 'gainst the part,
Footman *versus* Toeman.

The following seems to have been written on the same occasion (*ibid.* 296):

Dear lady, think it no reproach,
It show'd a generous mind,
To take poor John within the coach,
Who rode before behind.

This, however, is not original, as the same point is found in an epigram in "Select Epigrams," 1797, II. 106, published previously:

When Trot in coach his foot first set,
He blush'd, and back a step reclin'd;
For Trot himself could not forget
How many years he rode behind.

An anecdote told of Secretary Craggs may possibly have produced this epigram. He began life as a footman, and "in the days of his opulence he once handed some ladies into their carriage, and then from the mere force of habit got up behind himself" ("Quarterly Review," LIX. 406).

ON TWO DEANS.

("Notes and Queries," 2nd S. XI. 170 and 296.)

Cyril Jackson, Dean of Christ Church, was understood to have refused a bishopric out of proud humility. Nathan Wetherell, father of the better-known Sir Charles Wetherell, was Master of University and Dean of Hereford. He had purchased shares in the Oxford Canal at the time of their extreme depreciation, and ultimately realized a large fortune by the advance in their price.

As Cyril and Nathan were walking by Queen's,
Said Cyril to Nathan, "We're both of us Deans,
And both of us Bishops may be:"
Said Nathan to Cyril, "Be that as it will,
I shall stick to my little canal,
And *you* may go to the *see*."

"The Duke of York told me that Dr. Cyril Jackson most conscientiously did his duty as tutor to him and his brother, the Prince of Wales. 'Jackson,' said the Duke, 'used to have a silver pencil-case in his hand while we were at our lessons; and he has frequently given us such knocks with it upon our foreheads, that the blood followed them'" (Rogers' "Table Talk," 1856, 161).

SHEEPSHANKS.—SHELFORD.

("Notes and Queries," 2nd S. XII. 98.)

Mr. William Sheepshanks, tutor of Jesus College, Cambridge (who took his degree in 1814), wrote *satyrs* instead of *satires* in giving an exercise from Horace or Juvenal, which produced the following epigram :

The satyrs of old were satyrs of nôte,
With the head of a man, and the shanks of a goat;
But the satyrs of Jesus these satyrs surpass,
With the *shanks* of a *sheep* and the head of an ass.

This was by a wit of the University, who is said to have fastened it on the door of the tutor's rooms. The same wit embalmed Shelford of Corpus, who was public examiner in 1821, and noted for plucking men :

I've seen a man pluck geese on Shelford fen,
And now I've seen a Shelford goose pluck men.

Shelford fen is near Cambridge.

FORENSIC WIT.

THE LAWYERS' GLEE.

(Hone's "Every-Day Book," 1831, I. 164.)

A woman having settlement,
Married a man with none;
The question was, he being dead,
If that she *had* was gone?

Quoth Sir John Pratt, her settlement
Suspended did remain,
Living the husband—but, him dead,
It doth *revive again*.

Chorus of Puisne Judges.

Living the husband—but, him dead,
It doth *revive again*.

Sir John Pratt, of Wilderness, in Kent, was Chief Justice of the King's Bench from 1718 to 1724; and father of Charles Pratt, Earl Camden, Lord High Chancellor.

Some years ago an action was brought, at Cardiff Assizes, by a *rich* plaintiff against a *poor* defendant, who was unable to pay counsel, when Abraham Moore, Esq., of Exeter, a barrister, volunteered to defend him. Upon this the following epigram was written, entitled "Dives and Lazarus," which is ascribed to Jekyll, and which appeared in the "British Press" for July 3, 1812 ("Spirit of the Public Journals," 1813, XVI. 235):

Dives, the Cardiff Bar retains,
And counts their learned noses,
Whilst the defendant Lazarus
On *Abraham's* breast reposes.

Mr. Scarlett, afterwards Lord Abinger, counsel for a Mr. Cole, defendant in a breach of promise case, tried at the Lancaster Spring Assizes in 1818, pleaded that some love-letters, likely to damage his client's case, could not be admitted in evidence, not being stamped: the judge overruled this, and a young counsel wrote and handed round the following ("Notes and Queries," 2nd S. I. 148 and 418):

'Tis said o'er his cheek the *scarlet* blush stole,
As he asked for a *stamp* to a *deed* black as *cole*;
If *requests* such as these in "the Pleas" are admitted,
Our fair countrywomen will quite be outwitted:
Unless in their reticules blank stamps they carry,
And take a receipt for each kiss till they marry.

The same lawyer's name caused a joke of similar character in a trial, about the year 1827, in which Grimaldi, the famous clown, was a witness. The anecdote is given in the "Life of Grimaldi," by Dickens. Sir James Scarlett commenced his examination by saying, "Dear me! Pray, sir, are you the great Mr. Grimaldi, formerly of Covent Garden Theatre?" The witness reddened and replied, "I used to be a pantomime actor, sir." Sir James paused a few seconds, and looking up in his face said, "And so you really are Grimaldi, are you?" The witness got redder and redder. "Pray don't blush, Mr. Grimaldi, there is not the least occasion for it," said Sir James. This, of course, made Grimaldi blush more and more, though he replied, "I'm not blushing, sir." The spectators tittered, and Sir James, smiling blandly, said, "I assure you, Mr. Grimaldi, that you *are* blushing violently." Grimaldi was angry and nervous, but he had his wits about him, and replied, "I beg your pardon, sir, but you are really quite mistaken. The flush which you observe on my face is a *Scarlet* one, I admit, but I assure you that it is nothing more than a reflection from your own." The people shouted with laughter, and Sir James bantered the witness no more.

The following "Retort Legal," by the witty James Smith, is amusing ("Memoirs, Letters, &c., of the late James Smith," 1840, I. 264):

"What with briefs and attending the court, self and clerk,
I'm at my wits' end," muttered Drone, the attorney.
"I fear 'tis a medical case," answered Shark—
"You're so terribly tired by so little a journey."

The cause of lawsuits is well put by Samuel Bishop (*Works*, 1796. Ep. 161):

In indenture or deed,
Tho' a thousand you read,
Neither comma nor colon you'll ken :
A stop intervening
Might determine the meaning ;
And what would the lawyers do then ?
Chance for change of construction gives chance for new flaws ;
When the sense is once fix'd, there's an end of the cause.

ON BISHOP BLOMFIELD.

("Memoir of Charles James Blomfield, D.D.," 1863, I. 95.)

Dr. Blomfield (Bishop of London) was successively Rector of Chesterford, of Bishopsgate, and Bishop of Chester. The following epigram, on his promotion to that see in 1824, was written by one of the boys of the Grammar School of his native town, Bury S. Edmund's :

Through Chester-ford to Bishops-gate
Did Blomfield safely wade ;
Then leaving ford and gate behind,
He's Chester's Bishop made.

*ON NASH, THE ARCHITECT, WHO INTRODUCED THE USE
OF ROMAN CEMENT IN LONDON HOUSES.*

Augustus at Rome was for building renown'd,
And marble he left what but brick he had found ;
But is not our Nash, too, a very great master ?
He found London brick, and he leaves it all plaster.

This is an adaptation of another epigram, on the creation of paper-money in time of war ; found in the "Spirit of the Public Journals for 1806," X. 153 :

Of Augustus and Rome the poets still warble,
That he found it of brick and left it of marble :
So of Pitt and of England, they say, without vapour,
That he found it of gold, and he left it of paper.

INSCRIPTION FOR THE ENTRANCE OF A "GENTLE"-
WOMAN'S GARDEN.

(From a Manuscript.)

Pan speaks.

Let no rash hand invade these sacred bowers,
Irreverent pluck the fruit, or touch the flowers;
Fragrance and beauty here their charms combine,
And e'en Hesperia's garden yields to mine;
For tho' no golden apples glitter round,
A dragon yet more furious guards the ground.

This seems to have been suggested by the inscription on the portico of the Villa Ludovisia, at Frascati, near Rome; a dragon being borne in the arms of the Borghese family. It is given in Mons. Blainville's Travels:

Thessala quid Tempe? Quid quævis Adonidis hortos?
Hæc tibi pro cunctis Villa Draconis erat.
Hesperidum nostris quantum viridaria cedunt
Custos est tanto mitior ore Draco.

ON GIBBON.

In Lord Sheffield's edition of Gibbon's "Miscellaneous Works," is engraved the well-known shade portrait of the historian, which, from its unfortunate singularity, gave occasion in 1797 to a severe poetical attack upon the then dead original, by an Oxonian. This satire produced at a later period the following epigram by C.:

What valiant scribe, from Isis' hallow'd glade,
Dares thus to arms this Shadow of a Shade?
Does blund'ring *Chelsum* breathe th' envenom'd strain?
Has mitre-hunting *Davis* risen again?
'Tis great, 'tis noble to insult the dead,
And heap reproaches o'er a prostrate head.
Aye, strike the fall'n, 'tis all that Dulness can,
And spurn the Shadow who had'st fear'd the Man.

Dr. Chelsum, and Henry Edwards Davis of Balliol College, were writers against Gibbon; both were men of learning, but they fell into some inaccuracies, of which Gibbon was not slow to avail himself. Davis is supposed to have desired to bring himself into notice, as an opponent of the anti-Christian historian, with a view to advancement in the Church, but he died at an early age.

This house is for
The project show
But wonder not t
For here *two things*
This *tomb* must ho

ON THE CHILDREN

("The
When Egypt's ki
In crystal walls t
When thro' the d
The rocks relented
What limits can A
Since seas can har

ON ONE W

Death by a c
Prov'd here
Ned met the
And died, bec

EPITAPH INTENDED

That Power supreme

As a politician too, Gibbon was attacked. He is said to have publicly declared, that it was necessary for the safety of the country that half a dozen of the members of the cabinet should be executed; and yet within a few weeks of this declaration, he accepted (1779) the office of one of the Lords Commissioners of Trade and Plantations, worth about £700 per annum. Upon this an epigram appeared, which has been ascribed to Charles James Fox ("Notes and Queries," 1st S. VIII. 312), but upon insufficient authority:

King George in a fright
Lest Gibbon should write
The story of Britain's disgrace,
Thought no means more sure
His pen to secure
Than to give the historian a place.

But his caution is vain,
'Tis the curse of his reign
That his projects should never succeed;
Tho' he wrote not a line,
Yet a cause of decline
In our author's example we read.

His book well describes
How corruption and bribes
O'erthrew the great empire of Rome;
And his writings declare
A degeneracy there,
Which his conduct exhibits at home.

BISHOP WILBERFORCE AND THE OXFORD ELECTION.

In reference to the contest for the representation of the University of Oxford, in 1865, between Mr. Hardy and Mr. Gladstone, many *jeux d'esprit* were circulated. The following, which appeared in the "Standard" newspaper, is one of the best. It was written just after the Bishop of Oxford had given his vote for Mr. Gladstone. Dr. Clarke, Archdeacon of Oxford, was chairman of Mr. Hardy's committee:

When the versatile Bishop of Oxford's famed city
Cast his eye on the chairman of Hardy's committee,
Says Samuel, from Samson a metaphor taking.
"They plough with my heifer—that is my Archdeacon."

But when Samuel himself leaves his friends in the lurch
To vote with the foes of the State and the Church,
He proves beyond doubt, and the spectacle shocks one,
That Dissenters can plough with Episcopal Oxen.

The following epigrams have some merit, but for notes or illustrations. They are culled from modern collections of poems and epigrams.

*ON A PERSON OF SMALL FORTUNE BUILDING
A FINE HOUSE, WITH A BURYING-PLACE FOR*

(Hammond's Collection, 1720.)

This house is form'd with art, and wrought
The project shows a *head*, the building want
But wonder not to see a pile so great,
For here *two things* must share one common fate
This *tomb* must hold the *man*, the fabrick his

*ON THE CHILDREN OF ISRAEL'S PASSAGE
THROUGH EGYPT.*

("The Poetical Calendar," 1763.)

When Egypt's king God's chosen tribes pass'd
In crystal walls th' admiring waters stood
When thro' the desert wild they took their way
The rocks relented, and pour'd forth a sea.
What limits can Almighty goodness know.
Since seas can harden, and since rocks can

ON ONE WHO DIED OF THE HYP.

(*Ibid.*)

Death by a conduct strange and new
Prov'd here th' effect, and motive to
Ned met the blow he meant to fly,
And died, because—he fear'd to die.

EPITAPH INTENDED FOR MY OWN TOMB.

(*Ibid.*)

That Power supreme who taught me first to live
Now bids my clay augment the dust beneath:
Enough to sense, that, form'd of human kind,
I fill'd the space for which I was design'd;
Enough to nature, if I fill'd it well—
This the great day of final doom shall tell.

ON CARDINAL RICHELIEU.

("The Festoon," 2nd edition, 1767.)

Stay, traveller! for all you want is near.

"Wisdom and pow'r I seek"—They both lie here.

~~"None but I look for more: aspiring aim~~*Epigram on page 6**on the Bishop of London in the debate on the
Devotion of Henry Cavendish**On George I?*

When Israel first provoked the Lord,
 He punished them with famine, plague, & sword,
 Still they sinn'd on. He in his wrath chiding
 He thunder bolt among them — but a king;
 A king like king, was Heaven's avenging rod,
 The utmost vengeance of an angry God,
 Just in his wrath sent down to punish Jery;
 And George to England in a greater fury;
 For fury in sin as far exceeded Jery
 As ever Bishop Burnet did St Paul.

(from Lancelotti's L.V.)

In the pages of history we read
in terms we can all understand
How Latham of old was exchanged
for the secrets of the new promised land
But our Latham was the son of Latham
Heads the tales of Josephus & Larry
And the glad gods of Egypt & Assyria
For a seat in her Majesty's privy.

ON CARDINAL RICHELIEU.

("The Festoon," 2nd edition, 1767.)

Stay, traveller! for all you want is near.
 "Wisdom and pow'r I seek"—They both lie here.
 "Nay, but I look for more; aspiring aim
 At wit, taste, learning, elegance, and fame."
 Here ends your journey then; for here the store
 Of Richelieu lies.—"Alas! repeat no more:
 Shame on my pride! what hope remains for me,
 When here death treads—on all that man can be?"

ON DR. MEAD.

(Ibid.)

His gen'rous mind 's to latest ages known
 From others' works, his learning from his own.

THE ORIGIN OF JACOBIN CLUBS.

("Newspaper cuttings—Poetry and Miscellaneous." In the British Museum.)

The Devil enrag'd for ages past, had tried
 To make this earth a Hell by vice and pride;
 And sorely griev'd, he not a spot could find
 But where some virtues always lurk'd behind;
 To soothe his chief, the arch-fiend Belzebub
 Form'd a Society in France, the club
 Of Jacobins, who, ready at his nod,
 Dethron'd their king, when they renounc'd a God;
 In haste the Devil convok'd a hellish clan,
 And rais'd a legion to support the plan.

**ON THE BUST OF MIRABEAU, EXECUTED BY M. DESEINE,
WHO WAS DEAF AND DUMB.**

Translated from the French.

("Miscellaneous Poetical Extracts from Newspapers." In the British Museum.)

When nature errs, 'tis art's peculiar care
With lenient hand each error to repair ;
Deseine, the Phidias of his age, can show
How true this maxim by his Mirabeau.

For having seen, although unblest'd to hear,
He rais'd the sleeping patriot from his bier.
The senseless stone with breathing features swells,
And what he cannot speak, his chisel tells.

**TO A LADY WHO WAS OFTEN EMPLOYED IN READING
MR. GIBBON'S "HISTORY OF THE DECLINE AND FALL
OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE."**

("New Foundling Hospital for Wit," 1784.)

Tho' angels doubtless might delight
Gibbon's polish'd style to write,
If angels wrote at all ;
Yet, Delia, why so keen to know
A dozen centuries ago,
What made great empires *fall* ?

Those empires, as appears to us
In Gibbon, Livy, Tacitus,
By *Vice* were undermin'd :
Had they by *Virtue* been sustain'd,
Like Delia they had still retain'd
Their empire o'er mankind !

THE VACUUM.

(“The Poetical Farrago,” 1794.)

My head and my purse had a quarrel of late,
 And referr’d it to me to decide the debate;
 Not great was the difference—it seems this was it—
 “Had purse the most money, or head the most wit:”
 I know not, cried I, which *at present* is worst;
 But surely the head had the *vacuum* first.

WHAT’S HONOUR?

(*Ibid.*)

Not to be captious, not unjustly fight;
 ’Tis to confess what’s wrong, and do what’s right.

TO A YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

(*Ibid.*)

Nature has done her part: do thou but thine;
 Learning and sense let decency refine.
 For vain applause transgress not Virtue’s rules:
 A witty sinner is the worst of fools.

*IMPROMPTU. BY A GENTLEMAN OF THE TEMPLE, ON
 SEEING ONE OF THE CROYDON BELLES IN THE COURT
 AT KINGSTON, DURING THE ASSIZES.*

(“Select Epigrams,” 1797.)

Whilst petty offences and felonies smart,
 Is there no jurisdiction for stealing a heart?
 You, my fair one, will cry, “Laws and court, I defy you!”
 Concluding no *Peers* can be summon’d to try you.
 But think not, fair Shorey, this plea will secure you,
 Since the Muses and Graces will just make a jury.

A

On

THE GHOS
After the Publicati

Where St
I open'd I
And as
Good thing
I gave you
And thou

If obligation
You sold ea
I suffer'd
For God's sa
Nor longer v
I'll pay you

ON MURAT'S SUMMONS TO SIR JOHN STUART TO SURRENDER SICILY, IN ORDER TO SPARE THE EFFUSION OF BLOOD.

(*Ibid.*)

Says Murat to Stuart, "Of blood I'm so tender,
I beg, without fighting, your force you'll surrender."
Says the hero of Maida to Murat—"Excuse me;
And much your fine feelings amaze and amuse me:
Here determin'd we stand, you may come when you will,
Every drop in our veins we are ready to spill!"
Aside mutter'd Murat, "Parbleu! when I sent,
'Twas *my own* blood to spare, and not *yours*, that I meant."

THE COURTIER AND THE SCHOLAR.

("Elegant Extracts.")

A haughty courtier meeting in the streets
A scholar, him thus insolently greets:
Base men to take the wall I ne'er permit,
The scholar said, I do; and gave him it.

WRITTEN AT THE TIME OF THE QUEEN'S ACCESSION.

("Notes and Queries.")

"The Queen's with us," the Whigs insulting say,
"For when she found us in, she let us stay."
It may be so; but give me leave to doubt
How long she'll keep you, when she finds you out.

APPENDIX.

BOOKS CONNECTED WITH EPIGRAMMATIC LITERATURE.

THE following list of books may be useful to students of Epigrammatic Literature. It is not requisite to mention any of the works which must form the basis of all study of this subject—such as the Greek and Latin Anthologies; the principal English poets, major and minor, from Chaucer to the present time; and the well-known writers of Latin epigrams—Buchanan, Owen, and others; whilst the ordinary sources whence translations from the Greek and Latin may be obtained are too generally known to require to be specified. The chief object of the list is to call attention to the volumes of epigrams by authors of the 16th and 17th centuries, whose names are now scarcely known; to indicate some of the numerous collections of scattered pieces, which issued thick and fast from the press in the 18th century, and a few of those works in which epigrams are found imbedded in the midst of other matter, chief among which are the “Gentleman’s Magazine,” and one of the most valuable of modern periodicals, “Notes and Queries.” The list is only a selection from the mass of volumes which it has been found necessary to examine for this work; and it is needless to say, that it does not contain a tithe of the works connected with Epigrammatic Literature which are accessible in the British Museum and other public libraries.

The edition given is that which has been used.

“John Heywood’s Works. A dialogue containing the number of the effectual proverbs, &c. &c. With one hundred of epigrams: and three hundred of epigrams upon three hundred proverbs: and a fifth hundred

of epigrams. Whereunto are newly added a sixth hundred of epigrams by the said John Heywood." London, 1576.

"Chrestoleros. Seven Books of Epigrams, written by T. B." (Thomas Bastard). London, 1598.

"Two Centuries of Epigrams. By John Heath, B.A. and Fellow of New College, Oxford." London, 1610.

"Laquei Ridiculosi : or Springes for Woodcocks. By Henry Parrot." London, 1613.

"Linsi-Woolsie, or Two Centuries of Epigrams. Written by William Gamage, Bachelor in the Arts." Oxford, 1613.

"Rubbe and a Great Cast." And "Runne and a Great Cast. The second bowle." "Epigrams by Thomas Freeman, Gent." London, 1614.

"New Epigrams and a Satyre. Written by Jos. Martyn, a Well-wisher to Study." London, 1621.

"Quodlibets lately come over from New Britaniola, Old Newfoundland. Epigrams and other small parcels, both moral and divine. The first four books being the author's own : the rest translated out of that excellent Epigrammatist, Mr. John Owen, and other rare authors. With two epistles of that excellently wittie Doctor Francis Rablais. Translated out of his French at large. All of them composed and done at Harbor-Grace, in Britaniola, anciently called Newfoundland. By R. H. (Robert Hayman), sometime Governor of the Plantation." London, 1628.

"The most Elegant and Wittie Epigrams of Sir John Harington, Knight. Digested into Four Books." London, 1633.

"Mirror of the New Reformation. Epigrams on the Reformers." (In the British Museum copy this title is in MS., taken from a bookseller's catalogue.) Paris, 1634.

"*Delitiæ Delitiarum, sive Epigrammatum ex optimis quibusque hujus et novissimi seculi poetis in amplissimâ illâ Bibliothecâ Bodleianâ, &c. Operâ Ab. Wright, Art. Bac. et S. Joan. Bapt. Coll. Socii.*" Oxoniæ, 1637.

"Two Books of Epigrams and Epitaphs. Dedicated to two top-branches of Gentry, Sir Charles Shirley, Baronet, and William Davenport, Esquire. Written by Thomas Bancroft." London, 1639.

"Clarastella; together with Poems occasional, Elegies, Epigrams, Satires. By Robert Heath, Esquire." London, 1650.

"Epigrams, Theological, Philosophical, and Romantic. Six Books. Also the Socratic Session, or the Arraignment and Conviction of Julius Scaliger ; with other Select Poems. By S. Sheppard." London, 1651.

"Paradoxes, Problems, Essays, Characters written by Dr. Donne, Dean of Paul's. To which is added a book of epigrams written in Latin by the same author ; translated into English by J. Maine, D.D. As also Ignatius his Conclave, a Satire, &c. &c." London, 1652.

"Recreation for Ingenious Head-pieces. Or a Pleasant Grove for their Wits to Walk in." London, 1654.

"Ex Otio Negotium, or Martiall his Epigrams translated. With sundry Poems and Fancies. By R. Fletcher." London, 1656.

"Παρρησις δῶρον, or a Legacy to his Sons: Being a Miscellany of Precepts, Theological, Moral, Political, OEconomical. Digested into Seven Centuries of Quadrius. By Henry Delaune." 2nd edition, 1657.

"Poems or Epigrams, Satires, Elegies, Songs and Sonnets upon several Persons and Occasions." By John Eliot. London, 1658.

"Parnassæi Puerperium." Consisting of Translations from Owen and Sir Thomas More: and a Century of Epigrams, by Thomas Pecke. London, 1659.

"Sales Epigrammatum: Being the choicest Distichs of Martial's Fourteen Books of Epigrams; and of all the chief Latin Poets that have writ in these last two centuries. Together with Cato's Morality. Made English by James Wright." London, 1663. (This volume contains the distichs from Abraham Wright's "Delitiæ Delitiarum.")

"Epigrams of All Sorts, made at several Times, on several Occasions. By Richard Flecknoe. Being rather a new work than a new impression of the old." London, 1671.

"Wit's Interpreter. The English Parnassus. Songs, Epigrams, Epitaphs, Drolleries, &c. The Third Edition, with many Additions. By J. C." London, 1671.

"Miscellaneous Poems, by Andrew Marvell, Esq." London, 1681.

"John Cleveland's revised Poems, Orations," &c. &c. London, 1687.

"All Ovid's Elegies: Three Books. By C. M. (Christopher Marlowe). Epigrams by J. D. (Sir John Davies). At Middleburg." (No date.)

"The Mastive, or Young-Whelpe of the Olde-Dogge. Epigrams and Satires." (No date.) (The Preface is signed "H. P.")

"Epigrams upon the Paintings of the most eminent Masters, Ancient and Modern. With Reflections upon the several Schools of Painting, by J. E., Esq." (John Elsum). London, 1700.

"Poems on Affairs of State." 4 vols. London, 1703-1707.

"Oxford and Cambridge Miscellany Poems." (Edited by Fenton.) London, 1709.

"Poetical Miscellanies, consisting of original Poems and translations by the best hands. Published by Mr. Steele." London, 1714.

"Miscellany Poems. Containing a variety of new translations of the Ancient Poets: together with several original Poems. By the most eminent hands. Published by Mr. Dryden. The Fourth Edition." 6 vols. London, 1716.

"A New Miscellany of Original Poems, Translations, and Imitations. By the most eminent hands." (Edited by Hammond.) London, 1720.

"The Grove; or a Collection of Original Poems, Translations, &c., by W. Walsh, Dr. J. Donne, &c. &c." (Edited by Walsh.) London, 1721.

"The Works of Mr. Henry Needler. Published by Mr. Duncombe." London, 1728.

"The London Medley; containing the Exercises spoken by several young Noblemen and Gentlemen at the Annual Meeting of the Westminster Scholars, on the 28th of January, 1730-1, at Westminster School."

"The Honey-Suckle, consisting of original Poems, Epigrams, Songs, Tales, Odes, and Translations. By a Society of Gentlemen." London, 1734.

"A Collection of Epigrams. To which is prefixed a Critical Dissertation on this Species of Poetry." 2 vols. London, 1735-37.

"Poems on Several Occasions." By Mary Barber. London, 1735.

"Poems on Several Occasions." By Stephen Duck. London, 1736.

"Wit's Cabinet; or Companion for Young Men and Ladies." London, 1737.

"Miscellany Poems. By a Gentleman of Oxford." London, 1737.

"A Collection of Miscellany Poems, never before published." London, 1737.

"Epigrams in Distich." London, 1740.

"The British Apollo, containing two thousand answers to curious questions in most arts and sciences, serious, comical, and humorous, &c. &c. Performed by a Society of Gentlemen." Fourth edition. 3 vols. London, 1740.

"The Foundling Hospital for Wit; intended for the reception and preservation of such brats of Wit and Humour, whose parents choose to drop them." London, 1743, &c.

"A Collection of Original Poems and Translations. By John Whaley, M.A., Fellow of King's Coll., Cambridge." London, 1745.

"Theatre of Wit; or a Banquet of the Muses." London, 1746.

"Poems on Various Subjects and Occasions. By the Honourable Alexander Robertson of Struan, Esq." Edinburgh. No date. (1750?)

"The Works of the late Aaron Hill." 4 vols. London, 1753.

"Certain Epigrams in laud and praise of the Gentlemen of the Dunciad." (No date.)

"Poems by Eminent Ladies." 2 vols. London, 1755.

Toldervy's (William) "Select Epitaphs." London, 1755.

"A Collection of Select Epigrams, in which are many originals never before printed. By the most eminent hands. Published by Mr. Hackett." London and Canterbury, 1757.

"Select and Remarkable Epitaphs on Illustrious and other Persons in several Parts of Europe, with Translations of such as are in Latin and

Foreign Languages; and compendious accounts of the Deceased, their Lives and Works. By John Hackett, late Commoner of Balliol Coll., Oxford." 2 vols. London, 1757.

"Fugitive Pieces in Verse and Prose." By Horace Walpole (Lord Orford). Printed at Strawberry Hill, 1758.

"The Works of Mr. Thomas Brown, Serious and Comical. In prose and verse: with his Remains, &c. By James Drake, M.D." 4 vols. London, 1760.

"The Poetical Calendar. Containing a Collection of Scarce and Valuable Pieces of Poetry: with variety of Originals and Translations by the most eminent hands. Intended as a Supplement to Mr. Dodsley's Collection. Written and selected by Francis Fawkes, M.A., and William Woty." 12 vols. London, 1763.

"The Festoon: a Collection of Epigrams, Ancient and Modern. With an Essay on that Species of Composition." By the Rev. Richard Graves, M.A. 2nd edition. London and Bath, 1767.

"A Collection of the most esteemed pieces of Poetry that have appeared for several years, with variety of originals, by the late Moses Mendez, Esq., and other contributors to Dodsley's Collection, to which this is intended as a Supplement." 2nd edition. London, 1770.

"A Collection of Curious Discourses written by eminent Antiquaries upon several heads in our English Antiquities. Together with Mr. Thomas Hearne's Preface and Appendix to the former edition. To which are added a great number of Antiquary Discourses written by the same authors. Most of them now first published from the original MSS." Two vols. London, 1771.

"Epigrams of Martial, &c., with Notes from Horace, &c., Translated, Imitated, Adapted, and Addressed to the Nobility, Clergy, and Gentry; with Notes moral, historical, explanatory, and humorous. By the Rev. Mr. Scott, M.A., late of Trinity College, Cambridge." London, 1773.

"Poems of John Byrom." 2 vols. Manchester, 1773.

"The Wit's Miscellany, or a Companion for the Choice Spirits, consisting of a great variety of odd and uncommon Epigrams, Facetious Drolleries, Whimsical Motives, Merry Tales, Fables, &c. &c." Dedicated to Garrick, Colman, and Foote. London, 1774.

"The Repository: a Select Collection of Fugitive Pieces of Wit and Humour in prose and verse by the most eminent writers." Collected by Isaac Reed. 4 vols. London, 1777-83.

"The New Paradise of Dainty Devices." London, 1777.

"Walpoliana." Collected by John Pinkerton. 2 vols. London, 1779.

Granger's "Biographical History of England." 4 vols. 1779. And Noble's "Continuation of Granger." 3 vols. 1806.

"A Select Collection of Poems: with Notes, biographical and historical." 8 vols. London, Nichols, 1780-82.

"A Collection of Poems in six volumes, by several hands. With

several pieces never
1784.

"The Arno Miscel
by the members of a
1784.

"Poetical Works o.

"An Asylum for F
Collection: with sever

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"Poems by James F

"Select Beauties of
Henry Headley, A.B.

"Tracts, Philological
2 vols. London, 1790.

"The English Anthol

"Imitations of some
Brassey Halhed. Four

"The Poetical Farrago
grams and other Jeux
writers." 2 vols. Londo

"Specimens of Arabian
tion of the Khaliphat, w
Carlyle, B.D., F.R.S.E., C
in the University of Camb

"The Poetical Works c
London, 1796.

"Selections from the Fre
scholars on men and books.
of illustrious persons. Int
Oxford, 1797.

"Select Epigrams." Edit
London, 1797.

"The Works of Horatio W
1798.

"Poems 1. . .

"Memoirs of Angelus Politianus, Actius Sincerus Sannazarius, &c. &c. By the Rev. W. Parr Greswell, Curate of Denton, in Lancashire." Manchester, 1801.

(In the British Museum are some vols. of newspaper cuttings of the 18th century. "Poetry and Miscellaneous. Extracted from various newspapers." And "Miscellaneous Poetical Extracts from Newspapers." In which are a large number of Epigrams and other Jeux d'Esprit.)

"The Spirit of the Public Journals: Being an impartial Selection of the most ingenious Essays and Jeux d'Esprit that appear in the Newspapers and other Periodicals." 18 vols. London, 1798-1815.

"The Poetical Register and Repository of Fugitive Poetry." 8 vols. London, 1802-14.

"The Metrical Miscellany; consisting chiefly of Poems hitherto unpublished." 2nd edition. London, 1803.

"Specimens of the Early English Poets; to which is prefixed an Historical Sketch of the Rise and Progress of the English Poetry and Language. By George Ellis, Esq." 3rd edition. 3 vols. London, 1803.

"Nugæ Antiquæ." Park's Edition. 2 vols. London, 1804.

"Elegant Extracts—Poetry." Edited by Dr. Knox. London, 1805.

"A Collection of Epitaphs and Monumental Inscriptions, Historical, Biographical, Literary, and Miscellaneous." 2 vols. London, 1806.

"The Works of Robert Fergusson." London, 1807.

"The Paradise of Dainty Devices. A reprint from the edition of 1576, with an appendix containing additional pieces from the editions of 1580 and 1600. With introductory remarks, biographical and critical, by Sir Egerton Brydges, K.J." London, 1810.

"England's Helicon. A Collection of Pastoral and Lyric Poems, first published at the close of the reign of Queen Elizabeth (1600)." 3rd edition. London, 1812.

"The Works of Peter Pindar, Esq." 5 vols. London, 1812.

"Literary Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century; comprising Biographical Memoirs of William Bowyer, Printer, F.S.A., and many of his learned friends, &c. &c. By John Nichols, F.S.A." 9 vols. London, 1812-15.

"Illustrations of the Literary History of the Eighteenth Century, &c. &c. Intended as a Sequel to the Literary Anecdotes. By John Nichols, F.S.A." 8 vols. London, 1817-58.

"The Flowers of Wit; or a Choice Collection of Bon Mots, both Ancient and Modern; with Biographical and Critical Remarks. By the Rev. Henry Kett." 2 vols. London, 1814.

"Original Poems, never before published, by William Browne, of the Inner Temple, Gent. With a Preface and Notes, by Sir Egerton Brydges, Bart., K.J." Private Press of Lee Priory, 1815.

"Facetiæ. Musarum Delitiæ; or the Muses' Recreation, containing

Singer." London, 1820.

"The Oxford Sausage."
Thomas Warton. Cambridge

"Facetiæ Cantabrigienses
relating to celebrated Cantab

"Nugæ Canoræ ; or Epitaphs
the Medici Family of Modern
Wadd, Esq.). London, 1827.

"The Flowers of Anecdotes
With Etchings by T. Landseer

"Papers relating to Suffolk
British Museum, containing of
Repository," preserved by the 1

"Poems Original and Translated
London, 1829.

"Churchyard Gleanings and
tion of Remarkable Epitaphs
London. No date (about 1830)

"The Every-Day Book and
Popular Amusements, &c. &c.

"Præterita et Reliquiæ." 1
1840.

Warton's "History of English

"Chronicles of the Tombs.
an Essay by Thomas Joseph
1857.

"The Gentleman's Magazine

"Notes and Queries."

INDEXES.

INDEX OF THE EPIGRAMMATISTS.

The figures after a name in capitals denote the page on which will be found the principal Epigrams of the Author in his chronological place.

The figures after a name in small type denote the pages on which will be found the Epigrams of the Author used for illustration or comparison.

- ADDISON, JOSEPH, 301
 Aegidius, Petrus, xiv.
 AEMILIANUS, 46
 AGATHIAS, 59
 Agathias, 3
 Alcemus of Mitylene, 197
 ALCIATUS, ANDREAS, 122
 ALCMAN, 3
 Aldrich, Dr. Henry (Dean of Christ Church), 456
 Alexis, 350
 ALIGHIERI, DANTE, 101
 Alpheus of Mitylene, 183
 AMALTHEUS, HIERONYMUS, 127
 AMMIANUS, xvii.
 ANACREON, 9
 Anacreon, 82, 131, 349, 391
 Angelo, Michael. See BUONATTOLI
 ANGLIANDUS, HIERONYMUS, 116
 Angerianus, Hieronymus, 319
 ANONYMOUS, GREEK, 64
 Anonymous, Greek, 9, 15, 22, 23, 39, 43, 62, 63, 90, 141, 149, 203, 234, 246, 330, 341, 427, 484
 ANONYMOUS, MODERN, 517
 Anonymous, Modern. Passim
 Anselmus, Georgius, 140
 ANTIPATER OF SIDON, 34
 ANTIPATER OF THESALONICA, 42
 Antiphanes, 191, 235
 Antiphilus, 123
 ANTYA, 22
 Antya, xv.
 ARABIAN EPIGRAMMATISTS, 95
 ARABIAN EPIGRAMS. UNKNOWN AUTHORS, 98
 Arabic Epigrams, xlii. 60, 115, 201, 259, 372, 513
 Arbuthnot, Dr. John, 278
 Archelaus, 156
 ARCHIAS, 41
 Archias, 29, 91, 206
 ARCHILOCHUS, 1
 ARIPHROON OF SICYON, 14
 Artemidorus, xlii.
 Asclepiades, 119
 Astychinus, 34
 ATTERBURY, DR. FRANCIS (Bishop of Rochester), 290
 AUDOENTUS, JOHANNES. See OWEN
 AURONCUS, 91
 Auronius, 17
 Bacchylides, 509
 BANCROFT, THOMAS, 235
 Bancroft, Thomas, xlix. 252, 260, 345
 Barber, Mary, 197, 274, 522
 BARBERINUS, MARINUS (Pope Urban VIII.), 152
 BARKER, EDMUND HENRY, 507
 BASTARD, THOMAS, 185
 BAUNSHUS, BERNARDUS, 161
 Bauhshus, Bernardus, 344, 520
 Baxius, Nicolaus, 170
 BEAUMONT, FRANCIS, 211
 Beaumont, Francis, 20
 BEAUMONT, SIR JOHN, 204
 BELLAIUS, JOACHIMUS, 136
 Bellaius, Joachimus, 32
 BELLORI, JOHN PETER, 161
 BEMBUS, PETRUS (Cardinal), 108
 Bembus, Petrus (Cardinal), 51, 326, 329
 Benedictus, Georgius, 229
 BENSERADE, ISAAC DE, 245
 BEEA, THEODORUS, 133
 Blas, 474
 BIGN, 28
 BISHOP, SAMUEL, 441
 Bishop, Samuel, xxiv. 78, 142, 151, 554
 Blacklock, Dr. Thomas, 404

see a Lady presenting a portion with an apple 562.

- BLOOMFIELD, ROBERT, 481
 BOILKAU, NICHOLAS DESPERAUX, 272
 Boileau, Nicholas Desperaux, 138
 BONIFACIUS, BALTHASAR, 157
 BONNEFONIUS, JOHANNES, 217
 BOURNE, VINCENT, 357
 Bourne, Vincent, 360
 BOWLES, WILLIAM LISLE, 478
 Bowles, William Lisle, 436
 BOWYER, WILLIAM, 363
 BOYSE, SAMUEL, 352
 Boyse, Samuel, 237
 BREBEUF, GEORGE DE, 257
 Brebeuf, George de, 315
 BROOME, WILLIAM, 441
 BROWN, THOMAS, 269
 BROWNE, ISAAC HAWKINS, 376
 Browne, Sir William, 310
 BROWNE, WILLIAM, 217
 Browne, William, 139
 BUCHANANUS, GEORGIUS, 124
 Buchananus, Georgius, 106, 141, 149
 BUONARTOTTI, MICHAEL ANGELO, 518
 BURNS, ROBERT, 473
 Burns, Robert, 369, 467
 BURTON, DR., 114
 BUTLER, SAMUEL, 78, 117, 129, 176, 548
 BYBOM, JOHN, 337
 BYRON, GEORGE GORDON, SIXTH LORD, 504
 Byron, George Gordon, Sixth Lord, 482, 500

 C., 557
 CALLICTER, xxxv.
 CALLIMACHUS, 31
 Callimachus, 13, 191, 282, 408
 CAMPBELL, THOMAS, 495
 Campbell, Thomas, 495
 CAPILUPUS, HIPPOLYTUS, 121
 CAPITO, 72
 CAREW, THOMAS, 216
 Carey, Dr. John, 344
 CARLISLE, FREDERICK HOWARD, FIFTH EARL
 OF. See HOWARD
 CARTER, ELIZABETH, 342
 CARTWRIGHT, WILLIAM, 75
 CASANOVAS, MARCUS ANTONIUS, 120
 Casanovas, Marcus Antonius, 134
 CATULLUS, 69
 CAVENDISH, WILLIAM, FIFTH DUKE OF DEVON-
 SHIRE, 452
 CHATTERTON, THOMAS, 424
 CHESTERFIELD, PHILIP DORMER STANHOPE,
 FOURTH EARL OF. See STANHOPE
 CHEVREAU, URBAN, 335
 CLARKE, WILLIAM, 352
 CLEOBULUS, 8
 CLIFFORD, HENRY, FIFTH EARL OF CUMBER-
 LAND, 230
 COLERIDGE, HARTLEY, 509
 Coleridge, Hartley, 509
 COLERIDGE, SAMUEL TAYLOR, 488
 CONGREVE, WILLIAM, 299
 Congreve, William, 37, 343
 CONYERS, DR., 305

 CORBET, DR. RICHARD (Bishop of Norwich),
 202
 Corbet, Dr. Richard, 204
 CORDUS, EURICIUS, 110
 COTTON, CHARLES, 266
 Cotton, Charles, 474
 COTTON, DR. NATHANIEL, 377
 Cotton, Dr. Nathaniel, 381
 COVENTRY, FRANCIA, 448
 COWLEY, ABRAHAM, 254
 COWPER, WILLIAM, 438
 Cowper, William, 267, 304, 359, 416, 481
 CRASHAW, RICHARD, 251
 Crashaw, Richard, 298
 CRATES OF THEBES, 18
 CRATINUS, 66
 CROLY, DR. GEORGE, 502
 CUMBERLAND, HENRY CLIFFORD, FIFTH EARL
 OF. See CLIFFORD
 CUNNINGHAM, JOHN, 433
 Cunningham, John, 364
 CUNRADINUS, 158

 DANTE. See ALIGHIERI
 DAVIES, SIR JOHN, 181
 Davies, Sir John, 493
 DAVIES, DR. SNEYD, 389
 DELANY, DR. PATRICK (Dean of Down), 321
 DELAUNE, HENRY, 262
 DEMODOCUS, 258
 DENHAM, SIR JOHN, 250
 Des Houllères Antoinette de la Garde, 365
 DEVONSHIRE, WILLIAM CAVENDISH, FIFTH DUKE
 OF. See CAVENDISH
 DIODORUS, 132, 185
 DIOSCORIDES, 56
 DIOTIMUS, 26
 Diotimus, 162
 DODDRIDGE, DR. PHILIP, 370
 DODSLEY, ROBERT, 371
 Dodsley, Robert, 240
 DONNE, DR. JOHN (Dean of S. Paul's), 183
 Donne, Dr. John, 140, 298
 DOUGLAS, JAMES, 469
 DRUMMOND, WILLIAM, 205
 Drummond, William, xxix. xxx. 122
 DRYDEN, JOHN, 267
 Dryden, John, 55
 DUCK, STEPHEN, 366
 Duck, Stephen, 436
 DUNCOMBE, JOHN, 391
 DUNCOMBE, LEWIS, 393
 DUNCOMBE, WILLIAM, 333
 Duncombe, William, 534

 Eagles, John, 424
 EDWARDS, BRYAN, 455
 ELIOT, JOHN, 264
 Eliot, John, 230, 236
 ELSUM, JOHN, 134, 149, 173, 542
 EMPEDOCLES, 334
 ERSKINE, THOMAS, LORD, 463
 Erskine, Thomas, Lord, xxxvi.
 EUBULUS, 63

See a form of Chap. 512.

- EUPHROS, 26
 EVANS, DR. ABEL, 306
 EYREMOND, CHARLES DE ST., 247
 FERGUSON, ROBERT, 467
 Ferguson, Robert, 3, 549
 FITZPATRICK, GENERAL RICHARD, 484
 FLAMINIUS, MARCUS ANTONIUS, 123
 FLETCHER, PHINEAS, 309
 Fletcher, R., 529
 FORCATULUS, STEPHANUS, 144
 FORDYCE, DR. JAMES, 418
 FOX, CHARLES JAMES, 466
 FREE, DR. JOHN, 394
 FREEMAN, THOMAS, 229
 FRET, JOHN HOOKHAM, 338
 FULLER, FRANCIS, 297
 GAMAGE, WILLIAM, 202
 Garcilasso de la Vega, 54
 GARRICK, DAVID, 410
 Garth, Sir Samuel, 270, 284, 286
 Gay, John, 330
 GERARDUS, JOHANNES, 132
 Glaucus, 284
 GOLDSMITH, OLIVER, 428
 Goulden, John Olier de, 331
 GOTOH, RICHARD, 449
 GRAHAM, DAVID, 426
 GRAHAM, JAMES, MARQUESS OF MONTROSE, 243
 GRANVILLE, GEORGE, VICOUNT LANSDOWNE, 294
 Granville, George, Viscount Lansdowne, 319
 GRAVES, RICHARD, 400
 Graves, Richard, 203, 226, 277, 370, 388, 413, 443, 444, 463, 540
 GRAY, THOMAS, 407
 GREEK EPIGRAMMATISTS, 1
 GREEK EPIGRAMS. UNKNOWN AUTHORS, 64
 Greek Epigrams. Unknown Authors.
 See ANONYMOUS, Greek
 GREEN, MATTHEW, 354
 GREGORY NAZIANZEN, ST., 54
 Gregory Nazianzen, St., xxiii.
 GRIMCALD, NICHOLAS, 161
 GRINGORE, PIERRE, 166
 GWINNETT, RICHARD, 300
 HACKETT, JOHN, 51, 182
 HALIFAX, CHARLES MONTAGUE, EARL OF.
 See MONTAGUE
 HALL, DR. JOSEPH (Bishop of Norwich), 187
 Hall, Dr. Joseph, 253
 Hamilton, William (of Bangour), 370
 HARDINGE, GEORGE, 456
 HARRINGTON, SIR JOHN, 175
 Harrington, Sir John, 165
 Harrison, William, 360
 HAYMAN, ROBERT, 197
 Hayman, Robert, 99, 403
 HEATH, JOHN, 308
 Heath, John, xxviii. 150, 230, 403
 HEATH, ROBERT, 214
 Heath, Robert, 78, 180
 Heber, Dr. Reginald (Bishop of Calcutta), 479
 Hedges, Mr., 401
 HEGGE, ROBERT, 239
 Henley, John, xxvi.
 HERBERT, OF CHRECHET, EDWARD, LORD, 195
 HERBERT, GEORGE, 233
 HERRICK, ROBERT, 223
 Merrick, Robert, xxvi. xxvii. 11, 28, 40, 45, 47, 91, 129, 158, 174, 193, 279, 343, 489, 512
 Hervey, John, Lord, 396
 HETWOOD, JOHN, 160
 Heywood, John, xxviii.
 HIGGONS, BRVIL, 296
 HILL, AARON, 313
 Hill, Aaron, xxiv. 195, 210, 329
 HOGARTH, WILLIAM, 356
 HOGG, JAMES, 490
 HOLLAND, HENRY RICHARD VASSALL, THIRD LORD. See VASSALL
 HOLLAND, HUGH, 196
 HOME, JOHN, 422
 HOOD, THOMAS, 511
 Hood, Thomas, 299
 Hook, Theodore Edward, 494, 542
 HOPKINS, JOHN, 171
 Hoskins, John, 262
 Houdetot, Elizabeth Françoise Sophie, Comtesse de, 498
 HOWARD, FREDERICK, FIFTH EARL OF CARLISLE, 463
 Huddesford, Dr. George, 106
 HUGHES, JOHN, 303
 Hughes, John, 40
 Hunt, Leigh, 498
 JACKSON, ANDREW, 348
 JAGO, RICHARD, 407
 JEFFREYS, GEORGE, 307
 Jeffreys, George, 439
 Jekyll, Joseph, 375, 556
 Jenner, Dr. Edward, 445
 JERTNS, SOAME, 374
 JERNINGHAM, EDWARD, 427
 JOHANNES SECUNDUS, 131
 JOHNSON, DR. SAMUEL, 383
 Johnson, Dr. Samuel, 382, 414
 JOHNSON, BENJAMIN, 189
 Johnson, Benjamin, xxvi. 169, 233
 JORDAN, THOMAS, 261
 Jordan, Thomas, 221, 264
 JORTIN, DR. JOHN (Archdeacon of London) 360
 JULIANUS ÆGYPTUS, 57
 Julianus Ægyptus, 53
 Kendal, Richard, 410
 KILLIGREW, ANNE, 276
 KILLIGREW, LADY CATHERINE, 171
 KING, DR. HENRY (Bishop of Chichester), 222

- LAMB, CHARLES, 492
 LAMBERT, JAMES, 420
 LANGBAINE, DR. GERARD, 242
 LANGHORNE, DR. JOHN, 450
 LANSDOWNE, GEORGE GRANVILLE, VISCOUNT.
 See GRANVILLE
 LASCARIS, JOHN, 77
 LATIN EPIGRAMMATISTS, ANCIENT, 69
 LATIN EPIGRAMMATISTS, MEDIEVAL AND
 EARLY MODERN, 101
 LEONIDAS OF ALEXANDRIA, 43
 LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM, 23
 Leonidas of Tarentum, 101, 215, 287, 475
 LESSING, GOTTHOLD EPHRAIM, 434
 Lessing, Gotthold Ephraim, 132
 LLOYD, ROBERT, 445
 Lluellin, Martin, 143
 LOVELACE, RICHARD, 257
 Lovibond, Edward, 403
 LOWTH, DR. ROBERT (Bishop of London),
 393
 LUCIANUS, 47
 Lucianus, xvii. 84, 86, 198, 444, 541
 LUCILLIUS, 48
 Lucilius, 113, 114, 124, 175, 284, 292
 Luttrell, H., 113, 298
 LYLly, JOHN, 172
 LYTTELTON, GEORGE, FIRST LORD, 387
 Lyttelton, George, First Lord, xxiv. 295,
 298, 338, 352

 Macedonius, 121
 MACENTINUS, RAPH, 164
 Maittaire, Michael, 532
 Mallet, David, 247, 536
 Marini, John Baptist, 28 2
 Markland, Jeremiah, 411
 MARTIAL, 82
 Martial, xix. 9, 35, 48, 52, 71, 74, 79, 110,
 135, 140, 146, 149, 150, 153, 169, 175,
 177, 183, 186, 193, 194, 201, 213, 255,
 265, 280, 290, 297, 300, 358, 439, 442,
 457, 549, 552
 MARTIALIS MONERIUS, 103
 MARTYN, JOSEPH, 212
 Martyn, Joseph, 83
 Marullus, Michael Tarchaniota, 22
 Marvell, Andrew, 93
 MASON, WILLIAM, 423
 MELEAGER, 36
 Meleager, 111, 137, 193, 379, 401
 MELLIN DE SAINT GELAIS, 120
 MENAGE, GILES, 245
 MENANDER, 20
 Mennis, Sir John, 220
 MEURSIUS, JOHANNES, 154
 Meyrick, James, 352
 MILTON, JOHN, 159
 MODERN EPIGRAMMATISTS, 166
 MODERN EPIGRAMS, ANONYMOUS, 517
 Modern Epigrams, Anonymous, *Passim*
 MONTAGUE, CHARLES, EARL OF HALIFAX,
 277

 MONTAGUE, LADY MARY WORTLEY, 332
 Montgomery, James, 87, 402
 Montreuil, Matthieu de, 288
 MONTROSE, JAMES GRAHAM, MARQUIS OF.
 See GRAHAM
 MOORE, THOMAS, 498
 Moore, Thomas, 318
 MORE, HANNAH, 458
 MORE, SIR THOMAS, 112
 More, Sir Thomas, 7, 122
 Morris, Captain Charles, 375
 MORTLOCK, SIR JOHN CHETHAM, 497
 MOSCHUS, 29
 MURETUS, MARCUS ANTONIUS, 137

 NARES, ROBERT (Archdeacon of Stafford), 469
 Naugerius, Andreas, 58
 NEEDLER, HENRY, 335
 NICARCHUS, 51
 NOSSIS, 21
 NUGENT, ROBERT CRAGGS, EARL, 379
 Nugent, Robert Craggs, Earl, 378

 OLDYS, WILLIAM, 353
 Opitz, Martin, 87
 ORFORD, HORACE WALPOLE, EARL OF. See
 WALPOLE
 OWEN, JOHN (Audoenus, Johannes), 145
 Owen, John, 41, 107, 130, 136, 165, 195,
 199, 203, 208, 210, 238, 240, 358, 403,
 431, 508, 521

 PALLADAS, 55
 Palladas, xviii. 19, 54, 147, 151, 315
 PANNONIUS, JANUS, 102
 Park, Thomas, 503
 Parmenion, 434
 Parnell, Dr. Thomas, 263
 PARROT, HENRY, 199
 Parrot, Henry, xxviii. 58, 434, 442
 PARSONS, PHILIP, 376
 PARSONS, RICHARD, VISCOUNT ROSSE, 271
 PASCHASIUS, STEPHANUS, 138
 Paschasius, Stephanus, 132, 133
 PASSERATIUS, JOHANNES, 142
 PATERSONUS, NINIANUS, 163
 PATRICK, PETER, 210
 PAULUS SILENTIARIUS, 62
 Paulus Silentarius, 226, 465
 PECKE, THOMAS, 265
 Petronius Afranius, 137
 PETRONIUS ARBITER, 78
 Petronius Arbiter, 184, 197, 460
 Pherecrates, 333, 457
 PHILEMON, 19
 Philemon, 3
 PHILIPPUS OF THESSALONICA, 44
 PHILODEMUS, 40
 Phocylides, 472
 PINDAR, PETER. See WOLCOT
 PIBON, ALEXIS, 331
 PITCAIRNE, DR. ARCHIBALD, 276
 Plato Comicus, 66

- PLATO PHILOSOPHUS, 16
 Plato Philosophus, 20, 56, 163, 326
 Politianus, Angelus, 478
 POPE, ALEXANDER, 321
 Pope, Alexander, xxxiii. 189, 119, 182,
 304, 341, 357, 483
 PORSON, RICHARD, 479
 Porson, Richard, 404
 Posidippus, 173
 PRIOR, MATTHEW, 281
 Prior, Matthew, 24, 62, 87, 176, 270, 303,
 338, 403
 PROPERTIUS, 76
 Ptolemy, 336

 QUARLES, FRANCIS, 231
 Quarles, Francis, 528

 Rabutin, Roger, Count de Bussy, 110
 Raleigh, Sir Walter, 506
 RAMSAY, ALLAN, 217
 Ramsay, Allan, 417
 REYNOLDS, FRANCIS, 271
 RALPH, JOSIAH, 397
 Ralph, Josiah, 195, 209
 Rhodius, xvi.
 Richardson, Samuel, 313
 Robertson, Alexander, 530, 531
 ROCHESTER, JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF. See
 WILMOT
 ROGERS, SAMUEL, 490
 Rogers, Samuel, 148
 ROSE, RICHARD, 212
 ROSE, HON. SIR GEORGE, 512
 Rose, Hon. Sir George, 463
 ROSS, RICHARD PARSONS, VISCOUNT. See
 PARSONS
 ROWE, NICHOLAS, 382
 RUFFINUS, 52
 Ruffinus, 467, 552
 Russell, Dr. William, 309

 SABINUS, GEORGIUS, 120
 SANNAXARIDIS, ACTIUS, 106
 SANTOLIUS, JOHANNES, 162
 SAPPHO, 4
 Sappho, 45, 77, 224
 SAVAGE, RICHARD, 362
 SCALIGER, JOSEPHUS JUSTUS, 144
 Scaliger, Josephus Justus, 457
 SCALIGER, JULIUS CÆSAR, 117
 SCOTTON, PAUL, 246
 SCHILLER, FREDERIC, 476
 SCOTT, DR. ROBERT, 616
 SCOTT, SIR WALTER, 484
 Selden, John, 343
 Sells, Nicolas Joseph, 268
 Selvaggi, 287
 SEWARD, ANNA, 480
 Seward, Anna, 23, 426
 SEWARD, THOMAS, 396
 SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM, 179
 SHELLEY, PERCY BYSSHE, 506

 SHENSTONE, WILLIAM, 399
 Shenstone, William, xxxv.
 SHEPPARD, SAMUEL, 248
 Sheppard, Samuel, xxix. 196
 SHERBURNE, SIR EDWARD, 359
 Sherburne, Sir Edward, 70, 123, 394
 SHUTELEY, JAMES, 234
 Shirley, James, 144, 146, 222
 Shuttleworth, Dr. Philip Nicholas (Bishop
 of Chichester), 233
 SILES, MICHAEL, 136, 251
 SIMONIDES OF THURAS, 15
 SIMONIDES, 12
 Simonides, xv. xxxi. 14, 54, 433
 SMITH, JAMES, 492
 Smith, James, xxxvi. 139, 555
 Smith, Dr. James, 220
 SMITH, SYDNEY, 486
 Smythe, Barton, 452
 Solon, 98, 125, 221
 SOMERVILLE, WILLIAM, 343
 SOUTHWELL, ROBERT, 173
 Spensippus, xiv.
 STANHOPE, PHILIP DORMER, FOURTH EARL
 OF CHESTERFIELD, 345
 STEELE, ANNE, 437
 STEPHANUS, HENRICUS, 141
 STRAIGHT, JOHN, 381
 Strato, 53, 240
 STROOD, DR. WILLIAM, 239
 STROOK, HERCULES, 109
 SURFER, ROBERT, 501
 SWIFT, DR. JONATHAN (Dean of S. Patrick's),
 285
 Swift, Dr. Jonathan, 49, 102, 125, 224, 360,
 365, 367

 TADLOW, DR., 305
 TATE, NARUM, 275
 Taylor, John, 200
 TERENTIUS ANTONIUS, 104
 Tennyson, Alfred, 18
 THEOCRITUS, 27
 Theophrastus, 67, 508
 Theophrastus, 51
 Theophrastus, 323
 THOMAS, PAULUS, 154
 Thompson, William, 106, 316
 THOMSON, JAMES, 399
 TIBULLUS, 74
 TOLLET, ELIZABETH, 247
 TRAFF, DR. JOSEPH, 309
 Turberville, George, 80
 TURNER, BAPTIST NOEL, 453

 VALENTIANUS, PIERIUS, 111
 VASSALL, HENRY RICHARD, THIRD LORD
 HOLLAND, 491
 VOLTAIRE, FRANÇOIS MARIE AROUST DE,
 349
 Vulto, Gilbertus Ducherius, 149

 Wadd, William, 59, 232
 WALLER, EDMUND, 241

- WALPOLE, HORACE, EARL OF ORFORD, 415
 Walpole, Horace, Earl of Orford, xxxiv.
 341
 WALSH, WILLIAM, 279
 Walsh, William, 380
 WARTON, DR. JOSEPH, 420
 WARTON, THOMAS, 430
 Warton, Thomas, 337
 WELLESLEY, RICHARD COLLEY, MARQUIS,
 477
 WELSTED, LEONARD, 330
 WERNICKE, CHRISTIAN, 511
 WESLEY, SAMUEL, 339
 Wesley, Samuel, 98, 100, 330
 WEST, GILBERT, 351
 WEST, RICHARD, 422
 WHALEY, JOHN, 365
 Whaley, John, 238, 375
 WHITE, HENRY KIRKE, 503
 WHITEHEAD, WILLIAM, 405
 Whitehead, William, 121
 WILKES, DR. R., 386
- WILLIAMS, SIR CHARLES HANBURY, 388
 Williams, Sir Charles Hanbury, 319
 WILMOT, JOHN, EARL OF ROCHESTER, 274
 Wilmot, John, Earl of Rochester, 49
 WILTON, PLEYDELL, 496
 WOLCOT, DR. JOHN (PETER PINDAR), 450
 Wolcot, Dr. John (Peter Pindar), xxxvii.
 499
 WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM, 482
 WYAT, SIR THOMAS, 168
 Wyat, Sir Thomas, 178
- Xenarchus, 70
- YOUNG, DR. EDWARD, 310
 Yriarte, Don Thomas de, 433
- Zenodotus, 137
 Zevecotius, Jacobus, 140
 Zuberus, Matthæus, 398

INDEX OF TRANSLATORS OF THE EPIGRAMS.

- Addison, Joseph, 71, 82
- Bishop, Samuel, 110
- Bland, Robert, xvi. xvii. xviii. 25, 35, 41, 54, 60, 62, 63, 79, 84, 119, 121, 247, 248, 258, 326, 517, 518
- Blomfield, Dr. Charles James (Bishop of London), 22, 57
- Boyd, Hugh Stuart, xxxii. 55
- Boyse, Samuel, 430
- Brown, Thomas, 71
- Browne, William, 240
- Burton, Robert, 197
- C., 6, 13, 17, 19, 20, 22, 23, 24, 26, 38, 39, 41, 42, 43, 44, 46, 48, 50, 51, 52, 61, 64, 66, 67, 68, 90, 114, 122, 141, 155, 157, 161, 173, 282, 433, 477, 522
- Carlyle, Joseph Dacre (Professor of Arabic, Cambridge), xxii. 60, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 115, 201, 259, 372, 512
- Cary, Henry Francis, 120, 166
- Chapman, George, 28
- Coleridge, Henry Nelson, 32
- Coleridge, Samuel Taylor, 435
- Corbett, T., 510
- Cowley, Abraham, 9, 213
- Cowper, William, 14, 32, 47, 48, 50, 56, 67, 83, 113, 147, 148, 150, 160, 175, 357, 358, 465
- Crashaw, Richard, 43
- Croly, Dr. George, 42
- Cumberland, Richard, 3, 26, 27, 63, 66, 70, 132, 185, 191, 235, 333, 350, 457
- D., 21, 103, 118, 120, 122, 136, 139, 140, 141, 143, 144, 152, 153, 154, 156, 194, 457, 484
- Davenport, Richard Alfred, 258, 288, 332
- Duncombe, John, 393
- Elphinston, James, xix. 52, 84, 88, 186, 255
- Elsam, John, 135, 251
- Elton, Sir Charles Abraham, xvi. 7, 72, 73, 77, 92, 93
- Evelyn, John, 107
- Fawkes, Francis, 7, 9, 10, 11, 28, 29, 37, 45, 53, 55, 59, 72, 131, 349, 391, 427
- Frere, John Hookham, 67, 508
- Fuller, Thomas, 171
- Graham, John, 276
- Grainger, James, 76
- Granville, George, Viscount Lansdowne, 143, 147, 349
- Graves, Richard, xix. xxxv. 467
- Greswell, W. Parr, 104, 123
- Hackett, John, 101
- Halhed, Nathaniel Brassey, 358
- Hall, Peter, 188, 253
- Hamper, William, 243
- Hardinge, George, 472
- Harington, Sir John, 89, 146, 150
- Harvey, Thomas, 107, 130, 136, 145, 147, 148, 149, 150, 195, 203, 208, 210, 238, 358, 403, 508, 521
- Hay, William, xix. 48, 74, 83, 85, 86, 88, 89, 110, 140, 149, 158, 177, 183, 193, 201, 265, 280, 290, 439, 442, 549
- Hayman, Robert, 41, 146, 165, 431
- Hemans, Felicia Dorothea, 54, 61
- Heywood, John, 134
- Hill, Aaron, 135, 252
- Hoadly, Dr. John, 82, 83
- Hodgson, Dr., 149
- Hunt, Leigh, 18, 82, 496
- Johnson, Dr. Samuel, 96, 245
- Jones, Sir William, 99
- Jortin, Dr. John (Archdeacon of London), 49
- Keen, Benjamin, 379, 401
- Kelly, Walter K., 460
- Kennet, Basil, 268, 306, 517
- Lamb, Charles, 359
- Lamb, Hon. George, 70
- Lansdowne, George Granville, Viscount. See Granville
- Lovelace, Richard, 51, 91
- Lyttelton, George, First Lord, 75
- Lytton, Edward Bulwer, Lord, 475, 476
- Macgregor, Major R. Guthrie, xvii.
- Maine, Jasper, 184, 185
- Merivale, Dr. Charles (Dean of Ely), 162, 476

Nott, Dr. John, 76

Ogle, —, 58

Pecke, Thomas, 112, 1

Pepya, Mr., 96

Phillips, Ambrose, 4, 10

Pionzi, Hester Lynch, 3

Polwhele, Richard, xiii.

Pope, Alexander, 116, 3

Prior, Matthew, 58, 111

Ralph, Josiah, xix. 125, 1

Rogers, Samuel, 43

Roscoe, William, 118

Rymer, Thomas, 247

Sewell, Dr. George, 35

Shelley, Percy Bysshe, 17

INDEX OF AUTHORS WHOSE WORKS ARE QUOTED IN THE NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

- | | |
|---|--|
| Addison, Joseph, 5, 33, 82, 190, 348 | Carlisle, Frederick Howard, Fifth Earl of. |
| Æsop, 41 | See Howard |
| Akenside, Dr. Mark, 28, 348' | Carlyle, Joseph Dacre (Professor of Arabic, |
| Alexander, William, Earl of Stirling, 39 | Cambridge), 97, 98 |
| Alison, Sir Archibald, 547 | Charnock, John, 415 |
| Anacreon, 64, 79, 281, 413 | Chatterton, Thomas, 147 |
| Arnold, Matthew, 6 | Chaucer, Geoffrey, 7, 69 |
| Atterbury, Dr. Francis (Bishop of Rochester), | Chesterfield, Philip Dormer Stanhope, Fourth |
| 287 | Earl of. See Stanhope |
| Aylesford, Heneage Finch, Earl of. See | Chettle, Henry, 46 |
| Finch | Churchill, Charles, 304, 357, 410 |
| Aytoun, William Edmonstoune, 244, 276, | Clarendon, Edward Hyde, Earl of. See |
| 484 | Hyde |
| | Coleridge, Samuel Taylor, 16, 191 |
| Balde, James, 46 | Congreve, William, 89, 373 |
| Barbault, Anna Lætitia, 538 | Corbet, Dr. Richard (Bishop of Norwich), |
| Bargrave, Dr. John, 251 | 167, 181 |
| Beattie, Dr. James, 43, 473 | Cornwall, Barry. See Procter |
| Beaumont and Fletcher, 29, 36, 156, 262, | Cowley, Abraham, 2, 90, 336, 429 |
| 314, 431, 480 | Cowper, William, 25, 26, 210, 286, 386, 396 |
| Beaumont, Francis, 435 | 521 |
| Bishop, Samuel, 466 | Crashaw, Richard, 190 |
| Blakeway, John Brickdale, 386 | Croker, Dr. John Wilson, 363, 386 |
| Bliss, Dr. Philip, 202 | Croft, Sir Herbert, 311 |
| Boswell, James, 306, 385 | Croly, Dr. George, 119 |
| Bourne, Vincent, 415 | Cumberland, Richard, 27, 192 |
| Broome, William, 317 | Cunningham, John, 272 |
| Brougham and Vaux, Henry, Lord, 265 | Curll, Edmund, 371 |
| Brown, Thomas, 275 | |
| Browne, William, 261 | Daniel, Samuel, 315 |
| Buckinghamshire, John Sheffield, Duke of. | Davenant, Sir William, 525 |
| See Sheffield | Davies, Dr. John, 327 |
| Burnet, Dr. Gilbert (Bishop of Salisbury), | Denham, Sir John, 83, 219 |
| 372, 373 | Misraeli, Isaac, 102 |
| Burns, Robert, 225, 456 | Drayton, Michael, 112 |
| Burton, Robert, 257, 480 | Drummond, William, 431 |
| Butler, Samuel, 2, 103, 164, 374, 457, 522 | Dryden, Charles, 63 |
| Byron, George Gordon, Sixth Lord, 68, 102, | Dryden, John, 49, 183, 207, 268, 487 |
| 269, 342, 487, 512 | Duke, Richard, 164 |
| | Duncombe, John, 27, 326, 408 |
| Calamy, Dr. Edmund, 355 | Dyer, John, 145 |
| Calmet, Augustine, 151 | |
| Camden, William, 263, 520 | Earle, Dr. John (Bishop of Salisbury), 220 |
| Campbell, John, Lord, 439, 515 | Edwards, Richard, 172 |
| Campbell, Thomas, 12, 68, 239, 316, 370, 394, | Ellis, George, 253 |
| 446, 499 | Elsam, John, 282, 506 |
| Carew, Thomas, 62 | Elton, Sir Charles Abraham, 77 |

- Erinna, 45
 Evans, Dr. Abel, 395
 Farmer, Dr. Richard, 319
 Fenton, Elijah, 190
 Fergusson, Robert, 147
 Finch, Heneage, Earl of Aylesford, 393
 Flatman, Thomas, 85
 Fletcher, Phineas, 70
 Fordyce, Dr. James, 339
 Freeman, Thomas, 28
 Fusell, Henry, 47
 Garth, Sir Samuel, 239, 325
 Gay, John, 6, 322, 404
 Gibbon, Edward, 63, 131, 257, 258, 507
 Gilchrist, Octavius, 176, 181
 Godolphin, Sidney, 294
 Goldsmith, Oliver, 25, 61, 81, 155, 249, 258, 423, 446, 551
 Gough, Richard, 530
 Granger, James, 521, 525, 533
 Granville, George, Viscount, Lansdowne, 48, 119, 211, 323
 Graves, Richard, xxxviii, 399, 450
 Gray, Thomas, 150, 227, 325, 368, 421, 477, 540
 Green, Matthew, 313
 Greene, Robert, 168, 213, 320
 Habington, William, 168
 Hall, Dr. Joseph (Bishop of Norwich), 167, 326, 341, 363
 Hall, William, 424
 Hallam, Henry, 109, 129, 141
 Hardinge, George, 392, 466, 472
 Harington, John, 146, 178, 264
 Harley, Edward, Earl of Oxford and Mortimer, 373
 Hayley, William, 352, 353, 558
 Headley, Henry, 205
 Hearne, Thomas, 367
 Hegge, Robert, 502
 Hemans, Felicia Dorothea, 490
 Herbert, of Cherbury, Edward, Lord, 498
 Herbert, George, 266
 Herodotus, 215
 Herrick, Robert, 11, 85, 231, 405
 Hesiod, 550
 Heywood, John, 397
 Higgons, Bevil, 317
 Hill, Aaron, 262
 Homer, 40, 42
 Hood, Thomas, 351
 Horace, 6, 21, 31, 124, 213, 260, 275, 507
 Horne, Dr. George (Bishop of Norwich), 528
 Howard, Frederick, Fifth Earl of Carlisle, 383, 500
 Hughes, John, 18, 198, 216, 256, 296
 Hume, David, 423
 Hyde, Edward, Earl of Clarendon, 488
 Jerningham, Edward, 426
 Johnson, Dr. Samuel, xxxii, 114, 133, 269, 295, 328, 335, 346, 354, 363, 370, 383, 396
 Jonson, Benjamin, 348, 397, 443
 Juvenal, 81, 262
 Keble, John, 21, 283, 421
 Kendall, Timothy, 48
 Kennedy, Dr. Benjamin Hall, 102
 Kennedy, Dr., 506
 Kett, Henry, 142, 184, 371, 380, 443
 Kynaston, E., 533
 Lamb, Charles, 489
 Laughton, Dr. John, 47
 Lansdowne, George Granville, Viscount. See Granville
 Leeke, William, 283
 Lloyd, Robert, 281
 Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth, 209, 228
 Longinus, 5
 Lovelace, Richard, 525
 Lowth, Dr. Robert (Bishop of London), 447
 Lyttelton, George, First Lord, 32, 444
 Macaulay, Thomas Babington, Lord, 120, 546
 Mallet, David, 273
 Martial, 395
 Massinger, Philip, 1, 35, 80, 124, 157, 168, 183, 342, 455
 Milton, John, 34, 75, 92, 113, 126, 180, 248, 305, 390, 473, 480, 523
 Montagu, Elizabeth, 427
 Monte-Mayor, George de, 70
 Moore, Thomas, 157, 248
 Moschion, 558
 Mosheim, Dr. John Laurence, 385
 Mure, Colonel William (of Caldwell), 3
 Nares, Robert (Archdeacon of Stafford), 486
 Nichols, John, 369, 449, 457
 Noble, Mark, 301
 Norton, Hon. Mrs. Caroline, 429
 Nugent, Robert Craggs, Earl, 313
 Oldham, John, 209, 219, 370, 499
 Orford, Horace Walpole, Earl of. See Walpole
 Otway, Thomas, 92
 Ovid, 46, 60, 256
 Oxford and Mortimer, Edward Harley, Earl of. See Harley
 Parr, Dr. Samuel, 360, 492
 Percy, Dr. Thomas (Bishop of Dromore), 424
 Petronius Arbiter, 237
 Phædrus, 291
 Phillips, Ambrose, 26, 127, 246, 535
 Pindar, Peter. See Wolcot
 Piozzi, Hester Lynch, 96, 310
 Pitt, Christopher, 487
 Plautus, 407
 Pope, Alexander, 13, 15, 57, 84, 87, 90, 109, 141, 142, 155, 160, 202, 211, 226, 267, 268, 283, 303, 314, 330, 362, 367, 377, 399, 474, 533

- Forson, Richard, 330
 Prestwich, Edmund, 216
 Prior, Matthew, 104, 130, 177, 241, 285, 336, 508
 Procter, Bryan W. (Barry Cornwall), 159, 477
 Propertius, 73, 76
 Pye, Charles, 537

 Quarles, Francis, 84, 528
 Quin, James, 413

 Racine, Jean, 339
 Raleigh, Sir Walter, 349
 Ramsay, Allan, 30, 206, 502
 Ridley, Dr. Gloster, 274, 474
 Rogers, Samuel, 32, 90, 113, 249, 298, 376, 463, 491, 537, 538, 553

 Savage, Richard, 368
 Schaw, Quintyn, 178
 Scott, Sir Walter, 42, 464, 479, 499
 Sedley, Sir Charles, 406
 Seneca, 533
 Shakespeare, William. *Passim*
 Sharp, Dr. John (Archbishop of York), 364
 Sheffield, John, Duke of Buckinghamshire, 278
 Shelley, Percy Bysshe, 188, 429, 483
 Shenstone, William, 313, 451
 Sherburne, Sir Edward, 387
 Sheridan, Richard Brinsley, 89
 Sican, Dr. J., 273
 Sidney, Sir Philip, 218, 488
 Simonides, 12
 Skelton, John, 132, 348
 Smart, Christopher, 300
 Smith, Horace, 493
 Smollett, Dr. Tobias, 338
 Smyth, William (Professor of Modern History, Cambridge), 339, 448
 Soame, Henry F. R., 491
 South, Dr. Robert, 401
 Southey, Robert, 13, 449
 Southwell, Robert, 177, 295, 482
 Speed, Samuel, 167
 Spence, Joseph, 312
 Spenser, Edmund, 2, 8, 19, 38, 53, 104, 180, 185, 223, 225, 250, 256, 299, 308, 343, 451, 473, 529
 Sprat, Dr. Thomas (Bishop of Rochester), 430

 Stanhope, Philip Dormer, Fourth Earl of Chesterfield, 315
 Stanhope, Philip Henry, Fifth Earl, 547
 Stanley, Thomas, 224
 Steele, Sir Richard, 83, 157
 Steevens, George, 425
 Stirling, William Alexander, Earl of. See Alexander
 Suetonius, 259
 Sutton, Dr. Christopher, 179
 Swift, Dr. Jonathan (Dean of S. Patrick's), 127, 182, 266, 279, 306, 355, 364, 366, 372, 509

 Temple, Sir William, 324
 Tennyson, Alfred, 126, 128, 285, 447
 Theobald, Lewis, 533
 Thomson, James, 6, 85, 393, 446, 462
 Tibullus, 31, 46
 Tickell, Thomas, 334
 Turberville, George, 206
 Tusser, Thomas, 461

 Veel, Robert, 440
 Virgil, 25, 37, 92, 93, 441

 Wadd, William, 110
 Waldren, Dr., 231
 Waller, Edmund, 32, 376, 436, 449, 496, 542
 Walpole, Horace, Earl of Orford, 75, 284, 322, 401, 520
 Walsh, William, 140
 Warburton, Dr. William (Bishop of Gloucester), 436
 Warmstrey, Dr., 231
 Warner, William, 517
 Warton, Dr. Joseph, 128
 Warton, Thomas, 136, 199
 Watt, Dr. Robert, 248
 Wesley, Samuel, 325
 West, Gilbert, 374
 White, Henry Kirke, 65
 White, T. H., 311
 Wither, George, 398
 Wolcot, Dr. John (Peter Pindar), 61, 128
 Wood, Anthony, 208, 262, 440, 521
 Wordsworth, William, 11, 80, 188, 226, 245, 249, 366, 396, 432, 469, 477, 510

 Yalden, Dr. Thomas, 19, 239
 Young, Dr. Edward, 135, 238, 538

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